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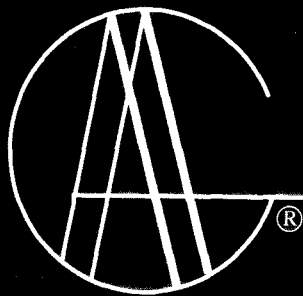
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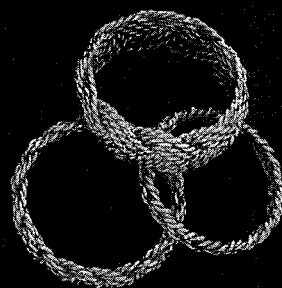
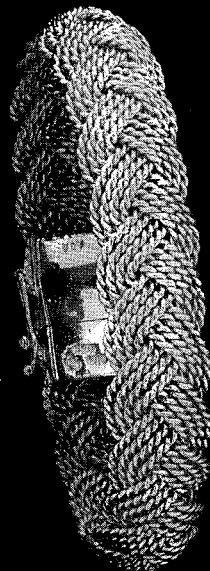
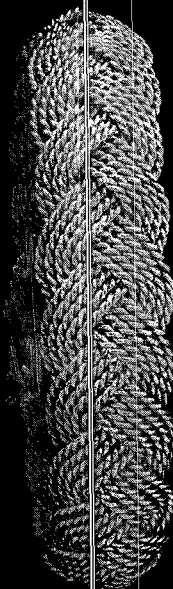
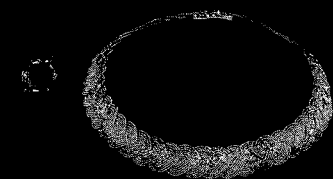
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THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OCTOBER 21, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN	4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN	29
"CARRIED AWAY" Alice Munro	34
"LANDSCAPE WITH ONLOOKER" (POEM) William Matthews	36
"LEARNING GERMAN" (POEM) Cynthia Zarin	42
PROFILES (JAMES L. ACORD, JR.—PART II) Philip Schuyler	62
"JEALOUSY: THE MIRROR" (POEM) C.K. Williams	84
THE THEATRE Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer	108
MUSICAL EVENTS Andrew Porter	110
THE CURRENT CINEMA Terrence Rafferty	125
BOOKS John Updike	129
BRIEFLY NOTED	134

COVER: John O'Brien

DRAWINGS: Gahan Wilson, Charles Barsotti, Lee Lorenz, Edward Frascino, Robert Weber, Mort Gerberg, Roz Chast, Jack Ziegler, Robert Mankoff, Mick Stevens, William Steig, Danny Shanahan, Ronald Searle, Warren Miller, Henry Martin, Arnie Levin, Edward Koren, Victoria Roberts, Ed Fisher, Joseph Farris

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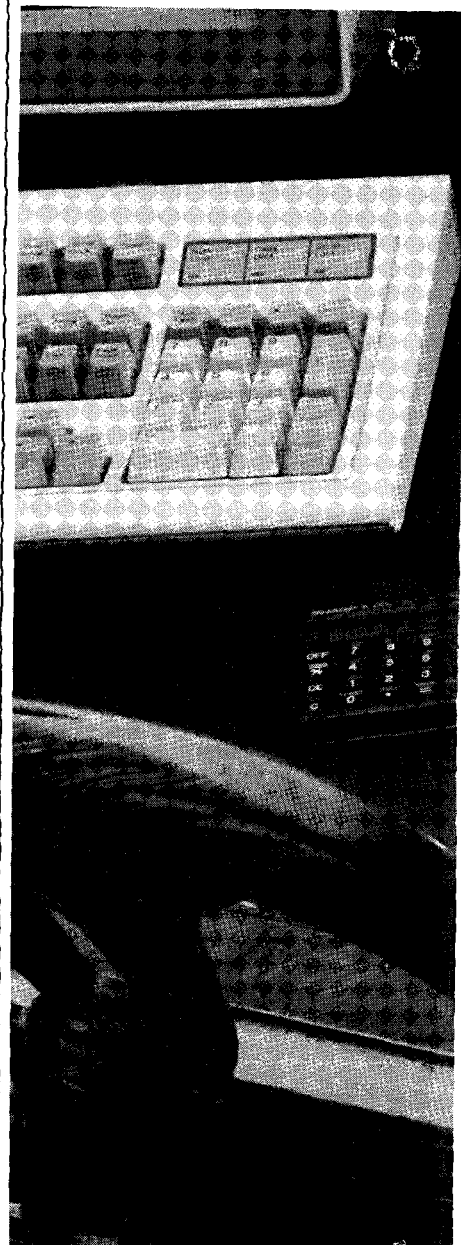
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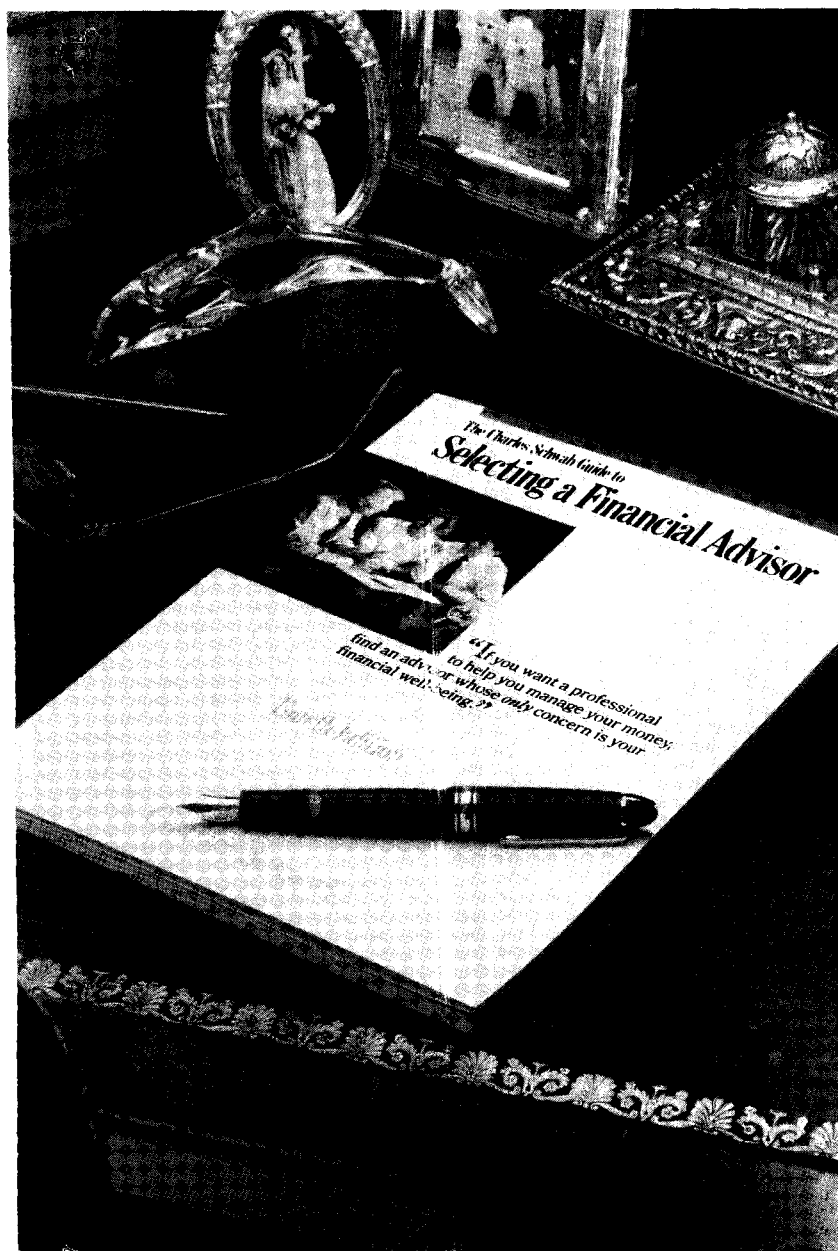
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OSCAR LEVANT, were he still with us, would have been right at home with all the jokes about blondes which have rained down on TV talk-show audiences this year. He seemed to have a thing about fair hair. There was the burlesque-looking bimbo Levant the actor tried to hoist aboard M-G-M's "Band Wagon." There were the Hollywood icons at whom Levant the professional wit took aim ("I knew Doris Day *before* she became a virgin"). And maybe there were other blondes early on in this life that began in Pittsburgh, in 1906, and included not only the work as a movie actor and an all-around verbal marksman but also many years as George Gershwin's doppelgänger as well as professionally celebrated, privately nerve-racking periods as a concert pianist and a songwriter ("Blame It on My Youth").

He was also a prescription-drug addict. Stan Freeman, who is playing Levant in a one-man show at Michael's Pub (through November 3), doesn't shrink from this fact. The evening, called "At Wit's End," begins with pills. Levant's just out of detox, and he's giving a performance: Bach, Chopin, Shostakovich. It's sometime in the nineteen-fifties, a decade that began with Levant acting in "An American in Paris" and ended with him, in his signature hand-trembling, hypochondriacal manner, regaling viewers on Jack Paar. It was a more patient visual age. Guests eschewed clips; they—and "they" might include Alexander King and Hermione Gingold—conversed. They also whined, told stories. They were champions of chat. With a résumé that listed autobiographies ("A Smattering of Ignorance") as well as radio days ("Information Please"), Levant had a lot to draw from.

For Mr. Freeman, too, C.V. means both curriculum vitae and completely versatile. Now seventy (five years older than Levant was at his death), he has been a radio d.j. and a Broadway-show writer. Early in his career, he met Levant and later subbed for him. But only at a friend's urging, three years ago, did Freeman think of playing the mal vivant. Since then, he's toured the show—which was written by Joel Kimmel, with help from Levant's widow, June—around the country. He says that even the under-thirty crowd, for whom Levant seems "a kind of Don Rickles from the Stone Age," has been responsive. And why shouldn't they be? Levant's barbs still sting (his remark about the Monroe-Miller marriage remains unprintable) and occasionally even soothe. When Paar asked him what he thought of pornography, Levant replied, "It helps."

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	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ANDRÉ HELLER'S WONDERHOUSE—A show that is billed as a "theatrical entertainment." Previews through Oct. 19. Opens Oct. 20 at 6:15. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE BABY DANCE—Linda Purl and Stephanie Zimbalist star in a new play by Jane Anderson. Previews Oct. 15-16. Opens Oct. 17 at 6:45. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

BEGGARS IN THE HOUSE OF PLENTY—A new play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley. With Loren Dean, Dana Ivey, and Jon Tenney. Previews through Oct. 22. Opens Oct. 23 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

CABARET VERBOTEN—John Rubinstein, Carole Shelley, Mark Nelson, and Betsy Joslyn sing songs from Germany's Weimar era. Jeremy Lawrence conceived the show, which runs in repertory with "Bon Appétit!" Previews Oct. 17-21. Opens Oct. 23 at 7. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—The Abbey Theatre production of Brian Friel's new play. Patrick Mason directed, and the cast consists of Brid Brennan, Catherine Byrne, Donal Donnelly, Robert Gwilym, Rosaleen Linehan, Gerard McSorley, Dearbhla Molloy, and Brid Ní Neachtain. In previews. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

DISTANT FIRES—Giancarlo Esposito and Ray Anthony Thomas in a play by Kevin Heelan. Previews Oct. 14-15. Opens Oct. 16 at 8. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755.)

THE HOMECOMING—A revival of the Harold Pinter play inaugurates the Roundabout Theatre's first season in its new Broadway location. With Lindsay Crouse, Roy Dotrice, Daniel Gerroll, and Jonathan Hogan. In previews. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Presenting **JUST A NIGHT OUT**, a new musical by Richard and Susan Turner. In previews. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

NICK & NORA—Barry Bostwick and Joanna Gleason are Nick and Nora Charles in this musical murder mystery—inspired by Dashiell Hammett's "Thin Man" characters—by Arthur Laurents (book), Charles Strouse (score), and Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics). Mr. Laurents directed. Also with Christine Baranski and Chris Sarandon. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

THE NOVELIST—In his new play, Howard Fast has given Jane Austen a love interest named Captain Thomas Crichton. Previews extend through Oct. 19. Opens Oct. 20 at 7. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)



Kim Miyori, Corliss Preston, Tom Stechschulte, and Annette Helde in "A Piece of My Heart"

A PIECE OF MY HEART—A play by Shirley Lauro, based on the 1986 book by Keith Walker. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club. In previews. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 581-7907.)

SERVY-N-BERNICE 4EVER—A drama by Seth Zvi Rosentfeld, with Ron Eldard and Lisa Gay Hamilton. Terry Kinney directed. Previews through Oct. 20. Opens Oct. 22 at 7. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 477-5048.)

THE WHITE ROSE—A play by Lillian Garrett-Groag kicks off the WPA Theatre's new season. Previews begin Oct. 15. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE SONGS OF KANDER & EBB—A musical revue, with Joel Blum, Terry Burrell, Bob Cuccioli, Marin Mazzie, and Karen Ziemba. Andrea Green substitutes for Ms. Ziemba in some performances. Starting Oct. 17, Marcus Lovett replaces Mr. Cuccioli. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman, which was originally done last year, in Chicago. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BODY AND SOUL—John Glines' gay romantic comedy. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530. Closes Nov. 3.)

BON APPÉTIT!—Jean Stapleton in two short operas by Lee Hoiby. The first is a musical staging of Ruth Draper's monologue "The Italian Lesson"; the second is a setting of a Julia Child cooking lesson. Performed in repertory with "Cabaret Verboten." (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Nov. 3.)

BREAKING LEGS—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Vincent Gardenia and Joseph Mascolo play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Ronald Maccone, Nick Wyman, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/3/91.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The first play of the season is Timothy Mason's **BABYLON GARDENS**. Timothy Hutton and Mary-Louise Parker head the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Nov. 4.)

FOLKS REMEMBERS A MISSING PAGE—A one-man show by J. E. Gaines. Sonny Jim, Mr. Gaines' alter ego, is an opinionated old derelict, sharp of mind and memory, who evokes, by description and with light stabs of mimicry of many of its snappier citizens, the golden days of Harlem, before the Second World War. Much of the material is familiar, but it seems fresh as paint. (10/7/91) (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 307-7171.)

THE GOOD TIMES ARE KILLING ME—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Mark Brokaw directed. (5/6/91) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey-Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony Heald; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

LOST IN YONKERS—There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother

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REMY MARTIN est l'eau de vie

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

for the better part of a year. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

MACBETH—The Riverside Shakespeare Company's season opener. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Oct. 27.)

MISS SAIGON—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

ON BORROWED TIME—A revival of the 1938 play by Paul Osborn, with George C. Scott, who also directed, Conrad Bain, Nathan Lane, and Teresa Wright. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

PENN & TELLER ROT IN HELL—Seen recently on the Great White Way, the dynamic duo are now performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

THE REAL LIVE BRADY BUNCH—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reenacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

RETURN TO THE FORBIDDEN PLANET—A musical, imported from London, loosely based on the 1956 movie "Forbidden Planet." Bob Carlton wrote the book and directed; the rock-and-roll score consists of fifties and sixties tunes. The cast includes Gabriel Barre, Julie Cruise, and Steve Steiner. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

THE SECRET GARDEN—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SONG OF SINGAPORE—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent (led by the winsome and versatile Donna Murphy) cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

UNIDENTIFIED HUMAN REMAINS AND THE TRUE NATURE OF LOVE—All is not well in Edmonton, Canada—that's the news in Brad Fraser's play about down-and-outers in one of Canada's provincial capitals. The script, which would have been passé in 1975, is full of desperate young people doing drugs, having sex, leaving telephone messages, committing gory crimes, making prophecies, and crying out in anguish. Tennis, anyone? (9/30/91) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging, amusing Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS FESTIVAL—Presenting "Donut World," by Matthew Peterson; "Man at His Best," by Carlotia Zimmerman; "Secrets to Square Dancing," by Denise Maher; and "I'm Not Stupid," by David Rodriguez. (10/20/91) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 20.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) ... **CITY OF ANGELS**: Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.) ... **THE FANTASTICS**: The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) ... **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991 1/2**: This

newly revised revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) ... **FOREVER PLAID**: Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) ... **GRAND HOTEL**: The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) ... **LES MISÉRABLES**: The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) ... **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) ... **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND**: An enchanting musical, set in the Caribbean, by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) ... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) ... **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION**: You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. Kelly Bishop now has the lead. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



The Paul Taylor Dance Company
in "Company B"

DANCE

AN urban form, a solo art, an abstract expression of lives on the edge—that's what tap dancing is in legend, especially the cabaret tapping that grew up in the forties and fifties around bebop and progressive jazz. Then you talk to Brenda Bufalino, who, at fifty-four, is the leading bebop baby of American tappers. This week, Ms. Bufalino's company, the American Tap Dance Orchestra, will give a program at the Joyce that includes an hour-long suite called "American Landscape," which is described as "a tribute to the habitats, animals, and people" of the United States. The piece has been arranged by Ms. Bufalino for fifteen dancers and contains duos, trios, and large-group sections (all choreographed by Ms.

Bufalino), as well as solos (choreographed by the soloists). The score consists mostly of tunes by the late Hoagy Carmichael, with arrangements and some original music by Ms. Bufalino and the company's musical director, Darrell Grant. "There was a great wholesomeness to Carmichael, a positiveness, a great sense of possibility," Ms. Bufalino told us recently. "He's a landscape painter. His melodies are very flexible, malleable. He's been played by everybody, and when you hear the music you feel as if you wrote it yourself."

To find out whether the songwriter had any special feeling for dance we called his son Hoagy B. Carmichael. As it happened, we caught him at his country place—walking to his house, he told us, with a cellular phone in one hand and a piece of Key-lime pie in the other. Once inside, he said enthusiastically, "Dad loved, just loved, to dance. He even invented a dance, called the Buttermilk Churn. You put your hands up chest high and your partner does the same. Then you interlock your fingers and sort of push against each other, going around in a circle while using the upper portion of your body in rhythm. There are no footsteps as such—I don't know if Gregory Hines will ever pick it up—but there's a lot of arm feel." He

paused for a moment and added, "You know, you never saw Dad sitting down. I never said this before, but I think that if he had had a chance at a career other than music it would have been dancing. Yes, dancing—or football."

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement. Oct. 15 at 8: "Embattled Garden," "El Penitente," "Primitive Mysteries," and "The Rite of Spring." ... Oct. 16 at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," "Cave of the Heart," and "Maple Leaf Rag." ... Oct. 17 at 8: "Circe," "Steps in the Street," "Cave of the Heart," and "Maple Leaf Rag." ... Oct. 18 at 8: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," "Cave of the Heart," and "Appalachian Spring." ... Oct. 19 at 2: "Steps in the Street," "El Penitente," "Cave of the Heart," and "Appalachian Spring." ... Oct. 19 at 8: "Circe," "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," and "The Rite of Spring." ... Oct. 20 at 2: "Circe," "The Eyes of the Goddess," "Celebration," and "Night Journey." ... Oct. 20 at 7:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "The Eyes of the Goddess," "El Penitente," and "The Rite of Spring." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Nov. 3. Oct. 22 at 7:30: "Airs," "Dust," and "Company B" (company premiere). ... Oct. 23 at 8: "Esplanade," "Fact & Fancy" (New York premiere), and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

AMERICAN TAP DANCE ORCHESTRA—Brenda Bufalino's company of twenty dancers and musicians, as well as guest artists Honi Coles, Carman Moore, and Yvette Glover. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 15-18 at 8, Oct. 19 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 20 at 2 and 7:30.)

PILAR RIOJA—Classical Spanish and flamenco dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Oct. 15-



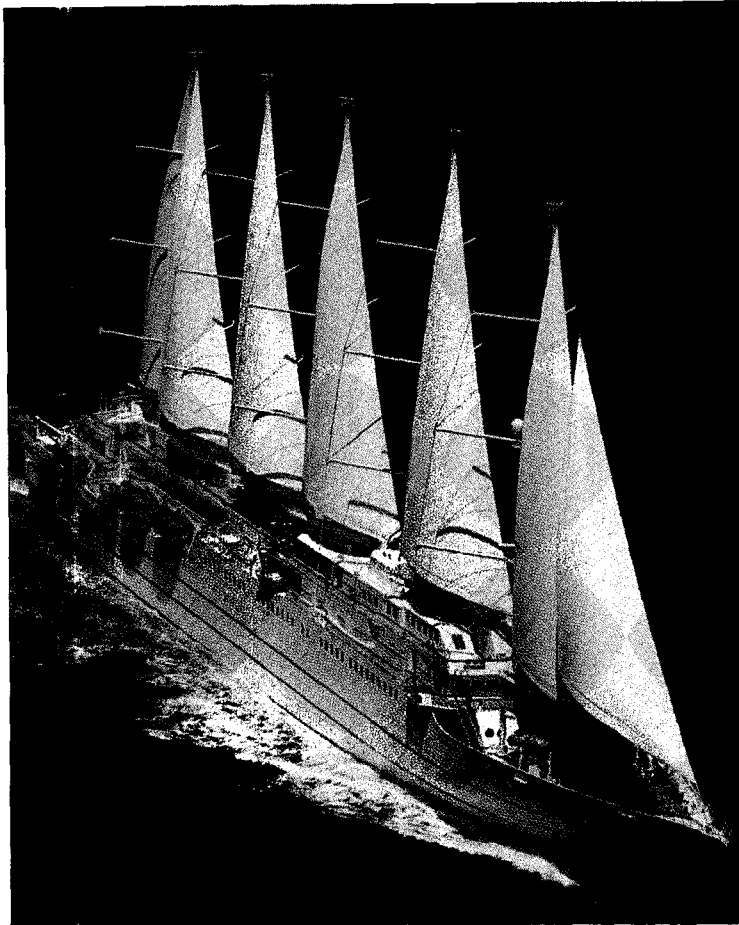
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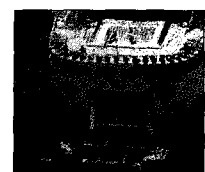
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DANCE—Cont'd

19 and Oct. 22-23 at 8, and Oct. 20 at 7. The engagement runs through Oct. 27.)

YVES MUSARD—Presenting "English Promenade," an hour-long solo "dance installation." (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Oct. 17-20 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC AND DANCE FROM TASHKENT—An eight-member troupe from a city in Soviet Central Asia. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Oct. 17-18 at 8 and Oct. 19-20 at 3 and 8.)

ANNE TERESA DE KEERSMAEKER—The Belgian choreographer and her company, Rosas, in "Stella," a full-length work. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Oct. 17-19 at 8:30 and Oct. 20 at 3.)

JACOB'S PILLOW'S MEN DANCERS: THE TED SHAWN LEGACY—An eight-member company, directed by Robby Barnett, in works by Ted Shawn, José Limón, Stephen Petronio, Pilobolus, and others. With guest artists Stuart Hodes and Clay Taliaferro. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 22 at 7 and Oct. 23 at 8. Through Oct. 27.)

NIGHT LIFE

CHRIS SPEDDING is one of those musicians who are held in awe by their peers and largely unknown to everyone else. Now and then we've run across articles about him—testimonials from famous rockers who've worked with him; guitar-magazine interviews in which he's quizzed on what kind of strings he uses—but on the whole he's been allowed to lead a quiet life. A leading session man in England in the nineteen-seventies, Spedding has had a sporadic career both as a soloist (his first record came out in 1976) and as a sideman; he played briefly in such flash-in-the-pan groups as the Sharks and the Necessaries, and produced or lent his guitar skills to the Sex Pistols and other punkers. These days, his local appearances are divided between those with his own group and those with the rockabilly singer Robert Gordon, with whom he has been working on and off for many years. We caught him in the latter incarnation at the Lone Star Roadhouse recently.

We've been to so many of Spedding's performances in the last decade or so that we're almost afraid he might run if he saw us on the street. When leading his own group, he usually plays the same handful of serviceable originals; when he's backing Gordon, there's a similarly predictable set of fifties warhorses. Nevertheless, every show is an occasion for surprise, because Spedding's technique seems to be nearly bottomless. To the blues concept of making a guitar talk Spedding adds the twist of making it talk in any voice he chooses. One of his crowd-pleasers is a novelty song called "Guitar Jamboree," in which, adopting the voice of a carnival barker, he "introduces" famous guitarists and then deftly mimics their style. Mostly, though, Spedding sticks to his own blunt, chunky sound, which incorporates blues, rock, rockabilly, and jazz. One of the best numbers of the evening was the Elvis Presley ballad "Love Me," in which the group's bassist and drummer dropped out, leaving just Gordon's resonant baritone and Spedding's lush, ghost-of-Sun Records guitar.



Nana Vasconcelos at
the Next Wave Festival

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Until Oct. 19, the woody nook known as the Oak Room is home to **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE**. The jazz-pop singer has come up with a new show since she was last seen here, in December—a tribute to Manhattan singers and songs called "Autumn in New York." As of Oct. 22, the place belongs to **JEFF HARNAR**, who'll be singing the "Warner Brothers' Show Book." Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy, Fridays and Saturdays to Mabel Godwin, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band. Music from nine-thirty.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY** begins a three-week engagement on Oct. 15. Callaway is a fine singer-pianist who can imitate Billie Holiday and Marlene Dietrich, sing an E-flat above high C, and say, without sounding immodest, "People often come up to me and ask why I'm not famous." Apart from a few requisite supper-club numbers, her set list usually includes her own songs, songs by lesser-known New York composers, and songs improvised around suggestions made by musically inclined patrons. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascatti sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. This week: the **TAMM E. HUNT** group appears on Oct. 17; the **LOU DONALDSON** quartet celebrates the singer-saxophonist's sixty-fifth birthday Oct. 18-19; and the **BENNY SALZANO** quintet performs on Oct. 22. Music from nine. Dining.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—For the price of a drink or two, you can catch a handful of bands here any night of the week. (The cover charge is mostly a formality—walk along Bleecker Street and you're sure to

have a free pass handed to you.) In the old days, as a mural behind the bar attests, the club hosted the likes of Bob Dylan, Linda Ronstadt, and Joni Mitchell. Now you're not likely to recognize anyone onstage unless you went to high school with them. Music from eight Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. **BILLY ECKSTINE** begins a week of performances on Oct. 15. In the mid-forties, as the leader of an influential big band, Eckstine was the Gertrude Stein of bebop, with a salon comprising a small army of soon-to-be stars. In 1947, Eckstine dissolved the group to concentrate on his singing career, which has been holding steady ever since. His sensuous, rumbling bass-baritone is one of the most distinctive voices in jazz. **CHARNETT MOFFETT** performs on Oct. 21, and **RAY CHARLES** begins a week-long stint on Oct. 22. First set at nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. Oct. 18 belongs to **BUSTER POINDEXTER** and **HIS BANSHES OF BLUE**; Oct. 19 is ceded to **BETTY**, a wacky, all-female trio whose shows are equal parts performance art, cabaret, satirical funk, and standup comedy. The acoustic-guitar master **LEO KOTKE** performs on Oct. 23. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. The **FREDDY COLE** trio is in swing through Oct. 19, and a quartet consisting of bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO**, pianist **DANILLO PEREZ**, flutist **MAURICIO SMITH**, and drummer **TOMMY CAMPBELL** starts up on Oct. 21. (On Oct. 22-23, **NESTOR TORRES** fills in for Mr. Smith.) Music from nine-fifty-five. Dining.

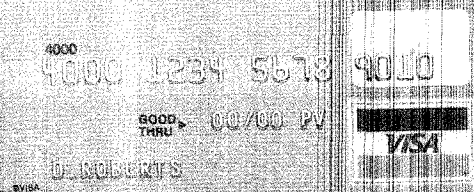
CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the Irish Times. There's no stage per se, but bohemian musicians gather around a piano and work up some nice, wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is not Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is a nice place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **KAREN AKERS** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Ms. Akers, an introspective balladeer with a refined, smoky alto, is also an actress, whose Broadway credits include "Nine" and "Grand Hotel." Her show here includes material from her recently released album, "Unchained Melody." . . . Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Bell-bottoms and peace signs aren't the only nostalgia craze in town: at the Cat Club on Sunday nights, the nineteen-thirties are in vogue. On other nights of the week, the club attracts a scruffy leather-and-lace crowd, but Sundays belong to the Swing Dance Society, whose passion is the Lindy Hop, a dance named after Charles Lindbergh. The dancers are young and old, graceful and flat-footed; the drink of choice is the Swing Dance Punch; the staff looks alternately bemused and bewildered by the genteel crowd. **VINCE GIORDANO'S NIGHTHAWKS** are in charge of things on Oct. 20. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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eighties, this dark cave (graffitied walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Other clubs of the era have fizzled, but CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. The **FATIMA MANSIONS**, an Irish band, will perform on Oct. 15, at eight. The group's recently released debut album, "Viva Dead Ponies," is an engaging, difficult work, whose songs careen from spooky, synthesized mood music to thrash in no time, and whose lyrics cover such ground as the downfall of Ceausescu and Jesus as a London shopkeeper. Onstage, they should provide a rattling evening. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—Jazz clubs aren't always known for their romantic atmosphere, but Condon's earns higher marks than most. It's a low-ceilinged basement establishment, with lemon walls and abundant candlelight. They rearranged the furniture here a while back, so that now a greater number of people look at the stage rather than at a pole. Singer **ANNIE ROSS**, who was a member of the vocal trio Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, appears here Oct. 15-20, backed by a quartet. Saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** begins a run on Oct. 22. Music after nine-thirty.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—An agreeable bar located not far from the gateway to St. Mark's Place and frequented by the same eclectic civilian population: hipsters, N.Y.U. students, and the occasional skinhead. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and there's a small stage in the corner. The **BLUE CHIEFTAINS** are here on Sundays. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you; inside you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar. The place brightens up considerably at ten, with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

EIGHTY EIGHT'S, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—Currently hosting the voluble **SYLVIA SYMS** in a show of favorite numbers from her long and distinguished career in the clubs. A graduate of the Carol Channing School of Enunciation, Ms. Syms runs little risk of being tapped for a "Hooked on Phonics" commercial, and at this point you'd need a yardstick to measure her vibrato. But the spirit and the pacing remain right on target, and the intimate scale of Eighty Eight's would seem custom-made for her expressive style. Pianist Fred Hersch and tenor-sax player Loren Schoenberg assist. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. **STANLEY TURRENTINE** is on hand Oct. 15-20. Turrentine, a tenor saxophonist, came up via Ray Charles' band and the Max Roach quintet, eventually landing at Blue Note records, where he put out a series of well-regarded albums in the nineteen-sixties. Turrentine's style has echoes of Coleman Hawkins and Sonny Rollins, among others, and is shot through with the blues. He'll be backed here by pianist **CEGAR WALTON**, bassist **BON CARTER**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**. Vocalist **CHRIS CONNOR** swings in for six nights starting Oct. 22. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.



J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one flight up from the hurly-burly. On Oct. 20, the vocalist **STARLA SMITH**, backed by the Bross Townsend trio, storms the stage. As part of a "wicked woman" theme, Ms. Smith promises to perform a tribute to "Gone With the Wind," complete with "non-traditional casting." Anything can happen at one of Ms. Smith's shows—and usually does. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker is an airy, good-spirited place, and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. Stride pianist **JUDY CAR-MICHAEL** and saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** perform Oct. 16-19; **RONNY WHYTE** and **FRANK TATE** start up on Oct. 23. Music from nine-forty-five.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situating in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. The Memphis-based singer-guitarist-songwriter **ALEX CHILTON** is here Oct. 17-19. To his followers, the cherubic-looking yet sardonic performer is a major figure in pop music; to others, he's just the guy that sang "The Letter," with the Box Tops, when he was still a teen-ager. His subsequent work with Big Star is what really assured him of pop sainthood, but the group remains one of the best-kept secrets of the seventies. Lately, he's been keeping a low profile; his last album was the punchy, Memphis-soul-tinged "High Priest," from 1987, and his visits to New York are rare. But when he does turn up he can be expected to have a solid R. & B. band behind him, to unearth a clutch of funny and unlikely cover songs, and maybe, if he's in the mood, to play "December Gurls," a Big Star nugget. Music after nine.

LOVE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. But with a crammed weekly schedule the club also offers a variety of newer acts.

RUFUS AND CARLA THOMAS will be here on Oct. 16; **DAVID BROZA** appears on Oct. 17; and **DAVE MASON** claims Oct. 19. Music after nine. Dining.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A bright spot on the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign

outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. A few highlights: the **HOLMES BROTHERS** on Oct. 14; guitarist **BOBBY RADCLIFFE** on Oct. 15; **Lonnie Brooks** Oct. 17-18; and **BO DIDDLEY, JR.** on Oct. 19. Sets from nine-fifteen except on Sundays, when shows begin at eight-thirty.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study

for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **INNOCENCE MISSION**, which hails from the wilds of Pennsylvania and which will be here on Oct. 20, released its second album not long ago. The group's style of instrumentation is not unfamiliar—ringing acoustic guitars, airy synthesizers, far-off backing vocals—but singer Karen Peris has a gorgeous, breathy voice and writes evocative lyrics about faith and family. One only wishes that the band's new album had more of an edge to it and departed a bit more from its predecessor; the Cocteau Twins-ish pose is getting a bit stale. Shows at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. **STAN FREEMAN** is currently starring in a one-man play about the life of Oscar Levant. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Sundays.

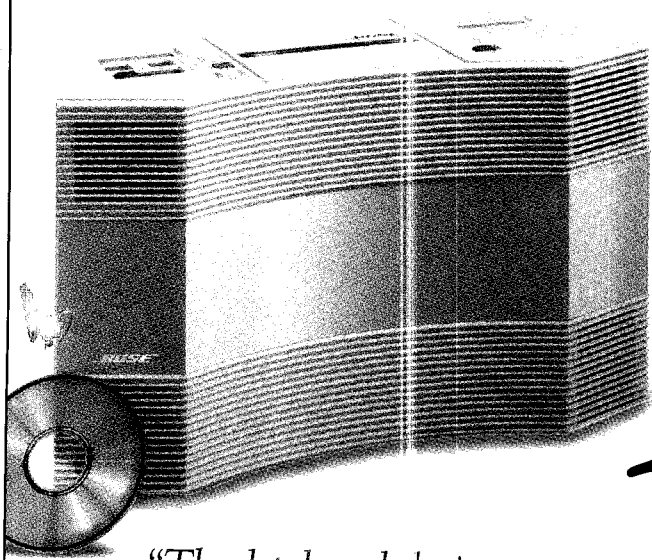
RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moon dust-in-your-hair cabaret with an ear-popping express elevator and tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires. **LESLEY GORE**, whose 1963 hit "It's My Party" made her a very, very famous sixteen-year-old, is currently at work here. Gore has not appeared in New York for more than a decade and her performances are sure to include the aforementioned number, as well as the hits "Judy's Turn to Cry" and "You Don't Own Me." Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to score. Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small, red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. **KAREN MASON**, who performs on Oct. 20, has appeared in such productions as "Jerome Robbins' Broadway" and "And the World Goes Round," and in cabaret settings her repertoire is Broadway-inclined. She's adept at pumping up an audience, and her big, bright voice can reach the far corners of a room. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. S.O.B.'s dance floor is always jumping with Rastas and N.Y.U. students, and there's always someone onstage shouting, "Put your hands in the air!" The schedule, in part: **DANIEL PONCE**, Oct. 14; the Hungarian folk band **Muzzikás**, featuring vocalist Márta Sebestyén, Oct. 15; Brazilian singer Marina, Oct. 16-17; Charlie Sepulveda and Frank Ferrucci, Oct. 22; and **GIL SCOTT-HERON**, Oct. 23. Closed Sundays. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's like an urban Disneyland (Chelsea Billiards, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this rock-rink-size bar-and-restaurant emphasizes solid rock and blues. On Oct. 18-19, two R. & B. wizards from New Orleans—Eddie Bo and Tommy Ridgley—have the floor. Music from eight on weeknights and from eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Saxophonist **JACKIE MC LEAN's** quintet is in swing Oct. 15-20; **PHAROAH SANDERS**, an avant-garde, mystically inclined saxophonist who collaborated with John Coltrane in the sixties, brings in a quartet beginning Oct. 22. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.



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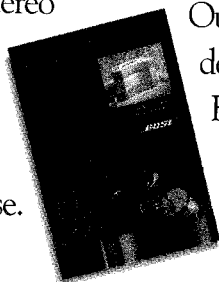
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EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

BARRELLING up Sixth Avenue one night with a driver whose dream must be to pick up fares along the Bonneville Salt Flats, our cab hit a ravine roughly the depth of a slop sink. We received a major flattop from the roof. The cabbie's turban flattened against the windshield. "They are laying communication lines for the C.I.A.!" he screamed. "For a conspiracy against socialism!" We asked to be let out. He refused, saying, "You are duped Americans and you will suffer."

Riding up Madison from the Copa a few nights later, our charioteer elected to play chicken with a bus. We won, sort of, since he did manage to outmaneuver public transport. Unfortunately, he didn't see the plastic cones blocking the two left lanes at the 72nd Street intersection. The driver became furious when we refused to wait while he collected the cones.

At three o'clock in the morning on the following Sunday, traffic on Madison near 60th was backed up for three blocks, as the street narrowed to one lane because the flotilla of construction equipment in front of the Carlton House had been parked at random. "What the hell are you guys doing?" yelled a motorist at the only worker without a hard hat or a cellular phone. The worker told him to commit an anatomically improbable sexual act.

In the midnight hour exactly one week later, a celebrant was trying to pull his Fiero out from the parking lot across from The Building (51 West 26th Street) onto Sixth, but the taxi line in front of the club wouldn't break. He waited four, five, six cabs for someone to give him some space. Not an inch. He deliberately bumped the fender of the seventh. Screaming ensued but no exit. Finally, the driver's friend got out, approached the eighth cab, stood up on its fender, and started to dance, causing the cabbie to burst out of his car half berserk. The Fiero then screeched forward, the dancer rolled over the hood of his friend's car and leaped head first into the open passenger door, and both waved goodbye as they sped away.

Getting there is no longer half the fun.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—
PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Oct. 15 at 7, Oct. 16-18 at 8, and Oct. 19 at 3 and 8: Guillermo Gómez-Peña in his new performance piece....

Oct. 23 at 7: "Carmen Miranda," a celebration of Brazilian music, with Arto Lindsay, Elza Soares, Bebel Gilberto, a house band, and commentary by Laurie Anderson and Nana Vasconcelos. Through Oct. 26. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 7.)

"BRACE UP!"—A presentation by the Wooster Group, with music, video, and performance. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Through Oct. 26.)

"SPIC-O-RAMA"—John Leguizamo tries out new material. (Gas Station, Ave. B and 2nd St. Oct. 16 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

P.S. 122—Oct. 17-20 at 8: Peggy Pettitt.... Oct. 18 at 9: A work in progress by Butch Morris and Allan Graubard.... Oct. 19 at 9: Joanne Brackeen and Marty Ehrlich.... Oct. 20 at 9: Marc Ribot and Jeanne Lee. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

MICHAEL YOUNG's "Predella of Difference" (on view at Blum Helman through November 2) harks back to visionary modernist-painting installations of the twenties. For his new exhibition, his best to date, Young managed to make this notoriously diffuse, cold venue specific to his paintings (rather than the other way around), and in so doing has evoked exhibitions by such figures as Lissitzky and Malevich. Part of Young's installation—indeed, the "predella" part, which was based on a near-scale sketch in the artist's studio but realized on location—was not intended as a separate work of art. It functions instead as a sort of atmospheric "key" to the discrete paintings hung at irregular intervals above it, and as a space transformer.

The predella itself is a big, wrap-around frieze made up of gritty, almost Hofmannesque patches of gorgeous earth tones. The individual paintings, too, recall Suprematism, along with other, often theosophically inspired manifestations of early-modern abstraction. Young's subtle, seductive, resin-coated paintings suggest artifacts: softly geometric, heraldic signs. Crosses are a leitmotiv, and like the Red Cross crosses in Joseph Beuys' work, which they sometimes resemble, these seem to connote an existential as well as topographical system. Young has been working almost entirely with found pigments, a varied chromatic array of muddy and sandy earth—from Italy, from the Southwest, even from Connecticut—that he's bagged while travelling. He is sifting his way into the great tradition of romantic naturalism.

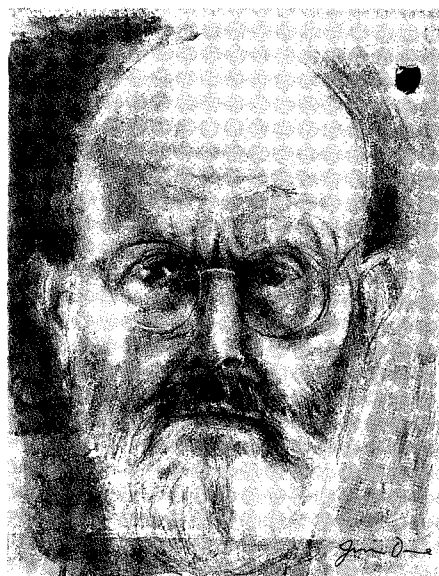
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Seurat." A centenary exhibition of more than two hundred paintings and drawings by the Pointillist. Through Jan. 12.... "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, Henri Matisse, and many others. Through Jan. 12.... A selection of a hundred and fifty American watercolors from the museum's collection. Starts Oct. 16.... Sixteenth-century Italy will take up permanent residence in a new installation of sculptures, furniture, tapestries, and much more that reveals the influence of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo. Starts Oct. 15.... "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy" is a display of sixteenth-century Flemish tapestries, along with German and Italian armor. Through Jan. 5.... A small show of twenty-nine nineteenth-century European photographs, by such artists as Le Gray, Baldus, and Nadar. Through Dec. 1.... "The Lotus Transcendent" is a display of about two hundred small sculptures from Thailand, Cambodia, Nepal, and Sri Lanka.... **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with nine sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. Through Oct. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15; and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" explores the contemporary photographer's supposed preoccupation with the life of the home in more than a hundred and fifty works by Nan Goldin, William Eggleston, Cindy Sherman, Tina Barney, and others. Through Dec. 31.... An installation in the "Projects" series by Guillermo Kuitca.

Through Oct. 29.... An exhibition of models, drawings, and photographs illuminates the work of the Japanese architect Tadao Ando. Through Dec. 31.... Forty helmets and masks made in the twentieth century. Through Nov. 19.... A small show of videotapes made with inexpensive video equipment by such artists as William Wegman, Linda Montano, George Kuchar, and Sadie Benning. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early 1992.



Self-portrait by Jim Dine

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A tableau of four late sculptures designed by Scott Burton (1939-89). Through Dec. 8.... Among the punchiest and freshest-looking paintings in "American Life in American Art" are Paul Cadmus's flamboyantly tawdry "Sailors and Floosies" (1938), Grant Wood's subtly colored triptych "Study for Breaking the Prairie" (1935-39), and George Tooker's creepy and hilarious "The Subway" (1950). Second floor through Nov. 10; third floor through Jan. 5.... A retrospective of John Baldessari's work that has been organized into eight loosely chronological rooms. Through Oct. 20. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the career of Sigmar Polke, from his early "Capitalist Realist" paintings to his latest "alchemical" combines. Through Jan. 5.... "Objects of Myth and Memory," an exhibition of more than two hundred and fifty Native American objects. The show is organized by geographical region—Southwest, Great Plains, California, the Pacific Northwest—and features works by the Pomo, Navajo, and Zuni tribes, among others. Through Dec. 29.... A companion show of contemporary Native American works, including ceramics, elk-horn carvings, and Pomo baskets. Through Jan. 27.... A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirli's "Commandment" series. Through Jan. 5.... "Quattrocento," a small exhibition of a few dozen early-Renaissance panel paintings from Italy. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—In a "living exhibit," four monks from Tibet will demonstrate over the course of five weeks their ancient craft of doll-making. This involves clay modelling, painting, appliqué, and tailoring, and about fifteen or twenty elaborate dolls will be made. Through Nov. 8.... A show of photographs by Heinrich Harrer taken in Tibet during the last few years before the Chinese invasion, in 1951. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45; and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A show of sixty ukiyo-e prints and books that explores

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ART-Cont'd

the relationship between the works, the artists, and censorship in Tokugawa Japan (1615-1868). Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—Sixty-eight early ukiyo-e prints and paintings. Through Nov. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The library has reopened with greatly improved interior spaces. The Morgan House (at 37th and Madison) has been purchased and a glass-enclosed garden court constructed to connect the two buildings. The permanent collection is now given three new gallery spaces and is shown off in "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library," including two hundred and seventy-five drawings, illuminated manuscripts, printed books, and autograph and music manuscripts. Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—The show "Swiss Folk Art" consists of nearly a hundred and ninety works, including utilitarian and decorative objects, religious and ceremonial works, and American pieces inspired by Swiss design. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily, 11:30 to 7:30.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"While They Fought: The Homefront in New York City" includes many posters, photographs (one shows Kate Smith surrounded by sailors), and artifacts from the Second World War. . . . Forty watercolors of New York and New Jersey landscapes by William Rickarby Miller (1818-93). Through Nov. 17. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A hundred and fifty German Expressionist prints and books—mostly from the period 1910-30—by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Käthe Kollwitz, Wassily Kandinsky, George Grosz, and others. Through Jan. 4. (Third Floor Gallery. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . "Documents of Dissent," a show of books, posters, handbills, and journals from China, Tibet, the Soviet Union, the United States, and other countries. Included are the first English translation of "The Gulag Archipelago," the "Black Book of Polish Censorship," and posters by the collaborative group Guerrilla Girls. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART, Flushing Meadow Park—Fifty photographs, by Reginald Marsh, that depict New York's subways and Coney Island, and that were used by the artist as studies for his better-known paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 10. . . . Christian Boltanski's mixed-media installation "Les Bougies" ("The Candles") incorporates metal, light fixtures, and mounted photographs. Through Nov. 2. . . . "Sylvia Plachy's Unguided Tour" is a collection of a hundred and twenty-five of the photographer's works. Through Nov. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Sixty-three narrative canvases, from 1938 to 1940, by Jacob Lawrence. Through Nov. 10. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

SHORT LIST—**RICHMOND BURTON**, Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Nov. 30); **JACK BUSH** and **ALFRED MAURER**, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 9); **FRANCESCO CLEMENTE**, Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (through Nov. 16); **ALAN FELTUS**, Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Oct. 26); **NANCY FRIED**, Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through Nov. 2); **NANCY GRAVES**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Oct. 31); **NANCY GROSSMAN**, Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through Nov. 9); **REUBEN NAKIAN**, Kourous, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Nov. 2); **DON VAN VLIET**, Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through Oct. 26); **IGNACIO ZULOAGA**, Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (a benefit, admission three dollars; open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through Nov. 8).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

REBECCA HORN—"High Moon" is Horn's latest "painting machine," and it's a Freudian field day, consisting as it does of a poem about fused love; a pair of red-liquid-filled breasts feeding their fluid into a pair of Winchester rifles; two mechanical lightning bolts, one striking an architectural beam, the other, one of the breasts; and a blood-colored stream, footed by what has become Horn's signature of sorts: a circular saw, which cuts into the base of the gallery's wall. The rifles revolve slowly, at times pointing at viewers, until, when they're aiming at each other, they release quick spurts of their red-liquid ammunition. There are obviously many levels of interpretation here. Through Oct. 19. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SHORT LIST—**LEONARD BASKIN**, Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 26); **ROMARE BEARDEN**, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 26); **PAUL BROWN**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 2); **POL BURY**, Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 9); **ELAINE DE KOONING**, Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 2); **EDWIN DICKINSON**, Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 8); **PHILIP GUSTON**, McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 19); **JEAN HELION**, Adler, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 26); **ALEX KATZ**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mon-

BURROWING



Once the No. 6 train reaches the end of the line, at the Brooklyn Bridge stop, and all the passengers have been kicked off, it chugs out of sight to make a very long and very slow loop that will place it on the uptown track. Along the way, the train passes through what once was the City Hall station. Built as the downtown terminus for the original 1904 subway system, the station was closed, in 1946, when the Brooklyn Bridge stop was extended to Foley Square. Short of digging through City Hall Park, the best way to glimpse this sealed-off enclave is to take a Transit Museum tour led by John Tauranac, which gets you there via one of those looping locals.

When the terminus opened, it was said to have the ambience of a German beer hall. In retrospect, this criticism is confounding; the station stands today as a byzantine remnant of a gilded industrial age. Its main feature is a vaulted tile ceiling whose graceful stolidity perfectly underscores the subterranean locale—the Phantom of the Opera would feel quite at home in this twentieth-century catacomb. Nostalgically subdued (i.e., creepy) lighting is provided by incandescent bulbs set in graceful gooseneck lamps hanging overhead. Above the tracks, faded to a uniformly mournful gray, are fractured remnants of a skylight with floral motifs. The sepulchral calm of the station is shattered when the No. 6 gingerly rolls past the semicircular platform: there is a particularly horrific scrape of metal against metal, and it was for this earsplitting reason that a proposal to put an oyster bar in the station was ultimately scotched. The next chance for a visit is on October 19. You can reserve a ticket by calling 1-718 330-3063—and yes, you'll also need a token to get in.

days, through Nov. 2); **MARC LAMBRECHTS**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 19); **JOHN OPPER** and **MAX BECKMANN**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 26); **REBECCA PURDUM**, Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 16); **WALLACE PUTNAM**, Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 9); **MATTHEW RADFORD**, Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 29); **MARK TOBEY**, Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 26); **MICHAEL YOUNG**, Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 2); **MARGUERITE ZORACH**, Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 2).

GALLERIES—SoHo

DOTTY ATTIE—A show of narrative paintings, on tile-size canvases, containing beautifully painted details lifted from a variety of European and American works. Attie, a link between first- and second-generation feminists, presents a woman's view of male bonding. In a series based on Fantin-Latour's "A Studio in the Batignolles Quarter," she spins several yarns that read like "grampa remembers" but have a strong subtext of sexual desire and colonial conquest. Through Oct. 26. . . . **NOTE:** In the back room is a work by Walter Martin, which offers a funny, if belated, rumination on the hunger of the art market. The piece consists of a headless and hungry Humpty Dumpty with movable limbs; when a quarter is inserted in a coin slot, the mechanical egg does nothing more than thrash about for a few seconds while the quarter drops down into the hollow interior of the sculpture's base. Through Oct. 26. (P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway.)

MEL CHIN—A three-part installation—consisting of a mandalic painting, a rug, and a video work—that is more interesting in conception than in execution. The finely crafted triangular rug, which is suspended from the ceiling, has a pattern derived from photographic images of meteorological phenomena; it is a study for a sixty-six-foot-square "State of Heaven" rug intended to symbolize the deteriorating ozone layer. The problem is that the rug doesn't suggest meteorological patterns as much as it does ocean waves. But it is a beautiful object. Through Oct. 26. (Storefront for Art and Architecture, 97 Kenmare St. Opens at noon.)

JIM DINE—The high point of this rich show is a series of recent sculptures that take on themes of myth, labor, and mortality, sometimes with imagery that satirically places Dine in a symbolically victorious position above other artists represented by the Pace gallery. "Twins in the Forest" makes direct reference to Georg Baselitz: in a sly and hilarious act of aesthetic conquest, Dine has made two massive hacked-wood figures, à la Baselitz, festooned with all sorts of things, from farm tools to a bronze heart, attached with huge body-piercing pins. Through Oct. 26. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

STEVE GIANAKOS—Over the last two decades Gianakos' bite has come from his deliberate use of offensive humor, particularly in relation to politically incorrect and taboo subjects. But there are no punch lines to these truly perverse paintings of maimed girlie pinups against finely constructed nonobjective fields. These are the artist's most disturbing and perhaps most penetrating works. Through Oct. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

NANCY HAYNES—These are simply some of the most beautiful nonobjective paintings around. Ambitious yet modest, they seem to be based on nature, though their inky blackness could just as well be about death. All these works, both small and large, have a keen sense of focus, something often lacking in sheer, more celebrated abstractions. Through Oct. 26. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

RONI HORN—An impressive yet overly theatrical installation of otherworldly sculptures made of polished stainless steel and tarnished copper. The objects are arranged as if they were pieces in some cosmic, transcendental game of chess. In a somewhat tedious exercise, Horn has duplicated the objects and arranged the duplicates in the same manner in a much smaller room. The gallery's exquisitely subtle filtered natural light perfectly complements the installation. A beautiful book of Horn's photographs of sheepfolds in Iceland accompanies the exhibition. Through Nov. 9. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

JONATHAN LASKER—Lasker is a painter who hedges his bets: his works are both a critique of painting and successful attempts to paint



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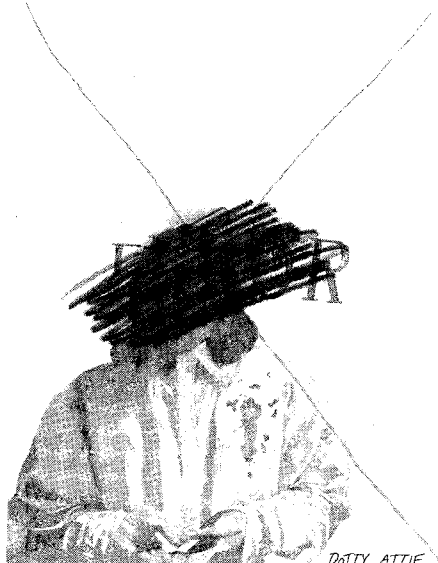
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PHOTOGRAPHY

MUSIC



Self-portrait by Dotty Attie

well. The subject is always a squiggly doodle, which he meticulously duplicates on a large scale, frames, and places against a sea of other doodles. The subject is sometimes reminiscent of a tulip or a recumbent nude but usually it's just a gigantic squiggle—a symbol of gesture. Through Nov. 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

ROBERT SMITHSON / ADRIAN PIPER—A good installation of several different types of work, including a mirror-displacement piece and several engaging minimalist wall works, from the mid-sixties, that are made of glittery decal materials. Three small sculptures made of cardboard pierced by sticks have an anti-monumental, sixties spirit. / Piper has become one of the most articulate, politically confrontational artists around. This exhibition of early works, from the late sixties, includes paintings and drawings based on a grid, and a number of narrative pieces. Individually the works are not so interesting, but as records of stages in an artist's development they are highly informative. Through Oct. 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

JENNY WATSON—Crudely drawn paintings—of a horse; a woman, usually in a demeaning role of submission; or both—to which horsehair or an occasional narrative caption has been attached. At times Watson plays a perceptualist's game: in one canvas the hair is a girl's ponytail; in another an identical hair-piece is, quite literally, a pony's tail. But the hair is seldom more than a gimmick, with one notable exception: a long, wide painting of a reclining woman who looks as if she's entombed. Through Nov. 7. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

SHORT LIST—**VINCENT ARCILESI**, Z Gallery, 382 West Broadway (opens Sundays at 1, through Oct. 25); **DIKE BLAIR**, Wingate, 578 Broadway (through Nov. 2); **GARY BUKOVNIK**, Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (through Nov. 2); **DAVID DIAO**, Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Nov. 16); **STEPHEN ELLIS**, Koury, 89 Greene St. (through Nov. 30); **GÜNTER FÖRG**, Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through Nov. 30); **HARRY KRAMER**, Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 26); **HUGHIE LEE-SMITH**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Nov. 5); **ALFRED LESLIE**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through Dec. 21); **MARINO MARINI**, Nahan, 381 West Broadway (open daily, through Oct. 30); **ANN MESSNER**, Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through Nov. 16); **THOMAS NOZKOWSKI**, Protetch, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 9); **MEL RAMOS**, Meisel, 141 Prince St. (through Oct. 26); **JESÚS RAFAEL SOTO**, Humphrey, 594 Broadway (through Nov. 9); **PAUL THEK**, Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Nov. 13); **URSULA VON RYDINGSVÄRD**, Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 26).

OTHER GALLERIES

SHORT LIST—**RALPH HUMPHREY**, Hunter College, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. (opens at 1, closed Saturdays, through Oct. 26); **ROBERT SMITHSON**, Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (opens at 1 Wednesday through Saturdays, through Oct. 26).

PHOTOFIND no longer exists, but the people who ran that energetic-feeling, tiny space are not only still in business but have moved to a larger, more luxurious setting, at 120 Wooster Street. Called the Howard Greenberg gallery, with its shining new surfaces the place emits a sense of optimism. The new gallery's first show is dedicated to the work of André Kertész and is subtitled "The New York Years, 1936-1985." (Uptown at Houk Friedman, on Madison Avenue, one can see a rarer body of work by Kertész, vintage prints from 1917 to 1936, taken in his homeland of Hungary and in Paris.)

As we were looking at the Kertész photographs of New York on Greenberg's freshly painted walls, we found ourselves responding to the work in a new way. This time it wasn't his use of design and perspective that got to us; it was the way Kertész's images preserve the history of New York. There's an eensy picture from around 1950 that in someone else's hands would be a throwaway: it shows only a wagon wheel, a pigeon, and track-marked snow. Yet the manner in which the three elements come together makes the photo a fragment of time gone by in this city, as soulful as a broken-off piece of ancient statuary.

JOEL STERNFELD—Recent photographs of the Roman countryside that have a tactile combination of history and the present. Sternfeld's use of color and so-called modern ugliness gives his pictures their lively quality, and it is a pleasure to see an artist who successfully avoids the nostalgia trap. His photograph of a group of women schmoozing beside a piece of ancient wall is one of the most uncontrived pictures about contemporary community that we have seen. Through Oct. 19. (Pace-MacGill, 32 East 57th St.)

"PICTURES OF PEACE"—A travelling exhibition of works by thirty-six contemporary photographers who attempt to answer the question, If the world were at peace, what would you photograph? Practitioners include Lynn Davis, Jan Groover, Dennis Hopper, Sheila Metzner, and Bruce Weber. Through Oct. 31. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St.)

"PARIS IN THE THIRTIES: SURREALISM AND THE BOOK"—A celebration of personal visions that brings together a variety of mediums, including drawings, collages, objects, prints, and photographs. Of all the work on display, Hans Bellmer's quirky photographs of dolls (and his accompanying books on the same subject) are—because of their strangeness—the most compelling. Through Oct. 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SHORT LIST—**PETER CAMPUS**, Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Nov. 2); **ROBERT CAPA**, International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through Nov. 17); **HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 19); **LEE FRIEDLANDER**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Nov. 23); **PHILIPPE HALSMAN**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 26); **ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ**, Greenberg, 120 Wooster St., and Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. (both through Nov. 2); **ANNIE LEBOVITZ**, Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 19), and International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8, through Dec. 1); **DUANE MICHALS**, Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 2); **ALEXIS ROCKMAN**, Lee, 588 Broadway (through Oct. 26); **JOE ZIOLKOWSKI**, Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway (through Nov. 2).

EIGHTEEN years ago Charles Rosen recorded definitive performances of Boulez's First and (incomplete) Third Piano Sonatas. Mr. Rosen, whose thinking is astute, disclaimed at the head of his liner note any such notion: "Pierre Boulez was so generous with his time as to be present at the recording sessions of these works, and I am grateful for his kindness and for his suggestions. However, I should not want (nor, I am sure, would he) these performances to be taken in any sense as authoritative—much less definitive (as if the notion of a definitive performance of any work of music were not sufficiently absurd in itself)." But for many years the performances were exactly definitive: they defined the music for those of us unable to play the scores (tremendously difficult) or encounter them in live performances (terribly rare).

Recently, and in part thanks to Mr. Rosen's example, other pianists have addressed these complicated and intriguing sonatas, defining them anew for themselves and their audiences. The latest is Marc Ponthus, who will play them—along with the Second Sonata (1948) and the Twelve Notations for Piano (1946, published 1985)—at Weill Recital Hall, on October 22. It's an adventure we imagine Mr. Rosen might like to drop in on—but, alas, at the same moment he will be some sixty blocks uptown playing Elliott Carter, Donald Martino, and Arnold Schoenberg with the violinist Rolf Schulte, at Columbia University's Miller Theater. (Besides a duo and a work for solo violin by Mr. Carter, the program will include his "Night Fantasies," a long piano solo commissioned by a group of four pianists, among them Mr. Rosen.) The conjunction of the concerts is a pity; the audience for this kind of music is an intense, concentrated one, for whose members missing either concert will be a loss. Couldn't the Fritz Reiner Center for Contemporary Music and the Washington Square Contemporary Music Society have a little chat on the phone before they announce their seasons?

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7777.)

OPERA

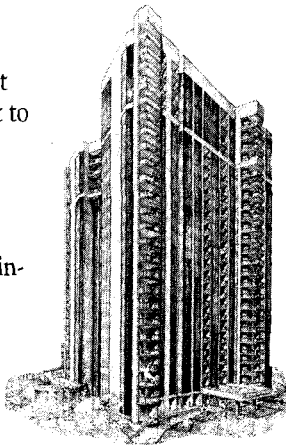
METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LA Fanciulla del West**, a new production of Puccini's pistol-packing "spaghetti Western," with Barbara Daniels, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Leonard Slatkin. (Oct. 14, Oct. 18, and Oct. 23, all at 8.)... **DON GIOVANNI**, with Carolyn James, Patricia Shuman, Ruth Ann Swenson, Stanford Olsen, Ferruccio Furlanetto, and Bruno Pola; James Levine. (Oct. 15 at 8.)... With Carolyn James, Patricia Shuman, Ruth Ann Swenson, Stanford Olsen, Ferruccio Furlanetto, and Timothy Noble; James Levine. (Oct. 19 at 1.)... **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE**, with Dawn Upshaw, Ruth Welting, Jerry Hadley, Mikael Melbye, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (Oct. 16 at 8.)... With Dawn Upshaw, Ruth Welting, Jerry Hadley, Mark Oswald,

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MUSIC—Cont'd

and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (Oct. 19 at 8:30.)... With Dawn Upshaw, Ruth Welting, Jerry Hadley, Mikael Melbye, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; Julius Rudel. (Oct. 22 at 8.)... **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA**, with Deborah Voigt, Sumi Jo, Stefania Toczyska, Peter Dvorsky, and Juan Pons; Thomas Fulton. (Oct. 17 at 8.)... With Deborah Voigt, Sumi Jo, Stefania Toczyska, Peter Dvorsky, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. (Oct. 21 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**LA TRAVIATA**, with Gail Dobish, Michael Rees Davis, and Peter Barcza; conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Oct. 15 at 8 and Oct. 20 at 2.)... **MADAME BUTTERFLY**, with Cynthia Lawrence, Jennifer Lane, Vincenzo Scuderi, and Peter Lightfoot; Mark Gibson. (Oct. 16 and Oct. 22 at 8.)... **DIE SOLDATEN**, Bernd Alois Zimmermann's complex, eclectic opera (first presented in 1965), based on a play by the eighteenth-century dramatist Jakob Michael Reinhold Lenz. The large cast includes Lisa Saffer, Claudia Cummings, Cynthia Rose, Joyce Castle, Thomas Young, Eugene Perry, Jan Opalach, and Michael Rees Davis; Christopher Keene. (Oct. 17 and Oct. 23 at 8.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA**, with Elizabeth Walsh, Karen Ziamba, Elaine Bonazzi, Louis Quilico, Burke Moses, Lara Teeter, and Arthur Rubin; Chris Nance. (Oct. 18 at 8.)... **LA BOHÈME**, with Gwynne Geyer, Pamela South, Michael Myers, and Gordon Hawkins; Joseph Colaneri. (Oct. 19 at 2.)... **THE MOTHER OF THREE SONS**, the opening performance of a new "dance opera" conceived, directed, and choreographed by Bill T. Jones, with music by Leroy Jenkins; Ruby Hinds and Rhodessa Jones are the singers, and the dancers are Jeff McLamb, Warren Miller, Leonard Cruz, and Mr. Jones himself. William Henry Curry conducts. (Oct. 19 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"GRACE FOR GRACE"—A performance piece described by its creator, Robert Wilson, as an "experimental new work for sound, light and air," featuring soprano Jessye Norman, among other performers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Oct. 19 at 8.)

LEE HOIBY OPERAS—See under "Bon Appétit!" in Theatre listings.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 15 at 8: Yuri Temirkanov conducts Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter Overture," Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," and Ravel's Concerto for the Left Hand (with pianist Alexander Slobodyanik). ... Oct. 17-19 at 8 and Oct. 22 at 7:30: Kurt Masur conducts Dvořák's Ninth Symphony ("From the New World") and Schnittke's Cello Concerto (with soloist Natalia Gutman).

NEW YORK VIRTUOSO SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directs a program of works by Copland and Bernstein, featuring mezzo-soprano Lucille Beer. Not to be overlooked among such better-known works as Copland's "In the Beginning" is "Warm-Up," a rarely heard 1969 morsel by Bernstein. Despite its brevity and its self-deprecating title, "Warm-Up" is actually a complexly constructed six-part round, composed in swing style, introducing musical material that Bernstein would later incorporate into his "Mass." (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 14 at 8.)

BAMBERG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Christoph Eschenbach conducts Dvořák's "Carnival Overture" and Ninth Symphony ("From the New World"), and Shostakovich's First Cello Concerto (with Heinrich Schiff). (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 16 at 8.)

I SOLISTI DI ZAGREB—The Yugoslav chamber orchestra performs works by Mozart, Vivaldi, Martinů, Borodin, and Haydn (his C-Major Cello Concerto, with soloist Mario Brunello). (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 17 at 8.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—Lorin Maazel conducting. Oct. 18 at 8: An all-Sibelius program, comprising the Second and Seventh Symphonies, as well as the tone-poem "Finlandia." (Carnegie Hall.)... Oct. 20 at 3: Mussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," Dvořák's Seventh Symphony, and Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto (with Vladimir Viardo). (Avery Fisher Hall.)

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mstislav Rostropovich conducts Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony and Schumann's Cello Con-

certo, with Wendy Warner featured in the latter. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 20 at 3.)

GALILEE SOLOISTS ENSEMBLE—The string ensemble, composed mostly of recent Russian émigrés to Israel and directed by Avner Biron, performs works for string orchestra by Mozart, Rossini, Stravinsky, and Hanoach Jacobi; and the sixteen-year-old Maxim Vengerov is featured as soloist in Mendelssohn's D-Minor Violin Concerto (not to be confused with his far-better-known E-Minor Concerto). A benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 20 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 557-1600.)

WARSAW PHILHARMONIC—Kazimierz Kord conducts Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, Shostakovich's First Symphony, and Prokofiev's Second Piano Concerto (featuring Alexander Toradze). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 22 at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducts Berlioz's "Roman Carnival Overture," Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, and Ravel's "Concerto for the Left Hand" (with pianist Leon Fleisher). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 23-24 at 8.)

RECITALS

MOZART MASSES IN CONCERT—In addition to Mozart's C-Major "Holy Trinity" Mass (K. 167), student ensembles from Florida State University perform lesser-known choral and orchestral pieces: his Symphony No. 16, G-Major Church Sonata (K. 241), Miserere (K. 85), and "Vesperae Solennes de Doménica" (K. 321). (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 14 at 8.)

JUILLIARD WIND ENSEMBLE—Mark Gould conducts a twentieth-century program. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 15 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

VINEYARDMUSIQUE—The early-music ensemble, with guest percussionist Ben Harms, offers a program of music from the American colonies, including popular tunes and marches of the day as well as songs by Francis Hopkinson, who not only signed the Declaration of Independence but also published the first songs in America (his "Seven Songs for the Harpsichord," dedicated to George Washington and curiously titled, since when the volume appeared, in 1788, its songs numbered eight). (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Oct. 15 at 8.)

DAVID BORDEN AND HIS MOTHER MALLARD BAND—Performing works of the minimalist persuasion by Mr. Borden. (Miller Theatre. Oct. 15 at 8.)

SETH CARLIN—Fortepianist, performing the opening concerts of a season-long cycle in which he will play all of Schubert's piano sonatas on a modern replica of an early nineteenth-century Conrad Graf piano. Oct. 16: The Sonatas in A Minor (D. 537), E-Flat Major (D. 568), and B Major (D. 575). ... Oct. 17: The Sonatas in A Minor (D. 784), G Major (D. 894), and A Major (D. 664). (Merkin Concert Hall. Both evenings at 8.)

GAIL NIWA—The pianist appears in her New York debut recital, a reward for winning this year's Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition, in Salt Lake City. Besides being the only woman to take first prize since the competition's inception, in 1976, Ms. Niwa also won the chamber-music and "audience" prizes—the latter being a popularity award from a musical public so avid that it convinced the governor of Utah to declare this June Gina Bachauer Piano Month, in memory of the esteemed Greek pianist, who died in 1976. Ms. Niwa will play works of Bach-Busoni, Albéniz, Tchaikovsky, and Chopin (including his Second Sonata), and Sergei Liapunov's "Lezginka in B Minor" (the tenth of his twelve virtuosic "transcendental études" in sharp keys, composed as a sort of counterbalance to Liszt's better known

flat-key set). (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 16 at 8.)

VILLA-LOBOS SOCIETY—A concert of chamber music by the exceedingly prolific Brazilian composer, including two "chôros," his Fifth String Quartet, the relatively well-known "Quintet in the Form of a Chôros," and

numerous songs (performed by soprano Gabriella Widman and pianist Alfred Heller). (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Oct. 16 at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-5103.)

BARGEMUSIC—Pianist Joseph Villa performs Rachmaninoff's arrangement of Fritz Kreisler's "Liedesfreud," and is joined by violinist Theodore Arm and cellist Jian Wang in trios by Beethoven and Smetana. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 17 at 7:30 and Oct. 20 at 4.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—The pianist performs an all-Mozart program comprising three sonatas (K. 310, K. 331, and K. 533/494) and several smaller-scale pieces that one wishes were programmed more frequently: the Prelude and Fugue, (K. 394), in which the composer

demonstrated his proficiency in the most unforgiving of traditional Germanic compositional disciplines; the Minuet (K. 355); the Six German Dances (K. 509); and the B-Minor Adagio (K. 540). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 17 at 8.)

ESSEX STRING QUARTET—The Juilliard School's quartet-in-residence performs works by Haydn, Beethoven, and Dvořák. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 18 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—The ensemble presents new music from China. (Miller Theatre. Oct. 17 at 8.)

"WOMEN IN POETRY AND SONG"—Musical works are interspersed among readings of poetry and letters of women writers. The program includes songs by Prokofiev (settings of Anna Akhmatova), Copland (settings of Emily Dickinson), and Debussy (settings of Pierre Louys—a man, if you want to split hairs, but his "Chansons de Bilitis" have an overtly Sapphic flavor); with actress Claire Bloom, soprano Anna Steiger, flutist Linda Chesis, harpist Sara Cutler, and pianist Brian Zeger. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 18 at 8.)

SERGIO AND ODAIR ASSAD—The guitar duo, performing transcriptions of works by Rameau and Debussy, as well as original pieces by Mauro Giuliani and several modern composers. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Oct. 18 at 8.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—Performing quartets by Haydn and Debussy, as well as Mozart's C-Major Quintet (with the assistance of violist Michael Tree). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Oct. 18 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—Members of the ensemble will discuss and perform Beethoven's F-Minor Quartet, Op. 95 (the "Serioso") and Schubert's G-Major Quartet, Op. 161. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 19 at 7.)

GARRICK OHLSSON—Pianist, performing two Beethoven sonatas (the "Appassionata" and the E-Major, Op. 109), two Chopin scherzos, and the "Variations, Fugue, and Envoi on a Theme of Handel" by Igor Markevitch (who was known less as a composer than as a conductor and champion of the music of other French and Russian avant-garde musicians). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Oct. 19 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

LONG ISLAND BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—The ensemble—a quartet of period-instrument players—performs music of the Polish and Czechoslovakian Renaissance and Baroque. Even the most devoted aficionados of early music may expect to hear pieces they have not heard before, by such composers as Rohaczewski,



Anonymous 4

Gorczycki, Szarynski, Mielczewski, Kobierkowitz, and Jarzebski. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Oct. 20 at 2:45.)

ANONYMOUS 4—The women's vocal quartet performs music from the four principal repositories of medieval Iberian music: the "Codex Calixtinus" (filled with twelfth-century music relating to pilgrimages to the legendary tomb of St. James the Great in Santiago de Compostela); the "Cantigas de Santa Maria" (the collection of some four hundred monodic songs brought together in the thirteenth century by the Spanish King Alfonso X, the Wise); the "Codex de las Huelgas" (in which thirteenth- and early-fourteenth-century polyphonic music composed at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, was assembled for Cistercian nuns in the convent of Burgos); and the "Libre Vermell" (or "million-colored book," containing fourteenth-century devotional pieces assembled for use at the Shrine of Our Lady, in Montserrat). They'll be assisted by the Medieval Strings, a quartet performing on ancient vielles, harps, and such. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. 666-0675. Oct. 20 at 4.)

OMNI ENSEMBLE—The group's instrumentalists mingle live sounds with electronic sounds to realize works by Mario Davidovsky (his classic "Synchronisms"), Katherine Hoover, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Oct. 20 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Presenting music by Telemann, Shostakovich, Mendelssohn (his Octet), Wolf (his "Italian Serenade"), and Schoenberg (his "Verklärte Nacht"); with guest violinist Joseph Silverstein. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 20 at 5 and Oct. 22 at 7:30.)

JAMES GALWAY—Flutist, with pianist Phillip Moll, performing (among other works) sonatas by Mozart, Hindemith, and Lowell Liebermann. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 20 at 7:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC BY MOZART—Three distinguished soloists—soprano Arleen Auger, clarinetist Harold Wright, and pianist Murray Perahia—join with the Vermeer String Quartet for a gallimaufry of Mozart: the "Kegelstatt" Trio, the G-Minor Piano Quartet, and a half-dozen supernal songs. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 21 at 8.)

VIRTUOSI QUINTET—Performing woodwind quintets by Malcolm Arnold, Andrew Thomas, and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Oct. 21 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—Max Lifchitz directs the ensemble in music by Elizabeth Bell. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 21 at 8.)

DONALD JOYCE—The organist performs contemporary Russian music for his instrument, both solo (by Viktor Suslin) and in combination with percussion (by Sofia Gubaidulina) and trombone (by Alfred Schnittke and Tatyana Sergeeva). (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Oct. 21 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHARLES ROSEN AND ROLF SCHULTE—The pianist and the violinist perform, among various solos and duos, Elliott Carter's Duo and Arnold Schoenberg's "Fantasy," Op. 47. (Miller Theatre. Oct. 22 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MARC PONTIUS—The pianist performs the complete solo-piano works of Pierre Boulez, comprising the three sonatas and "Twelve Notations." (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 22 at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS—Clarion Music Society, an irrepid purveyor of obscure scores for the past thirty-five years, opens its season with a program of little-known Italian Baroque works, played on period instruments. Newell Jenkins conducts, and lutenist Paul O'Dette and mezzo-soprano Elaine Bonazzi are among the soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 22 at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Performing an all-Mozart concert: three quartets and (with violist Michael Tree) the C-Minor Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 23 at 8.)

ENSEMBLE PROJECT ARS NOVA—The vocal and instrumental quintet performs two very different song "cycles": selections from the "Remede de Fortune" by the fourteenth-century French poet and composer Guillaume de Machaut, and the New York premiere of Robert Kyr's "Songs of the Shining Wind," a collection of seven contemporary motets. (Miller Theatre. Oct. 23 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

THE CONCERT FOR WALDEN WOODS—Maybe this is what Thoreau meant when he called music "the arch-reformer." Cranky rock star and point of light Don Henley has descended from his Aspen aerie to organize and perform in what must be the first industry benefit devoted to a real-estate deal. (The goal is to remedy a lamentable lapse of historic preservation by raising private funds for the purchase and restoration of the land adjacent to the site of Thoreau's second home and meditational campsite near Concord, Massachusetts.) On October 21 and 22, Henley and fellow-philosophers Billy Joel and Sting will serenade the spirit of this apostle of voluntary poverty. In a third show, on October 24, the former Eagle will again sing about lives of quiet desperation, with Bonnie Raitt and Jimmy Buffett on hand to cheer him up. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Concerts at 8.)

VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS—Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Oct. 15 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

SQUEEZE—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 16-17 at 8.

AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA—In a salute to Jimmy Heath. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. 353-4196. Oct. 18 at 8.)

PANDIT PRAN NATH—With La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Oct. 18 at 8.)

JESUS JONES—Academy Theatre, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Oct. 18-19 at 9.

PETER GORDON'S LOVE OF LIFE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Oct. 18-19 at 10.

OLDIES CONCERT—Johnny Maestro & the Brooklyn Bridge, the Del Vikings, Gene Chandler, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 19 at 8.)

ZUSAAN KALI FASTEAU—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Oct. 20 at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

ANN-MARGRET—With the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. 247-4777. Oct. 22-23 at 8. Through Oct. 27.)

"BENSON & HEDGES BLUES" CONCERTS—Oct. 18 at 7 and midnight: B. B. King, Johnnie Taylor, John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers, and Roomful of Blues. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.) ... ♣ Oct. 19 at 1 and 3: A

tribute to Howlin' Wolf, with Hubert Sumlin, Henry Gray, and others. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 869-3981.) ... ♣ Oct. 19 at 8: Al Green, Bobby Blue Bland, and the Staple Singers. (Beacon Theatre.) ... ♣ Oct. 20 at 12:30 and 3: John Hammond and Philadelphia Jerry Ricks. (Henry Street Settlement.) ... ♣ Oct. 20 at 3: Michael Hill's Bluesland. (Prospect Park Picnic House, 3rd St. at Prospect Park West, Brooklyn. No tickets necessary.) ... ♣ Oct. 20 at 8: John Lee Hooker & the Coast to Coast Blues Band, Buddy Guy, John Campbell, and Tinsley Ellis. (Beacon Theatre.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

RANGERS—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Oct. 14. ... ♣ Vs. the Devils, Oct. 16. ... ♣ Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Oct. 20. ... ♣ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 23. (Game time, 7:30.)

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Oct. 15. ... ♣ Vs. the Edmonton Oilers, Oct. 19. ... ♣ Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Oct. 22. (Game time, 7:35.)

DEVILS—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Oct. 19. ... ♣ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 22. (Game time, 7:35.)

(The Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. Through Oct. 21. ... At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. ... **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 8; Tuesdays at 1.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BASEBALL

PLAYOFFS—The American League championship series continues, if necessary, Oct. 15-16 in Minnesota. The National League championship series continues, if necessary, Oct. 14 at Atlanta and Oct. 16-17 in Pittsburgh. The first game of the World Series is Oct. 19. All games will be on CBS.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

FLOWER SHOW—This annual display of Japanese chrysanthemums at the New York Botanical Garden marks autumn the way fireworks mark July. (Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; and Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6. Starts Oct. 19 and runs through Nov. 17.)

PUMPKINS—Ace pumpkin carvers and amateurs alike will be at the South Street Seaport on Oct. 19, starting at 8 A.M., with their blades sharpened for the big pumpkin-carving competition. Other pumpkin-related events continue throughout the day. For more information, call 732-7678.

DOG DAY—The people at the A.S.P.C.A. are sponsoring, on Oct. 20, for the first time ever, a dog walkathon to help homeless pets. "Bowwow-wow yippee yo yippee yay." For information and registration, call 876-7708.

WINDOW WATCHING—The work of ten notable illustrators—including Philip Burke, Anita Kunz, and Philippe Weisbecker—will be featured in the windows of Barneys (Seventh Ave. at 17th St.), starting Oct. 17.

CLEMENT GREENBERG—In a Q. & A. session. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Oct. 22 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

READINGS—Oct. 15 at 7: Jia Pingwa, Howard Goldblatt, L. E. Phillabaum, Harrison Salisbury, Marsha Wagner, and David D. Wang read from and talk about contemporary

Chinese literature. (Low Memorial Library Faculty Room, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. No tickets necessary.) ... ♣ Oct. 17 at 8: Peter Cameron and Emily Prager read from their own fiction. (Three Lives & Co., 154 W. 10th St. No tickets necessary.) ... ♣ Oct. 17 at 8: Rosa Guy reads from her own fiction. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. For information about tickets, call 875-4124.) ... ♣ Oct. 21 at 8: Mordecai Richler reads from his own fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) ... ♣ Oct. 22 at 6: William Hunt and Mary Kinzie read from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) ... ♣ Oct. 22 at 7: Jack Putnam reads from Herman Melville's "Piazza Tales." (South Street Seaport Museum, 213 Water St. No tickets necessary.)

ANTIQUES—Sanford Smith's Fall Antiques Show will take place at

Pier 92. (Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Oct. 17-19, from 11 to 9; and Oct. 20, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door.) ... ♣ The seventh annual Cathedral Antiques Show will take place at St. Vartan's Cathedral. (630 Second Ave., at 35th St. Oct. 18, from 1 to 9; Oct. 19, from 11 to 8; and Oct. 20, from noon to 6. Tickets at the door.)



Ann-Margret

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 17: "Slacker" (†).
From Oct. 18: "Resident Alien" (directed by Jonathan Nossiter), with Quentin Crisp.
Theatre 2: "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Rapture" (Michael Tolkin), with Mimi Rogers.

Theatre 4: The 23rd International Tournee of Animation.

Theatre 5: "Thousand Pieces of Gold" (Nancy Kelly), with Rosalind Chao, Dennis Dun, Chris Cooper, and Michael Paul Chan.

Theatre 6: "Building Bombs" and "Deadly Deception," both documentaries.

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Oct. 14: Theatre closed.

Oct. 15: "Herdsman of the Sun" (1988, Werner Herzog); and "The Lion Hunters" (1965, Jean Rouch).

Oct. 16: "Lola" (1961, Jacques Demy; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy.

Oct. 17: "Stavisky" (1974, Alain Resnais; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (1962, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Belmondo.

Oct. 18: "L'Eau à la Bouche" (1960, Jacques Doniol-Valcroze; in French); and "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (1959, Roger Vadim; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Gérard Philipe, Annette Vadim, and Jeanne Valerie.

Oct. 19-20: "Marius" (1931, Alexander Korda; in French), with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Demazis; "Fanny" (1932, Marc Allégret and Pierre Prévert; in French), with Raimu, Fresnay, Demazis, and Charpin; and "César" (†).

Oct. 21: Theatre closed.

Oct. 22: "Boudou Saved from Drowning" (†); and "The Baker's Wife" (†).

Oct. 23: "Le Schpountz" (1938, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Demazis, and Charpin; and "Jofroi" (1933, Pagnol; in French).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 3: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow.

LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (†)

Theatre 2: "Dead Again" (†).

Theatre 3: "Whore" (Ken Russell), with Theresa Russell.

Theatre 4: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Oct. 17: "Stepping Out" (†). From Oct. 18: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.

Theatre 6: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

Theatre 7: Through Oct. 17: "Dogfight" (Nancy Savoca), with River Phoenix and Lili Taylor. From Oct. 18: "Cool as Ice" (David Kellogg), with Vanilla Ice.

CINEMA VILLAGE 12TH STREET, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"Eating" (†).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna.

Theatre 2: "Homicide."

Theatre 3: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

Theatre 4: "The Boy Who Cried Bitch" (Juan Jose Campanella), with Harley Cross and Karen Young.

Theatre 5: "Twenty-One" (Don Boyd), with Patsy Kensit.

Theatre 6: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.

Theatre 7: "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood.

CINEMA VILLAGE 3RD AVENUE, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

"Festival of Animation 1991."

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster and Adam Hann-Byrd.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.



There's one sure way to make any of this season's operas look good. Go see Franco Zeffirelli's 1986 movie version of "Otello" first. Playing October 17 at Theatre 80 St. Marks, this desperate attempt to mix extravagant cinema with Verdi would have been perfect for "SCTV," or for one of Dan Aykroyd's Bad Art shows on "Saturday Night Live." The producers, Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, anxious to overcome their schlockmeister image, poured in enough money for Zeffirelli to proclaim that for the first time an opera would be filmed "on the scale of a Hollywood epic." Zeffirelli, who designed as well as directed, swamps the action in grandiose locations: antique Venetian harbor buildings on Crete and a twelfth-century Swabian castle in Barletta, in southeastern Italy. For the opening scene of the Moorish general Otello (Plácido Domingo) heading back to Cyprus in a storm, Zeffirelli built a section of a galleon, just so he could start with a splash.

The production is hopelessly unmoored. Before the characters have a chance to settle, Zeffirelli tosses in a garish dance number with what look like dervishes and Gypsies. Eventually he does establish that Iago (Justino Diaz) will frame Desdemona (Katia Ricciarelli) and Cassio (Urbano Barberini). But Zeffirelli can't curb his appetite for cheap effects. When Otello and Desdemona go into their pivotal duet—the one in which Otello sings "You loved me for my misfortunes and I loved you for your pity"—the director inserts flashbacks that recall the desert battles of any old Ali Baba epic. At every turn, Zeffirelli tries to be movielike in the most obvious ways: Otello has only to mourn for the flag of Venice and, lo and behold, it appears. In the end, this production isn't an opera and it isn't a movie. Zeffirelli's Verdi is an oxymoron.

Theatre 2: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow.
Theatre 3: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.

Theatre 5: "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 6: "Suburban Commando" (Burt Kennedy), with Hulk Hogan, Christopher Lloyd, and Shelley Duvall.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Doctor" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

Theatre 2: "Ernest Scared Stupid" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

Theatre 3: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.

Theatre 4: "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Dead Again" (†).

Theatre 2: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Theatre 3: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Super" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Paris Is Burning" (†).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.

Theatre 2: "Twenty-One" (Don Boyd), with Patsy Kensit.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Oct. 17: "Barton Fink" (†).

From Oct. 18: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"My Own Private Idaho" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 17: "The Super" (†). From Oct. 18: "Cool as Ice" (David Kellogg), with Vanilla Ice.

Theatre 2: "The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Whore" (Ken Russell), with Theresa Russell.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

Theatre 2: "The Rapture" (Michael Tolkin), with Mimi Rogers.

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

Theatre 2: "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood.

Theatre 3: "The Story of Boys and Girls" (Pupi Avati, in Italian).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Commitments" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Theatre 2: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster and Adam Hann-Byrd.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Oct. 17: "Stepping Out" (†).

From Oct. 18: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Frankie & Johnny" (†).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.

Theatre 2: "The Super" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Ernest Scared Stupid" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

Theatre 2: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "Takeover: Heroes of the New American Depression" (directed by Peter Kinoy and Pamela Yates) and "To the Moon, Alice" (1989, Jessie

Nelson). From Oct. 16: "The Cry of the Owl" (1987, Claude Chabrol; in French).
 Theatre 2: "The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.
 Theatre 3: "Black Lizard" (†).
WAYERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-4037)
 Theatre 1: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
 Theatre 2: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
 "Ernest Scared Stupid" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
 Theatre 1: "The Super" (†).
 Theatre 2: "The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
 Theatre 1: Through Oct. 17: "The Indian Runner" (Sean Penn), with David Morse.
 From Oct. 18: "Slacker" (†).
 Theatre 2: "My Mother's Castle" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamac.
 Theatre 3: "My Father's Glory" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamac.
 Theatre 4: "Paris Is Burning" (†).
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4745)
 Theatre 1: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.
 Theatre 2: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.
 Theatre 3: "City of Hope" (John Sayles), with Vincent Spano, Tony Lo Bianco, Joe Morton, Barbara Williams, and Sayles.
 Theatre 4: "Whore" (Ken Russell), with Theresa Russell.
 Theatre 5: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).
 Theatre 6: "The Commitments" (†).
 Theatre 7: Through Oct. 17: "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood. From Oct. 18: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.
 Theatre 8: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.
 Theatre 9: "The Super" (†).
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
 Theatre 1: "Dead Again" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Ernest Scared Stupid" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.
 Theatre 3: Through Oct. 17: "Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare" (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund. From Oct. 18: "Cool as Ice" (David Kellogg), with Vanilla Lee.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
 "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood.
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
 Theatre 1: "Freddy's Dead: The Final Nightmare" (Rachel Talalay), with Robert Englund and Lisa Zane.
 Theatre 2: "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll" (†).
 Theatre 3: "City Slickers" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves" (†).
 Theatre 5: "Whore" (Ken Russell), with Theresa Russell.
 Theatre 6: "Necessary Roughness" (Stan Dragoti), with Scott Bakula.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
 "The Commitments" (†).
LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
 "Dead Again" (†).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7350)
 "The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe" (†).
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
 Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Barton Fink" (†).
LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
 "The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
 "Trust" (†).
LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
 "Stepping Out" (†).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
 "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.
LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
 Theatre 1: "City of Hope" (John Sayles), with Vincent Spano, Tony Lo Bianco, Joe Morton, Barbara Williams, and Sayles.
 Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
 Theatre 3: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French), with Michel Piccoli, Emmanuelle Béart, and Jane Birkin.
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
 "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with

Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow.
 Theatre 2: "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 17: "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood. From Oct. 18: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.

Theatre 4: "Dead Again" (†).
 Theatre 5: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster, Dianne Wiest, Harry Connick, Jr., and Adam Hann-Byrd.

Theatre 6: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Whore" (Ken Russell), with Theresa Russell.

Theatre 2: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

OLYMPIA 1 AND 11, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.

Theatre 2: "The Super" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Fisher King" (†).

Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 17: "McBain" (directed by James Glickenhaus), with Christopher Walken and Maria Conchita Alonso.

From Oct. 18: "Other People's Money" (Norman Jewison), with Danny DeVito.

Theatre 4: "Ricochet" (Russell Mulcahy), with Denzel Washington and John Lithgow.

Theatre 5: "The Super" (†).

Theatre 6: "Suburban Commando" (Burt Kennedy), with Hulk Hogan, Christopher Lloyd, and Shelley Duvall.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through Oct. 17: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

From Oct. 18: "Little Man Tate" (Jodie Foster), with Foster, Dianne Wiest, Harry Connick, Jr., and Adam Hann-Byrd.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 17: "Livin' Large!" (Michael Schultz), with Terrence (T. C.) Carson. From Oct. 18: "Deceived" (Damian Harris), with Goldie Hawn and John Heard.

Theatre 2: "Dead Again" (†).

Theatre 3: "Ernest Scared Stupid" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
 "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.

Theatre 2: "The Taking of Beverly Hills" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl.

WEST SIDE CINEMA 1 AND 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Showdown in Little Tokyo" (Mark L. Lester), with Dolph Lundgren and Brandon Lee.

Theatre 2: "Boyz n the Hood" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Through Oct. 17: "Lyrical Nitrate" (1990, directed by Peter Delpeut), a documentary.

From Oct. 18: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 14: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981, Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort; and "Madame Rosa" (1978, Mizrahi; in French), with Signoret.

Oct. 15: "Touch of Evil" (1958, Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942, Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten.

Oct. 16: "The Desert Fox" (1951, Henry Hathaway), with James Mason, Jessica Tandy, Cedric Hardwicke, and Luther Adler; and "The Desert Rats" (1953, Robert Wise), with Mason and Richard Burton.

Oct. 17: "La Traviata" (1983, Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo; and "Otello" (see blurb on page 22).

Oct. 18-19: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953, Fritz

Without Black,
it would all be flat.



Ultimately, there's Black.

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

- Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (†).
- Oct. 20: "Key Largo" (1948, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore, and Claire Trevor; and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948, Huston), with Walter Huston, Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
- Oct. 21: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; and "The Silence" (1964, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
- Oct. 22: "Fat City" (1972, John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Beat the Devil" (†).
- Oct. 23: "Wild Strawberries" (†); and "Shame" (1968, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Oct. 14 at 2:30: "La Porta del Cielo" (1944-46, directed by Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Marina Berti. . . . Oct. 14 at 3: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961, Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle. . . . Oct. 14 at 6: "Napoli d'Altri Tempi" (1938, Amleto Palermi; in Italian), with De Sica. . . . Oct. 14 at 6: "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . Oct. 15 at 2:30 and 6: "Satan" (1991, Viktor Aristov; in Russian). . . . Oct. 15 at 3 and Oct. 17 at 6: "I Nostri Sogni" (1943, Vittorio Cottafavi; in Italian), with De Sica. . . . Oct. 15 at 6 and Oct. 18 at 2:30:

"Roma, Città Libera" (1946, Marcello Pagliero; in Italian), with De Sica and Valentina Cortese. . . . Oct. 17 at 2:30 and Oct. 19 at 2: "Shoeshine" (†). . . . Oct. 17 at 3 and 6: "Black Mother, Black Daughter" (1989, Sylvia Hamilton and Claire Prieto) and "Older Wiser Stronger" (1989, Prieto). . . . Oct. 18 at 3, Oct. 19 at 5, and Oct. 21 at 3: Three different programs of eight short films each first shown at Millennium Film Workshop. . . . Oct. 18 at 6 and Oct. 20 at 5: "The Bicycle Thief" (1948, De Sica; in Italian). . . . Oct. 18 at 6: "Black Generation" (1976, Amos Poe). . . . Oct. 19 at 2:30 and Oct. 20 at 2:30 and 5: Three different programs of ten short films each first shown at Millennium Film Workshop. . . . Oct. 19 at 5: "Miracle in Milan" (1951, De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica. . . . Oct. 20 at 2 and Oct. 22 at 6: "Umberto D." (†). . . . Oct. 21 at 2:30: "Peddlin' in Society" (1946, Gennaro Righelli; in Italian), with De Sica and Anna Magnani. . . . Oct. 21 at 6: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954, De Sica), with Jennifer Jones, Montgomery Clift, Richard Beymer, and Gino Cervi. . . . Oct. 21 at 6:30: A program of films by Jurgen Reible. . . . Oct. 22 at 2:30: "The Roof" (1956, De Sica; in Italian). . . . Oct. 22 at 3: "Hud" (1963, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, and Melvyn Douglas. . . . Oct. 22 at 6: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959, Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Arthur O'Connell, and George C. Scott.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Oct. 16 at 7: A film by Paul Sharits. . . . Oct. 16-20 at 8:30 and 10: "The Heck with Hollywood!" (1991, Doug Block). . . . Oct. 17 at 7: "Sausalito" (1948, Frank Stauffacher) and "Wavelength" (1967, Michael Snow). . . . Oct. 18 at 6, 8, and 10,

Oct. 19 at 4, 6, 8, and 10, Oct. 20 at 2, 4, 6, and 8, and Oct. 23 at 6 and 8: Films from Tibet. . . . Oct. 20 at 2: "Lady in the Dark" (†). . . . Oct. 23 at 7: A program of short films by Michael Snow and John and James Whitney. . . . Oct. 23 at 8:30: "Carriage Trade" (1972, Warren Sonbert).

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Oct. 18 at 6:30: "Chizuko's Younger Sister" (1991, Nobuhiko Obayashi; in Japanese).

DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Oct. 15 at noon: "The Man in the White Suit" (1952, Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness. . . . Oct. 17 at noon: "Grass" (1925, Merian Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack). . . . Oct. 22 at noon: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957, David Lean), with William Holden, Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (35-6160)—Oct. 16 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "L'Atalante" (1934, Jean Vigo; in French), with Jean Dasté, Dita Parlo, Michel Simon, and Louis Lefèvre. . . . Oct. 23 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Casque d'Or" (†).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718-784-0077)—Oct. 19-20 at 2 and 5: "Alien" (1979, Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, Veronica Cartwright, Harry Dean Stanton, John Hurt, Ian Holm, and Yaphet Kotto.

SYMPHONY SPACE, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—Oct. 14 at 7:30: "Gun Crazy" (1949, Joseph H. Lewis), with Peggy Cummins and John Dall. . . . Oct. 21 at 7:30: A program of musical numbers featuring Carmen Miranda.

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Selections from Jack Benny's appearances on his own weekly television show and in specials. Showings Tuesdays and Wednesdays at noon and 4, Thursdays and Fridays at noon, 4, and 6, and Saturdays and Sundays at noon and 4.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1938)—The village baker (Raimu) cannot work because he laments his wife's departure with a stupid, sexy shepherd; the villagers, who want their bread, organize to bring her back. Raimu's baker is an acting classic—a true tragicomic hero—and it's easy to agree with Orson Welles, who cited this comedy as proof that "a story and an actor, both superb," can result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing are not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol, a playwright who turned scenarist and then writer-director, adapted this classic of cuckoldry from Jean Giono's "Jean le Bleu" and directed it very simply. With Ginette Leclerc (who can pout with her mouth open) as the wife; Charpin; and Charles Moulin. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Oct. 22.)

BARTON FINK—The Coen brothers' macabre comedy about a blocked writer in 1941 Hollywood is densely packed with allusions, clever dialogue, ingenious visual jokes, startling plot twists, and imaginative atmospheric effects, yet it feels thin. It's an empty tour de force, and what's dismaying about the picture is that the filmmakers (Joel Coen directed, Ethan Coen produced, and they wrote the script together) seem inordinately pleased with its hermetic meaningfulness. Fink (John Turturro), the protagonist, is a left-wing New York playwright—obviously based on Clifford Odets—who signs a contract to write screenplays in Hollywood. His first assignment is a wrestling picture for Wallace Beery. He can't get started on it: he sits in his seedy, depressing hotel room, stares at the typewriter, and feels defeated. The Coens treat this emblematic figure of thirties culture with merciless contempt. They quickly expose him as a phony, a buffoon, and a talentless hack, and then spend the rest of the movie punishing him. The picture is designed to visit ever more grotesque indignities on a character who's pitiful from the outset; there's not much fun in that. And there's no fun at all in Turturro's hyperactive performance: the way he plays this leftist intellectual, the movie might as well have been called "The Nutty Pinko." The Coens' interests are purely

academic, and their prankish formalism becomes very irritating in the course of the picture. Also with John Goodman, Michael Lerner, John Mahoney, Judy Davis, and Tony Shalhoub. The movie won awards for best picture, best director, and best actor (Turturro) at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/9/91.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . Oct. Gotham Cinema; through Oct. 17.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—"The formula of 'Beat the Devil,'" its director, John Huston, once remarked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast, but presumably known to Huston and his co-writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had "a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it." Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. According to most accounts, Capote wrote the script as they went along (reading it aloud to the cast each morning, Robert Morley says), and Huston didn't show any signs of anxiety. This improvisation was not necessarily an actor's delight, and Humphrey Bogart, who looks rather bewildered through much of it, as if he hadn't been let in on the joke, said, "Only the phonies think it's funny. It's a mess." Yes, but it may be the funniest mess of all time. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by finding a style of its own. Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers—Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tullì, and Ivor Barnard. The funniest performer is Jennifer Jones (in a blond wig) as a creative liar; she's married to a bogus British lord (Edward Underdown). Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. (It also ended the Huston-Bogart working relationship. Bogart had had his own money in the picture.) With Bernard Lee. Cinematography by Oswald Morris and Freddie Francis; from a novel by James Helvick (a pseudonym for Claud Cockburn).—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 22.)

BLACK LIZARD (1968)—Was Yukio Mishima a fan of the early, funny Woody Allen? This gaudy film version of his seriously decadent stage drama (based on a detective novel by Edogawa Rampo) plays like his answer to "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" It's no more than a curiosity, but not an idle one. Female impersonator Akihiro Maruyama is the distaff jewel thief of the title, who, as a sideline, robs human beauties of their souls and turns them into statues. The movie is swinging sixties trash with dash, filmed in "Shochiku GrandScope" and color that might have leaked out of a yo-yo factory. The director, Kinji Fukasaku, is a hype-happy hack, and the hero, supposedly Japan's top sleuth (played by Isao Kimura), is distinctly unmemorable. But the closing sequence is ripest camp, with Mishima himself showing up as one of the antiheroine's once-living dolls, a man so masculine that his hair won't stop growing even when he's in suspended animation. Written by Masashige Narusawa. In Japanese.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmized film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Cinematography by Marcel Lucien; with Charles Grandval, Max Dalban, Jean Dasté, and Jacques Becker. Not released in the U.S. until 1967. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Oct. 22.)

BOYZ N THE HOOD—The writer and director, John Singleton, is a twenty-three-year-old graduate of the U.S.C. film school. This movie, his first, is a classically constructed—and therefore rather predictable—coming-of-age drama about young black men growing up on the mean streets of south-central Los Angeles. The picture conveys a vivid sense of the dangers, both physical and emotional, of day-to-day existence in this ravaged ur-

ban environment. It's a war zone, and its inhabitants—the people on the front lines—mostly don't have the luxury of planning long-range survival strategies; they're too busy reacting to the immediate, unremitting daily threats. Singleton's evocation of real people's struggles to find some measure of peace and sanity in these grim urban circumstances is heartfelt and often moving, and the movie provides a welcome corrective to the dehumanizing sensationalism of the local-news version of inner-city life. But the young filmmaker's professionalism and precocious self-assurance sometimes work against his best instincts. Singleton's plot is disappointingly conventional; it obeys screenwriting-class rules. The experience he's dealing with here deserves something more than the tidy dramatic structure that he has imposed on it. We get glimpses of what the movie might have been in the complex, magnetic performance of Ice Cube, a rap star (formerly of N.W.A.), who plays a neighborhood gangster type named Doughboy. Also with Cuba Gooding, Jr., Larry Fishburne, Nia Long, Tyra Ferrell, and Angela Bassett.—T.R. (West Side Cinema.)

CASQUE D'OR (1952)—Simone Signoret had her finest role (until "Room at the Top") as a gigolette with a glorious heist of golden hair in Jacques Becker's satirical, poetic account of the Paris underworld in 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality: faintly smiling, she is so intensely, ripely physical that she takes command of the screen. Becker introduces a world of cutthroats, apaches, and gun molls, and then subtly evokes an atmosphere that gives meaning and passion—and an overdose of doom—to their rivalries and intrigues. The love scenes between Signoret and Serge Reggiani are unusually simple and tender; perhaps because of this, the grim conclusion is almost insupportably painful. The movie is beautifully made, yet there's something touristy about its view of lowlife—"Look, *they* have feelings, too." With Claude Dauphin as the gang leader, Raymond Bussières, and Gaston Modot. Written by Becker and Jacques Compagnon; art direction by Jean d'Eaubonne. In French.—P.K. (Florence Gould Hall; Oct. 23.)

CÉSAR (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy (after "Marius" and "Fanny") is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. César, the proprietor of a waterfront bar—and the son of the trilogy—is the father of Marius (Pierre Fresnay), who runs off to sea, leaving his fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démaizis), pregnant. She marries the kind, middle-aged sailor, Panisse (Charpin). In this concluding film—the only one of the three actually directed by Pagnol—Marius and Fanny are, at last, reunited. Pagnol wrote the story for the stage in the twenties, and, despite the Marseille setting, the films are very literal-minded and constricted. But the actors redeem much of the pedestrian filmmaking. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; Oct. 19-20.)

CITY SLICKERS—This feel-good comedy, directed by Ron Underwood from a script by Lovell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is a depressingly efficient piece of Hollywood product. The hero, Mitch Robbins (Billy Crystal), is a thirty-nine-year-old New York family man who's going through a killer midlife crisis. His wife (Patricia Wettig) gets so fed up with his moping that she virtually orders him to take a vacation with his buddies Ed (Bruno Kirby) and Phil (Daniel Stern); Ed, a daredevil, macho type, has arranged for them to spend two weeks on a real cattle drive out West. Mitch's wife looks him in the eye, and says earnestly, "Go and find your smile"—and, ninety minutes later, there it is, as big as all outdoors. His pals pick up the odd nugget of wisdom along the trail, too. The movie alternates predictable tenderness (sore behinds, stampedes, and the like) with long, ludicrous passages of group therapy-on-the-range. Jack Palance, as Cully, the trail boss, manages some dry, macabre comic effects, and the animals are good—they're interesting to look at, and they don't make bad jokes. You can't help sympathizing with the cattle; by the time the movie is over, you know what it feels like to be part

of the herd. Also with Helen Slater.—T.R. (6/17/91) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

THE COMMITMENTS—Alan Parker's film is a loose, friendly musical comedy about the brief career of an Irish soul band. The Commitments are the brainchild of an energetic young music enthusiast named Jimmy Rabbitte (Robert Arkins), who lives in a poor Dublin neighborhood. He puts together a ten-piece group that learns, eventually, to play precise and spirited versions of soul classics in the Memphis style. The music of the Commitments isn't original, but that doesn't prevent it from being enormously entertaining; the band's hard-won proficiency charms us. Parker concentrates on the day-to-day details of rehearsals and performances; he seems to revel in the complexity of the group's musical, emotional, and sexual interactions, and he does full comic justice to the petty irritations of life in a band. What holds the Commitments together is a combination of Jimmy's ingenuity, their common pleasure in making music, and the daily challenge of responding to their fellow band members' provocations with quick, profane humor. The kids' verbal sparring is another kind of music—maybe the true sound of Dublin soul. Until the last half hour, when the direction gets a little pushy, the picture has an offhand, unassuming grace. Most of



Raimu (seated right) in "The Baker's Wife"

the Commitments are played by young Dublin musicians who answered a casting-call advertisement. They're a vivacious and spontaneous crew. The screenplay is by Dick Clement, Ian La Frenais, and Roddy Doyle, from Doyle's novel. The songs are great—chosen, with unusual intelligence, from the repertoires of Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, and other soul giants.—T.R. (8/26/91) (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

DEAD AGAIN—This murder mystery, directed by Kenneth Branagh from a wildly complicated screenplay by Scott Frank, wears its inanity on its sleeve. It shuttles breezily between the present day, in which an L.A. detective named Mike Church (Branagh) is trying to discover the identity of an attractive amnesiac (Emma Thompson), and the late forties, in which a European composer and conductor (also Branagh) may or may not have murdered his pianist wife (also Thompson). These stories are, of course, connected: the amnesiac might even be a reincarnation of the conductor's wife, stabbed to death with a pair of scissors forty years earlier. Branagh makes no attempt to disguise the script's preposterousness. He revels in it, both as actor and as director. The mood of the picture is both frivolous and spooky, and the suspense often seems a function of sheer giddiness: as the movie dances with drunken insouciance, toward the simultaneous climaxes of its two stories, the tension we feel is partly fear that Branagh won't be able to maintain his precarious balance. Finally, the picture does come crashing down. When it's time to wrap up the mystery, the movie leaves too many of the plot's enigmas unresolved, and Branagh's insouciance loses its charm. Also with Derek Jacobi, Andy Garcia, Hanna Schygulla, and (in a hilarious cameo) Robin Williams.—T.R. (9/9/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII,

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews Festival, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

THE DOCTOR—Although it's sure to hook some viewers who want to see the medical establishment get knocked, this is no exposé—it's yet another story of identity crisis in the professional class, a fraternal, if not identical, twin of "Regarding Henry." William Hurt plays the surgical golden boy who develops a case of galloping humanity after he's diagnosed with throat cancer; Christine Lahti and Charlie Korsmo play his neglected wife and son; Elizabeth Perkins is the life-force who inspires him (she's suffering from a Grade IV brain tumor); and, in matched parts, Mandy Patinkin is a callous Jewish doctor (Hurt's longtime partner) and Adam Arkin is a saintly Jewish doctor (who shows Hurt correct values). The director, Randa Haines, titillates the audience with a barrage of doctors' jokes and then tries to prove that the cynical professionalism of hospital staffs is no laughing matter. In effect, the movie goes from comic shtick to problem-drama shtick, and fuses them. Hurt's performance is the type usually described as "accomplished" but what exactly does it accomplish? It's a careful embodiment of a clammed-up individual; not a hint of zest or dirt or soulfulness seeps out. The script, credited to Robert Caswell, is loosely based on "A Taste of My Own Medicine," by Ed Rosenbaum, M.D.—M.S. (Gramercy.)

EATING—All the action in Henry Jaglom's film takes place at the fortieth-birthday party of a Southern California woman named Helene (Lisa Richards), and all the characters—thirty-eight of them—are women. None of the women at this party—with the exception of Helene's mother (Frances Bergen), who represents the values of an older generation—can eat without guilt; several of them have clinical eating disorders, for which they hate themselves. Jaglom films them in his usual group-therapy style: the camera remains fixed as characters lob banal confessions and accusations at each other. This is meant to create the illusion of raw emotional truth, but the bulimics' ball Jaglom throws here isn't much of a party, and it's bad therapy, too. Whatever Jaglom may have intended, his film winds up trivializing its theme and humiliating its subjects. He's advertising the movie as "A Very Serious Comedy About Women and Food," but its "serious" message is glibly offensive, and there's nothing funny about it.—T.R. (5/20/91) (Cinema Village 12th Street.)

EUROPA EUROPA—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an elite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. By the time he is initiated into the Hitler Youth, he has already run through several identities, and has proved himself capable of playing his roles with conviction and enthusiasm. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene.

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THE FISHER KING—This one-hundred-and-thirty-seven-minute endurance test is the story of a former New York City "shock jock" (Jeff Bridges) who befriends a schizoid former medievalist (Robin Williams) and joins his quest for the Holy Grail. The gonzo filigree of the director, Terry Gilliam, surrounds this fable of redemption with pseudo-originality. The allusion-mongering of the writer, Richard LaGravenese, gives it delusions of grandeur. At heart, the film is no different from a whole string of Hollywood movies centering on mysterious madmen who may be legendary heroes. ("The Fisher King" of twenty years ago was "They Might Be Giants," with George C. Scott as a would-be Sherlock Holmes.) As usual for this drippy kind of film, Williams' throwback character, Parry—short for Parsifal—is supposed to inspire everybody with his virtuous whimsies. But Gilliam doesn't know how to give the fantasy any sentimental charm, and he's hell on the actors, including Mercedes Ruehl as Bridges' earthy lover and Amanda Plummer as Williams' gawky amorous ideal. They mug; Gilliam takes mug shots. The movie is a peculiarly irritating failure—a leaden piece of uplift.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

FRANKIE & JOHNNY—With Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer, directed by Garry Marshall. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

LADY IN THE DARK (1944)—Monstrously overproduced musical about the Oedipal hangups and sexual frustrations of a fashion-magazine editor (Ginger Rogers), whose problems are solved when she stops wearing the pants—i.e., gives up her job to a man (Ray Milland). The content is insulting to women; the form is insulting to audiences of both sexes. It's a real botch. Directed by Mitchell Leisen; adapted from Moss Hart's Broadway show, with music by Kurt Weill and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. With Jon Hall, Warner Baxter, Mischa Auer, Barry Sullivan, Mary Philips, and Don Loper.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; Oct. 20.)

MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO—The third feature by the independent filmmaker Gus Van Sant ("Mala Noche," "Drugstore Cowboy") is like an exploded version of the previous two, and it scatters meanings all over the landscape. It's a beautiful disaster, like a bomb test in the middle of nowhere. The movie is set primarily in Van Sant's familiar territory—the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon—and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves), who sell their bodies on the street. Mike is a narcoleptic: every time he blacks out, he has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood. Scott, who is the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV" (hence also variations on Orson Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Van Sant takes a lot of chances, and, visually, the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear, we feel cheated rather than enlightened. Scott turns into a villain; Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom; and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool, the Prince Myshkin of the Portland meat market. Van Sant's vision is disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a superbly intelligent and intuitive performance. Although the script ends up begging for sympathy for Mike, the actor never does. He's genuinely touching: when the young hustler wakes from one of his dream visions, we feel as though we could see the afterimages lingering on his clouded face. Also with James Russo and Udo Kier. The original screenplay is by Van Sant, Eric Alan Edwards and John Campbell did the cinematography.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Plaza, and Waverly.)

PARIS IS BURNING—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who

compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too

suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

ROBIN HOOD: PRINCE OF THIEVES—A dull, dutiful trek through the legend of the bandit of Sherwood Forest, who stole from the rich and gave to the poor. We never feel that anyone involved in making this multimillion-dollar, two-hour-and-twenty-one-minute spectacle had any real affection for the story. The screenplay, by Pen Densham and John Watson, is a mishmash of halfhearted dramatizations of episodes from the legend and equally halfhearted nods to contemporary attitudes. If the movie had an exuberant spirit—as the 1938 "Adventures of Robin Hood" with Errol Flynn, had, in near-maniacal overabundance—we'd be more inclined to overlook the script's incoherence. But there's not much joy in evidence here. The direction, by Kevin Reynolds, is stolid and impersonal, and Kevin Costner seems miscast as Robin: he's not a forceful enough actor for this role. The merry men are an unmemorable lot; even Little John (Nick Brimble) and Friar Tuck (Michael McShane) don't make strong impressions, because they haven't been given anything interesting to do. (In this version, Little John loses his famous battle with Robin in the stream.) The audience seems to perk up only when Alan Rickman, as the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham, is on the screen. He gives a florid, theatrical performance—there's real glee in his malice. Also with Morgan Freeman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Christian Slater, Michael Wincott, and Brian Blessed (who's so vivid in his brief scenes as Robin's father that we wish the movie were about him instead).—T.R. (7/1/91) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE—Trudy, a crazy bag lady, has taken upon herself the task of showing visiting extraterrestrials the variety of life on earth. She has an umbrella hat that picks up signals from everywhere and turns her into a living TV set, with lots of channels and great reception. She's played by Lily Tomlin, and every person whose life flashes onto Trudy's psychic screen is played by Lily Tomlin, too. Tomlin gives us a clear, sharp picture every time: she's a high-definition actress. This

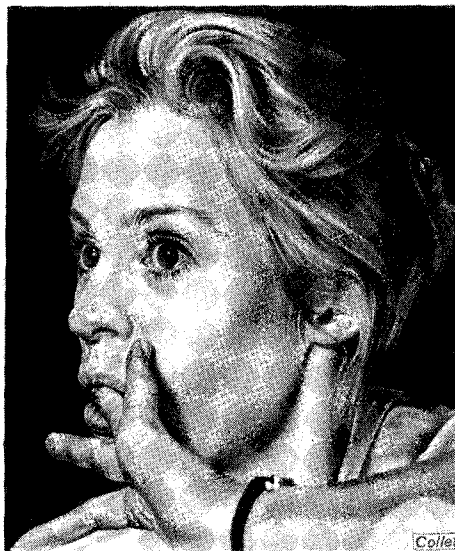
astonishing one-woman show, presented on Broadway in 1985, was written for Tomlin by her longtime collaborator Jane Wagner. The belated film version, directed by John Bailey, adds some distracting visual effects, but it mostly does justice to the extraordinary talents of these women. Nothing interferes with the dazzling rhythm of Tomlin's performance, and the piece is constructed so that its themes build up an inexorable momentum. The characters who flash across the screen turn out, in the end, to be connected to each other in ways we couldn't have anticipated. And it's immensely gratifying to see all the different personalities gathered together in one woman. This is probably the only solo theatrical performance that truly deserves to be called democratic.—T.R. (10/7/91) (57th St. Playhouse.)

SEX, DRUGS, ROCK & ROLL—A one-man show in which Eric Bogosian plays, in succession, ten characters, none of whom interact with or refer to any of the others; each inhabits his own eerily self-contained world. The surprising thing about this acting tour de force is that its radically disparate parts really add up to something: in rock-and-roll terms, it's a concept album, not just a collection of singles. This picture, directed (erratically) by John McNaughton, was filmed in concert-movie style, with

multiple cameras and before a paying crowd, and Bogosian looks relaxed and confident. In the past, his performances often felt desperate, coercive; he seems more willing now to allow the audience some freedom in responding to his characters. There's a real progression in the course of the film, from characters who provoke immediate, visceral reactions to characters whose effect on us is more ambiguous. Bogosian warms us up with sure-fire stuff to prepare us for the riskier, more demanding material in the final part of the show. His last three monologues are the funniest in the movie—probably the finest work he has ever done.—T.R. (9/23/91) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

SHOESHINE (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 17 and 19.)

SLACKER—There is no joy in Austin—at least not in the seedy collegiate neighborhood of Richard Linklater's enervating piece of local colorlessness. There's precious little originality, either, despite the resolute nonconformity of Linklater's neo-beatnik characters. Each follows the familiar beat of a different bongo. Sociopaths, Elvis, the J.F.K. assassination, the Lincoln Brigade, Madonna—the same topics come up off campus in Austin as in Cambridge, Mass., or Madison. What's worse, the sophomoric surrealism of the slackers' dialogue is all that Linklater gives you to hang onto. With dozens of one-shot characters who take over for a scene, then pass the baton to the next no-brain, the structure begs comparison to Buñuel's late black comedies, like "The Phantom of Liberty." But watching this movie is more like being stranded in the switchboard of a nightmare



At Theatre 80 St. Marks,
Ingrid Thulin in "The Silence"

party line. It's tempting to call the film a straightfaced satire, but that would give it too much credit. There's nothing inside Linklater's deadpan.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center; through Oct. 17. . . .) ♣ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 18.)

STEPPING OUT—Liza Minnelli is the tap-dance teacher Mavis Turner, her students include Andrea Martin, Bill Irwin, Ellen Greene, Jane Krakowski, and Julie Walters; her practice pianist is Shelley Winters. But whenever this energetic ensemble musters any vaudevillian spunk the wan musical comedy reduces it to a dribble of cozy or heart-tugging feelings. "Your dreams are just a step away," reads the ad line. Dream on, moviemakers, dream on. The only cast member completely untouched by cuteness or bathos is Nora Dunn. As Mavis's hoity-toity antagonist in the Buffalo, N.Y., dance world, she provides a splendid caricature of smugness, arrogance, and condescension. Lewis Gilbert produced and directed Richard Harris's adaptation of his own stage play; Danny Daniels did the skilled yet insipid choreography (it's best when the cast is just bumbling around).—M.S. (Loews Paramount. . . .) ♣ Loews Village Theatre VII, and Loews Tower East; through Oct. 17.)

THE SUPER—The worst kind of in-your-face farce. Joe Pesci stars as a slumlord sentenced to a hundred and twenty days in his own dilapidated tenement while he corrects housing violations. Rubén Blades and Kenny Blank co-star as the tenants who do the most to redeem him, while Vincent Gardenia goes volcanically over the top as Pesci's avuncular father. Underneath the scabrous class and racial humor, Sam Simon's script is supposed to convey a heartwarming message: that in a multicultural atmosphere even a scum can clean up his act and learn to love his fellowman. But it's a non-stop screech of a movie, with Pesci butting up against the other performers like an angry base runner in an argument at home plate. That effect is particularly unsettling when he's making a play for the lovely, too-little-seen Madolyn Smith Osborne, as the housing-authority counsel who puts him away. Rod Daniel directed.—M.S. (34th St. East, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . .) ♣ Manhattan Twin; through Oct. 17.)

TERMINATOR 2: JUDGMENT DAY—The killer cyborg who was played by Arnold Schwarzenegger in the original "Terminator" (1984) has returned—only this time he's the hero. The first film, which was written and directed by James Cameron, is one of the genre-movie classics of the eighties: a lean, witty science-fiction movie without great pretensions to significance. The sequel, also written (with William Wisher) and directed by Cameron, is far less satisfying. The picture is full of spectacular action sequences and dazzling special effects, but the narrative doesn't have the snap of the original's: it's lumbering and monotonous, and it carries a heavy-handed anti-nuke message. The old, Schwarzenegger-model Terminator (the T-800) has been superseded by a more advanced model, the T-1000 (Robert Patrick), who is sleeker and more versatile. T-800, who represented the ultimate in destructive technology in the first film, seems almost human here: compared to T-1000, he's a vulnerable guy (or guyoid). The whole movie is based on the insane conceit that Arnold Schwarzenegger is the *underdog*. That's a stretch.—T.R. (7/29/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Criterion Center.)

TRUTH—This independent film by the young writer and director Hal Hartley ("The Unbelievable Truth") takes place entirely in a white, middle-class neighborhood in a forlorn-looking Long Island town. His Long Island is a place where anything can happen and almost nothing does—where parents and children, living together in tight quarters, torment and negotiate with each other just to create some drama for themselves. This picture tells the story of the strange relationship—part romance, part tutorial, part vaudeville act—between a pair of suburban losers, Matthew (Martin Donovan) and Marie (Adrienne Shelly). He's a thirtyish, chain-smoking depressive who lives with his widowed father (John MacKay). She's an adolescent bimbo who, when she announces to her family and her boyfriend that she's pregnant, discovers that this persona isn't going to be much use to her; she decides that she

has to change her life. The story moves by surprising leaps, with the rhythm of the main characters' erratic, uncertain progress toward an awareness of possibilities beyond their limited, cramped experience. Hartley keeps the film's tone dry, and makes the threatening, pervasive nothingness of the milieu grotesquely funny. Donovan has a gangling, dishevelled charm, and his bummed-out line readings are superbly timed; and Shelly brings off Maria's transformation from teen-age temptress to serious young woman with extraordinary ease. Under Hartley's direction, they seem to be inventing an acting style for a brand-new genre: the existentialist comedy of manners.—T.R. (8/12/91) (Cinema 3.)

UMBERTO D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's *Umberto D.* is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone, except his dog (Flick in the subtitles but pronounced Flike). *Umberto's* alienation has pride and spirit in it, even though his skinny frame is stiffening. Someone has said that this picture goes a long way toward making us aware of what it is to be a man—and also, for that matter, of what it is to be a dog. There are graceful, beautiful episodes—such as a sequence of a young servant girl rising—that would be unthinkable in a conventional movie, or even in a documentary of the time, since the sequence doesn't illustrate any social thesis but is there for itself, for what Cesare Zavattini, who wrote the script with De Sica, called "the love of reality." "Umberto D." stands apart from De Sica's other films, with the possible exceptions of "The Children Are Watching Us" and "Shoeshine"—its moral passion has a special purity. There isn't a minute of banality in this simple, direct film, and there's none of the usual Italian post-synching—even the background sound is live and was recorded at the time. Cinematography by G. R. Aldo. With Carlo Battisti, a retired professor, as *Umberto*, Maria Pia Casilio as the servant, and Lina Gennari as the landlady. In Italian.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 20 and 22.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film: an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and overexplicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can forget Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold" rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, Folke Sundquist, Maud Hansson, Gertrude Fridh, Björn Bjelvenstam, Åke Fridell. Cinematography by Gunnar Fisher. In Swedish.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23.)

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Lang's technique is so sure and so seductive that the viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), an associate professor of psychology at a New York City college, and shares his shock and fear when he's caught in a trap. The professor is interested in the relation of motive to homicide—an interest that's purely a matter of intellectual curiosity. Then, when his wife and child are out of town, he visits a woman's apartment; her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson produced, and adapted J. H. Wallis's novel "Once Off Guard." With Dorothy Peterson and Bobby (later Robert) Blake. Cinematography by Milton Krasner.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 18-19.)

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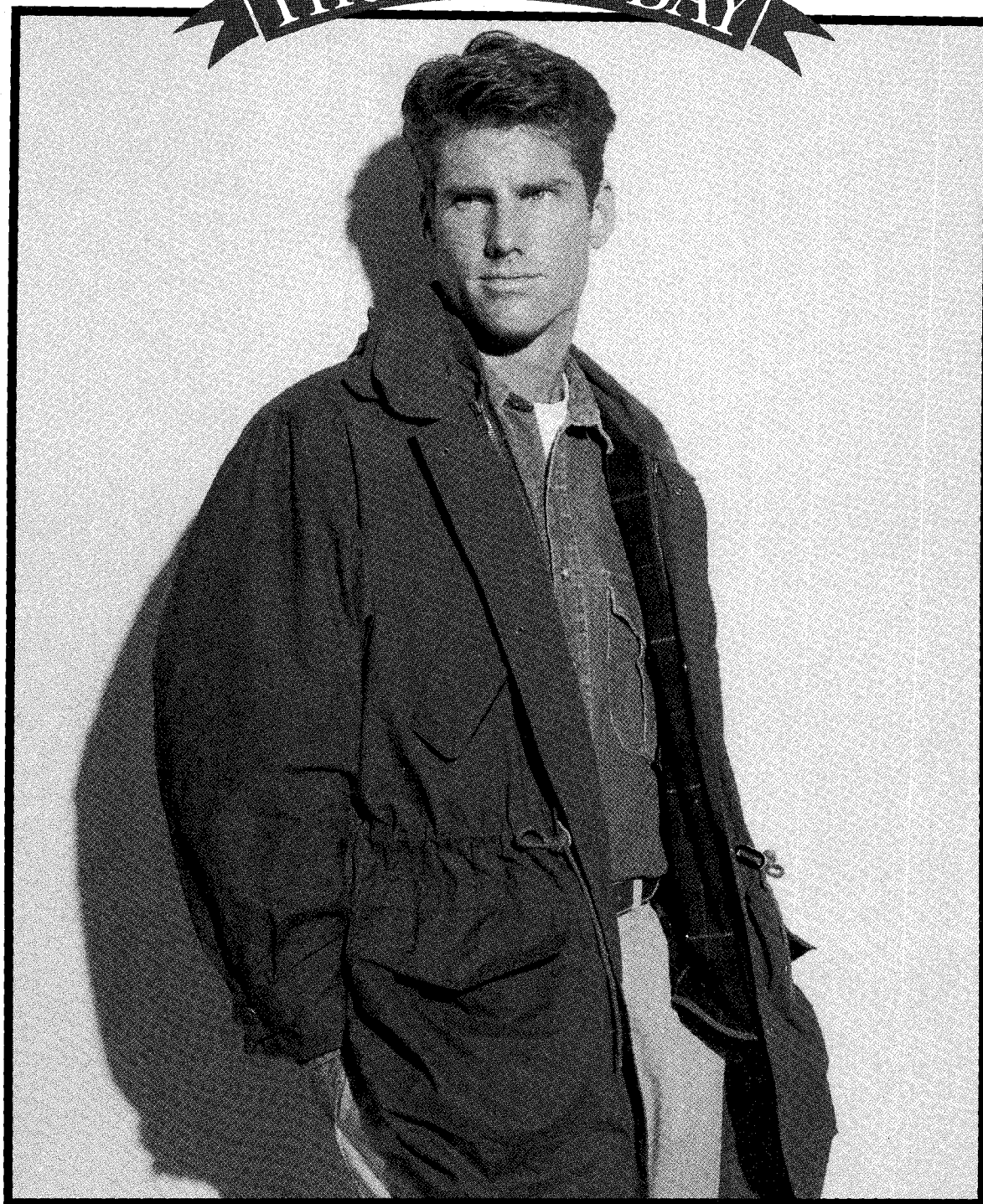
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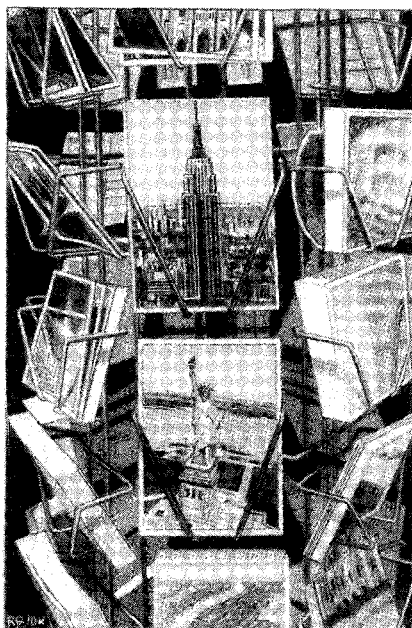
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TWO weeks ago, when Haitian soldiers deposed their country's President, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the United States reacted quickly and forcefully, cutting off foreign aid and freezing Haiti's assets in this country. "Until President Aristide's government is restored, this junta will be treated as a pariah," Secretary of State James Baker vowed to the Organization of American States. President Bush seemed to see in the small nation's failure to follow what he called "a democratic way" an affront to history itself. "This Revolution of 1989 swept through Eastern Europe across Asia, Africa, even right here in the Americas," Mr. Bush observed, "and I'm disturbed about events in Haiti, which is one of the few that seemed to be having trouble in this age of democracy." In fact, Haiti has been having trouble almost continuously since February, 1986, when ordinary Haitians succeeded, after months of strikes and protests, in uprooting President for Life Jean-Claude Duvalier, and the United States, after flying the dictator to France aboard a military jet, doubled its foreign aid to Haiti and pledged to support the country in its "transition to democracy."

During these past five years, six governments have held office in Port-au-Prince—seven, if you count the new interim regime. The Army has overthrown three of them, and attempted to depose a fourth; there have been rebellions, general strikes, massacres, and insurrections. As for the "transition to democracy," one election—held in November, 1987, and largely funded by the United States—had to be aborted when paramilitary forces of the Duvalier regime, using

machetes and automatic weapons, massacred voters at the polls. The United States thereupon cut off its aid. Seven weeks later, the Army held a second election, which was largely boycotted, and installed as President a well-known professor; lacking the crucial American aid, he lasted only four months before a general overthrew him. Then, in September, 1988, after yet another spectacular massacre—this one in Father Aristide's church, while he was conducting Sunday Mass—a second general overthrew his colleague and vowed to install "irreversible democracy." But in early 1990 he staged a brutal crackdown on opposition politicians, and violent strikes and protests, along with pressure from the United States, soon compelled him to flee to Miami. Finally, last December, in yet a third election—monitored by observers from the United Nations and the Organization of American States—two out of every three Haitians who cast their ballots voted for Father Aristide.



It was a stirring moment, for the vote was surely the most representative in the history of the country. But that, it turns out, was precisely the problem. The election was an example of democracy colliding head-on with history.

Since achieving its independence, in 1804, Haiti has presented as dramatic a division between rich and poor as can be found on the planet. A few hundred Haitian families control, directly or indirectly, what they refer to as the state but what in reality more closely resembles a private enterprise devoted to seeking out and appropriating the country's meagre wealth. These families dominate the public administration, the state enterprises, the importing businesses, and the export houses, which tax the produce of the peasants. From the beginning, the Army served as the enforcer of the system, administering a brutal, summary justice to the masses of Haitians, who were kept illiterate, impoverished, and disenfranchised. Though its frequent coups and "revolutions" earned Haiti a reputation for instability, these episodes amounted to little more than struggles between factions of the élite; the underlying political and economic system remained remarkably stable.

The obstacle to a "transition to democracy" in Haiti has been that in any truly fair, representative election the three Haitians in four who are desperately poor would be drawn to the candidate who most convincingly promised radical reforms—reforms that would amount in practice to an overthrow of the traditional system. For this reason, the Haitians who have always held power—who have the wealth, the education, the foreign connections, and, above all, the guns—have come to fear that such an election

would threaten not only their power but their very existence. It was this fear that set the stage for the election-day massacre in November, 1987, and led the Army to "elect" its own candidate. It was the prospect of yet another massacre that led the United States to help bring in international observers to monitor the vote last December. And it was the widespread fear that a Duvalierist might be elected that prompted Father Aristide—a fiery populist who until a few months before had ridiculed the idea of elections as a delusion perpetrated by "the cold country to the North" (as he called the United States) to stem the growing tide of revolution—to announce his candidacy. He proclaimed himself savior of the masses and vowed to see justice done to those who had committed the massacres, and, remarkably, he found himself awarded the red-and-blue sash of office.

But an election is not a revolution, and Father Aristide soon discovered that to take office is not necessarily to attain power. As he sought to carry out reforms, a recalcitrant elite and a treacherous bureaucracy undermined his every move. The Army, his only instrument of enforcement, deeply distrusted him. The Haitian courts, the legal means of purveying justice, in effect did not exist. And a strongly reformist constitution, overwhelmingly approved by referendum in 1987, and designed to frustrate any would-be dictator through checks and balances and a strict separation of powers, blocked him at every turn. Under all those conditions, true reform seemed impossible.

Aristide's more radical supporters grew impatient, and so did he. Increasingly, he turned to his supporters in the streets. Last August, when he was faced with a legislative vote of no confidence, his partisans massed in thousands outside the parliament building, with stacks of old tires and matches—the tools of the Père Lebrun, or "necklace," in which a flaming tire slung about the neck is used to burn an enemy alive. Parliament decided to cancel its no-confidence vote. Three weeks ago, returning from a triumphant address at the United Nations, Aristide spoke of the burning tires as "a beautiful device," which "smells good and everywhere you go you want to breathe it." Three

days later, the soldiers, remembering how François Duvalier—Papa Doc, the father of Jean-Claude—had made use of his street supporters to create the Tontons Macoute militia and thereby intimidate the Army, came to seize the President. The Army commander, who had apparently been pushed to action by the enlisted men, denounced him as an "apprentice dictator."

Expelled from Haiti, Father Aristide travelled to "the cold country to the North" and met with President Bush, to plead for "the restoration of democracy." When the soldiers heard that an O.A.S. delegation in Port-au-Prince was trying to negotiate Aristide's return, they surrounded the conference room and threw the diplomats out of the country. "There was emerging the elements of a compromise," Assistant Secretary of State Bernard Aronson, who was at the meeting, said later. "The problem is that the soldiers on the ground—and it's not clear whose control they're under—moved ahead to shoot that up." The soldiers also pressured Haitian legislators, many of whom hate and fear Father Aristide, to choose an interim President to lead the country to yet another election.

Five years of "transition to democracy" have left Haiti bitterly polarized: those who have always held power vow that Aristide will not come back; those in the slums, whose power lies only in their numbers, pray for their idol's return. The United States now finds itself in the unfamiliar position of backing the slum-dwellers, and by imposing strict sanctions has made it nearly impossible for the soldiers to govern the country peacefully. But the elected President, were he to return, would have no easier job. In any case,

the struggle for power will continue, bitterly and probably violently, for when the United States helped bring democracy to Haiti it did not obliterate history. Nor did the "transition" establish those institutions which make democratic systems work—lasting political parties, true government bureaucracies, independent courts—or create out of a history of violent politics a tradition of nonviolent opposition. President Bush, after meeting with Father Aristide, declared that "democracy should prevail in Haiti." That is a noble and worthy sentiment, but an election, by itself, cannot make democ-

racy happen, any more than burning "necklaces" can.

Jet Noise

KATHERINE COWPERTHWAIT, a lifelong resident of Cranford, New Jersey, has been dealing with the Federal Aviation Administration since the early months of 1987, when she first noticed an extraordinary number of jets passing over her neighborhood. The tone of her early contacts was friendly; it seemed to Mrs. Cowperthwaite that she and the relevant F.A.A. officials were engaged in a common effort to get to the bottom of a mystery. A note of mistrust crept into the relationship, however, when Mrs. Cowperthwaite learned—through an F.A.A. underling, speaking off the record—that her difficulties had coincided with a wholesale reconfiguration of flight patterns over the metropolitan area, which had been instituted (in the name of prompter, safer service) without public hearings, without a detailed environmental-impact study, and, in short, without any recognition of possible consequences for people on the ground.

"Simmer down, simmer down," Mrs. Cowperthwaite was told, months into her inquiries, by an F.A.A. spokesman to whom she had posed some nettlesome questions about pending revisions in the plan. "Those planes are going up north—they're not going to hit you."

Several months ago, she came across an article in the Business section of the *Times* about a resumption of flights by Braniff Airlines out of Newark Airport, got on the phone, and spoke with an aide to the airport's general manager, Vincent Bonaventura—an old sparring partner. In the course of a long conversation, she pointed out that Braniff would be using Boeing 727s and DC-9s, two of the louder aircraft around, and she asked whether they would be retrofitted with noise-reduction equipment.

"I think I'd better go," the aide said at last.

"Yes, I think you'd better," Mrs. Cowperthwaite agreed.

We met Mrs. Cowperthwaite the other Sunday, in the course of an inspection tour of battle sites in the war between New Jerseyans and jet noise—a tour inspired by the recent announcement of what Secretary of Transpor-



tation Samuel Skinner called "a very balanced national policy that addresses the environmental problems of aircraft noise" while also insuring (unlike an earlier, stiffer proposal) "a healthy, viable airline industry." It had begun to drizzle, and, sitting in the living room of Mrs. Cowperthwaite's house, we could hear a fairly regular procession of jets coming from (so Mrs. Cowperthwaite informed us) Runway 22 of Newark Airport. "When there's a storm threatening," she said, "they line up twelve, fifteen, twenty at a time, and out they go, like hornets leaving a disturbed nest."

Mrs. Cowperthwaite is one of many New Jerseyans who live well beyond any area the F.A.A. considers severely affected by jet noise but have nonetheless decided to make an obsession of it. Nor is she alone in having believed for a time that she was the victim of a mistake, which the F.A.A. would attempt to correct. In the case of Joyce Gulden, however, this faith rested on something more than a trusting nature. Mrs. Gulden and her husband, an investment counsellor, live in Middletown, in an affluent section of central New Jersey, and their problems involve Kennedy and LaGuardia Airports, not Newark. Staunch Republicans both, they have contributed to numerous political campaigns, and Mrs. Gulden has been an active amateur lobbyist on behalf of the Garden Club of America and Clean Ocean Action, among other causes. "Usually, I figure that if I can get a hundred people to shoot off a hundred letters, I can get something done," she told us. Moreover, their house is just five minutes from the Atlantic, so Mrs. Gulden reasoned that relief might be obtained through a minor seaward adjustment of the departure paths.

After a good deal of effort, she succeeded in arranging a face-to-face meeting, in her own living room, between local residents and a member of an F.A.A. team that had been directed to do something about the New Jersey complaints. The meeting went well, and after a conversation with the official in over-all charge of the noise-reduction effort Mrs. Gulden concluded that her grievance would be easy to remedy. "Rather than pressure this man, I decided to leave him alone for a few months," Mrs. Gulden said. "But when I finally called I was told



"It's thrilling to watch them come out in the morning, ready for the kill!"

that he no longer existed; he had been reassigned. Did they know where? Absolutely not. And he had not been replaced. His whole office had been disbanded. It was like something out of the K.G.B." About ten phone calls later, she found herself talking to the same noise-abatement officer with whom her lobbying efforts had begun, three years earlier.

The Guldens and Mrs. Cowperthwaite had felt the impact of the rerouting scheme—known as the Expanded East Coast Plan—from its inception, in February, 1987. Michael Schatzki, in Far Hills, was hit by a revision that went into effect in June, 1989. Hush One, the F.A.A. dubbed it, because it was intended to ease Cranford's problem, but in Mr. Schatzki's opinion Noise One would have been more apt.

Like many jet-noise activists, Mr. Schatzki had chosen to live where he did after a long, deliberate search for quiet and seclusion. A commodious house at the end of a cul-de-sac in Far Hills—thirty-five miles from Newark

Airport—looked like the perfect spot when he and his wife, Jeanne, moved there, in December, 1988. "Then spring came, and we were sitting on the porch out back," Mr. Schatzki recalled. "And I said to Jeannie, 'You know, there are an awful lot of airplanes overhead.' And I looked up, and it was one after another."

A management consultant by trade, Mr. Schatzki took it upon himself to download airline data into his computer, and by analyzing flight and aircraft information he concluded that most of the airlines were using a disproportionate number of so-called Stage 2 planes, which are older and noisier than Stage 3 planes, in the New York area. His figures established, for example, that Stage 3 planes accounted for sixty-eight per cent of the American Airlines fleet but for only thirty-nine per cent of the American Airlines traffic through LaGuardia Airport. "This is how you find out that the New York area is discriminated against by the airlines," Mr. Schatzki told us.

As we were standing on his front

lawn, listening to him explain some of the fine points of the Airport Noise and Capacity Act of 1990, we heard a gathering roar from the east. "That's a Stage 2," he said. "It will rumble on for about three and a half minutes. The Stage 3s are a little speedier, so the length of time isn't as bad, but the intrusion is just as bad. And, because they climb faster, the takeoffs can be scheduled closer together. Even eliminating the Stage 2 planes completely wouldn't necessarily do anything for us." The sky, having calmed down for a moment, grew boisterous again. "See, just as that one is fading away, you can hear the scream of this one coming over," Mr. Schatzki said. A little later, we heard a low buzz, similar to what we imagine a V-2 rocket coming in over London sounded like. "That's just a little local plane, out of Morristown Airport," he explained. "We don't even count those."

Twenty-five minutes after we left Mr. Schatzki, we were standing on Helen Street, in Fanwood, with Greg Cummings, who markets socks and gloves for a living, and is also a co-chairman of Scotch Plains/Fanwood Citizens Against Aircraft Noise. "I work out of my house, whereas a lot of people have the benefit of commuting into the city," Mr. Cummings told us. "The planes are almost directly overhead today. Anytime there's a south or southwest wind, we get impacted. Now, that's probably a Stage 2—a 727. Yeah, there he is." The plane disappeared into the clouds, without getting any quieter. "Not one of the worst rumblers, but there are times when you get two or three hundred of these a day," he said. "In the summertime, it's noisier, because they can't climb as fast—as a result of the humidity. Now, that's a helicopter. They're forced to fly under the other ones. It might be taking a couple of high rollers down to Atlantic City. I think we've got another plane coming now—a pretty good one. A Stage 2. He looks like he's about three thousand feet."

Fanwood, where Mr. Cummings lives,

is just far enough from Newark Airport to put it outside the auditory "footprint"—the zone identified by the F.A.A. as experiencing severe jet noise. In making such determinations, the F.A.A. averages noise levels over a twenty-four-hour period, Mr. Cummings explained, and it recognizes no distinction between the effect on urban areas, which already have a lot of man-made ambient noise, and suburban and rural areas, which don't. "If a stick of dynamite blew up once a day outside my front door, it would be nonexistent, according to the way the F.A.A. does things," Mr. Cummings said. The longest period of comparative peace that he could recall was the week of an official noise survey, when many Fanwood residents had the impression that planes were taking a sharp right turn and thereby passing up their community, which had noise-monitoring equipment, in favor of communities that didn't. "It was unusually quiet in Fanwood that week," Mr. Cummings said. "But Westfield got bombarded."

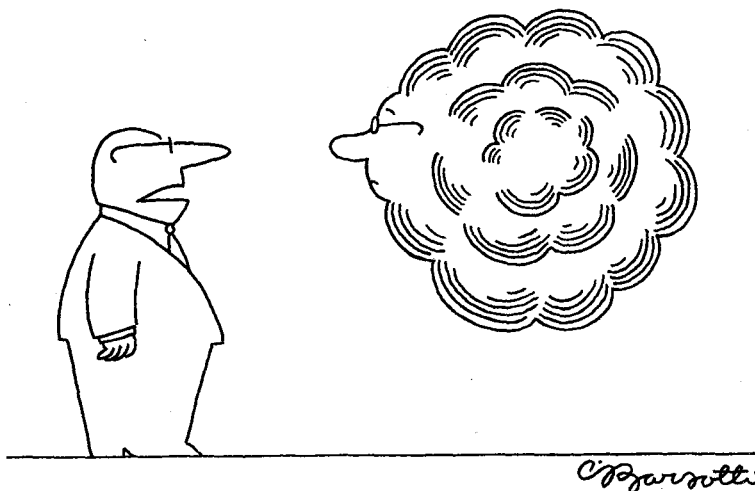
The last victim on our tour was Christopher Marzec, a biophysicist who lives in an apartment in Englewood. He and his wife moved to Englewood two years ago, after deciding that Hoboken was too noisy for them. Then, in February of last year, the jets came, as a result of another revision of the Expanded East Coast Plan, and Mr. Marzec returned home one day to find his wife in tears. "We've pretty much arranged now to be gone during the bulk of the hours when the jets are passing over," he said. "Psychologically, we don't live here anymore. It's not like living under a bridge, but

there's a sense of homelessness. I think the single most exasperating thing that has happened to me was talking to a person at the F.A.A. who insisted that the routes hadn't changed and the weather hadn't changed—that everything was the same. The implication was 'We're not the problem, so you must be the problem.' They seem to view people as a necessary evil. They'd like to legislate us out of existence, but, unfortunately, we keep coming back at them. If there's any hope in all this, it's that the noise falls on the rich these days, whereas it used to fall only on the poor—the people living near the airports. So maybe the government has finally overextended itself. Maybe this struggle will be like Vietnam: when a problem hits the middle and upper-middle classes, it becomes a real problem."

Smooth

THIS is the story of Howard and Meredith Murad. Howard Murad—medium height, middle age, light-weight shirt and medium-brown suit (when we met him), young-looking skin—is a dermatologist with his own line of skin products. He was born in Baghdad and grew up in Far Rockaway. Meredith Murad was born and grew up in Tulsa. She is a licensed aesthetician. There are a couple of things about the Murads that make us want to weep with joy, and one of them is that, just when everyone had given up, there really is the job description "aesthetician" here in these United States.

Howard Murad teaches clinical dermatology at U.C.L.A. Meredith Murad is a graduate of the M. G. Westmore Academy of Cosmetic Arts, in Sherman Oaks, where she studied Paramedical Makeup. This brings them into focus. They are serious, on the one hand, and, on the other, they are well, serious in another way. There cannot be a more serious-in-the-real-world thing than the Westmore dynasty of makeup in California, which dates back to 1917, the year George Westmore established the first makeup department



"You're fired, Pembroke. We're turning the office into a smoke-free environment."

at Selig Studio, later purchased by Louis B. Mayer. We have tipped our hand now, and have to admit that an aesthetician in today's context is someone who goes the extra mile in trying to get the most out of the human face—beyond makeup, in other words.

Now, what the Murads have in common (one of the things they have in common) is an interest in something called glycolic acid. This is one of a family of acids called AHAs. AHAs are naturally occurring substances (no F.D.A. approval necessary). You find them in sour milk and old wine, for instance. In what we will call the Murad product literature, there are tales of women soaking themselves in sour milk and old wine and getting results, because of the AHAs in sour milk and old wine. The Murads are one up on these women, however, because they use glycolic acid from sugarcane, and that really makes all the difference. On glycolic acid A Sense of Self has been built. A Sense of Self is the Murads' skin-care institute and day spa in California. It is at 11677 San Vicente Boulevard, in Brentwood.

Last month, the Murads came to New York. That's when we met them. First, we talked with Dr. Murad, and we noticed his medium-brown suit and his lightweight shirt. His clothes reflected an interest in both California and New York, we felt. While we were with him, we looked down, and saw he was wearing brown leather loafers with tassels on them. It took all our powers of concentration to notice Dr. Murad's shirt, suit, and loafers. While one is with Dr. Murad, what one notices, frankly, is smooth skin. We don't say for one minute that it is *too* smooth. But we were led at one moment to ask, "What do you think is wrong with just kind of getting old, and not fighting it?"

Dr. Murad stayed calm. He did say that just getting old, and not fighting it, was equivalent to not paying attention. "Everyone has his own way," he

OEDIPUS APPROACHES THE WRONG SPHINX AND IS REBUKED



"Don't dis me."

said then, implying that if a certain kind of person wanted to live on Mars bars and seltzer he wasn't going to interfere. Then he spoke on the other side of the subject, saying, "But some people think, I spilled some tea on my pants and it's outrageous." Dr. Murad meant by this that some people go *too far* with the idea of paying attention. Dr. Murad is not in favor of paying obsessive attention. He is in favor of balance, we are almost sure.

We say "almost" because Dr. Murad does exfoliate his skin (using Murad products, of course) eight or nine times in the course of his workday. "I start in the morning," Dr. Murad said. "You can build up to it. I don't recommend that schedule to beginners." Exfoliation is the basis of the Murad system using glycolic acid. The top layer of the skin is just deadwood, so to speak, and exfoliation gets it out of the way fast.

O.K., here we go. Now we're inside the Nassau Suite of the New York Hilton. It's not just to see us that the Murads have come to New York. They are speaking to *the salon world*. We notice some names. There is a delegate from a salon called The Emerald Door, and one from a salon called Healing Island. Way beyond makeup.

This is a "seminar." Everywhere you look, there are binders with a Leonardo da Vinci drawing on their

covers. The title on the binders is "A Search for Beauty." Of course, there are commercial references. For a hundred and twenty-five dollars you can get Murad Age Spot and Pigment Lightening Gel, Murad Skin Smoothing Cream, Murad Oily/Acne Prone Formula, Murad Rapid Exfoliator, and a Murad Training Video with a complimentary Murad Tote.

Now we are looking at human skin. We are in the dark. The skin is up there on a screen, and Dr. Murad is pointing a small flashlight at it. "It's nice and plump," Dr. Murad says. "With age, it isn't nice and plump anymore." He goes on to say, "Your skin becomes rougher. You are more likely to get pigmentation problems and wrinkles." We see sad cases. Mention is made of "polka-dot skin." This is fairly alarming. We aren't sure that we want to pay attention to polka-dot skin, but there it is. We are in the middle of something called a Polka Dot Skin Alert. The models who appear in the Polka Dot Skin Alert photographs have their eyes covered, so it looks as though they were criminals or else people who had agreed to testify against criminals.

Now the lights are on, and Meredith Murad is on the podium. She speaks enthusiastically about her husband. We miss some of what she says, but we catch the phrase "a strong commitment."

CARRIED AWAY

LETTERS

IN the dining room of the Commercial Hotel, Louisa opened the letter that had arrived that day from overseas. She ate steak and potatoes, her usual meal, and drank a glass of wine. There were a few travellers in the room, and the dentist who ate there every night because he was a widower. He had shown an interest in her in the beginning but had told her he had never before seen a woman touch wine or spirits.

"It is for my health," said Louisa gravely.

The white tablecloths were changed every week and in the meantime were protected by oilcloth mats. In winter, the dining room smelled of these mats wiped by a kitchen rag, and of coal fumes from the furnace, and beef gravy and dried potatoes and onions—a smell not unpleasant to anybody coming in hungry from the cold. On each table was a little cruet stand with the bottle of brown sauce, the bottle of tomato sauce, and the pot of horseradish.

The letter was addressed to "The Librarian, Carstairs Public Library, Carstairs, Ontario." It was dated six weeks before—January 4, 1917.

Perhaps you will be surprised to hear from a person you don't know and that doesn't remember your name. I hope you are still the same Librarian though enough time has gone by that you could have moved on.

What has landed me here in Hospital is not too serious. I see worse all around me and get my mind off of all that by picturing things and wondering for instance if you are still there in the Library. If you are the one I mean, you are about of medium size or perhaps not quite, with light brownish hair. You came a few months before it was time for me to go in the Army following on Miss Tambllyn who had been there since I first became a user aged nine or ten. In her time the books were pretty much every which way, and it was as much as your life was worth to ask her for the least help or anything since she was quite a dragon. Then when you came what a change, it was all put into sections of Fiction and Non-Fiction and History and Travel and you got the magazines arranged in order and put out as soon as they arrived, not left to molder away till everything in them was stale. I felt gratitude but did not know how to say so. Also I wondered

what brought you there, you were an educated person.

*My name is Jack Agnew and my card is in the drawer. The last book I took out was very good—H. G. Wells, *Mankind in the Making*. My education was to Second Form in High School, then I went into Douds as many did. I didn't join up right away when I was eighteen so you will not see me as a Brave Man. I am a person tending to have my own ideas always. My only relative in Carstairs, or anyplace, is my father Patrick Agnew. He works for Douds not at the factory but at the house doing the gardening. He is a lone wolf even more than me and goes out to the country fishing every chance he gets. I write him a letter sometimes but I doubt if he reads it.*

After supper Louisa went up to the Ladies' Parlor on the second floor, and sat down at the desk to write her reply.

I am very glad to hear that you appreciated what I did in the Library, though it was just the normal organization, nothing special.

I am sure you would like to hear news of home, but I am a poor person for the job, being an outsider here. I do talk to people in the Library and in the Hotel. The travellers in the Hotel mostly talk about how business is (it is brisk if you can get the goods) and a little about sickness, and a lot about the War. There are rumors on rumors and opinions galore, which I'm sure would make you laugh if they didn't make you angry. I will not bother to write them down because I am sure there is a Censor reading this who would cut my letter to ribbons.

You ask how I came here. There is no interesting story. My parents are both dead. My father worked for Eaton's in Toronto in the Furniture Department, and after his death my mother worked there too in Linens. And I also worked there for a while in Books. Perhaps you could say Eaton's was our Douds'. I graduated from Jarvis Collegiate. I had some sickness which put me in hospital for a long time, but I am quite well now. I had a great deal of time to read, and my favorite authors are Thomas Hardy—who is accused of being gloomy but I think is very true to life—and Willa Cather. I just happened to be in this town when I heard the Librarian had died and I



"Hooray! The last of the summer people!"

thought, perhaps that is the job for me.

A good thing your letter reached me today as I am about to be discharged from here and don't know if it would have been sent on to where I am going. I am glad you did not think my letter was too foolish.

If you run into my father or anybody you do not need to say anything about the fact we are writing to each other. It is nobody's business and I know there are plenty of people would laugh at me writing to the Librarian as they did at me going to the Library even, why give them the satisfaction?

I am glad to be getting out of here. So much luckier than some I see that will never walk or have their sight and will have to hide themselves away from the world.

You asked where did I live in Carstairs. Well, it was not any place to be proud of. If you know where Vinegar Hill is and you turned off on Flowers Road it is the last house on the right, yellow paint once upon a time. My father grows potatoes, or did. I used to take them around town with my wagon, and got five cents to keep for every load I sold.

You mention favorite authors. At one time I was fond of Zane Grey, but I drifted away from reading Fiction stories to reading History or Travel. I sometimes read books away over my head, I know, but I do get something out of them. H. G. Wells I mentioned is one and Robert Ingersoll who writes about religion. They have given me a lot to think about. If you are very religious I hope I have not offended you.

One day when I got to the Library it was a Saturday afternoon and you had just unlocked the door and were putting the lights on as it was dark and raining out. You had been caught out with no hat or umbrella and your hair had got wet. You took the pins out of it and let it come down. Is it too personal a thing to ask if you have it long still or have you cut it? You went over and stood by the radiator and shook your hair on it and the water sizzled like grease in the frying pan. I was sitting reading in the Illustrated London News about the War. We exchanged a smile. (I didn't mean



"Everybody should live in a market economy. It's terrific."

to say your hair was greasy when I wrote that!)

I have not cut my hair though I often think about it. I do not know if it is vanity or laziness that prevents me.

I am not very religious.

I walked up Vinegar Hill and found your house. The potatoes are looking healthy. A Police Dog disputed with me, is he yours?

The weather is getting quite warm. We have had the flood on the river, which I gather is an annual Spring event. The water got into the Hotel basement and somehow contaminated our drinking supply so that we were given free beer or ginger ale. But only if we lived or were staying there. You can imagine there were plenty of jokes.

I should ask if there is anything that I could send you.

I am not in need of anything particular. I get the tobacco and other bits of things the ladies in Carstairs do up for us. I would like to read some books by the authors you have mentioned but I doubt whether I would get the chance here.

The other day there was a man died of a heart attack. It was the News of

all time. Did you hear about the man who died of a heart attack? That was all you heard about day and night here. Then everybody would laugh which seems hard-hearted but it just seemed so strange. It was not even a hot time so you couldn't say maybe he was scared. (As a matter of fact he was writing a letter at the time so I had better look out.) Before and after him others have died being shot up or blown up but he is the famous one, to die of a heart attack. Everybody is saying what a long way to come and a lot of expense for the Army to go to, for that.

The summer has been so dry the watering tank has been doing the streets every day, trying to lay the dust. The children would dance along behind it. There was also a new thing in town—a cart with a little bell that went along selling ice cream, and the children were pretty attentive to this as well. It was pushed by the man who had an accident at the factory—you know who I mean, though I can't recall his name. He lost his arm to the elbow. My room at the Hotel, being on the third floor, was like an oven, and I often walked about till after midnight. So did many other people, sometimes in pajamas. It was like a dream. There was still a little

water in the river, enough so that you could go out in a rowboat, and the Methodist minister did that on a Sunday in August. He was praying for rain in a public service. But there was a small leak in the boat and the water came in and wet his feet, and eventually the boat sank and left him standing in the water, which did not nearly reach his waist. Was it an accident or a malicious trick? The talk was all that his prayers were answered but from the wrong direction.

I often pass the Douds' place on my walks. Your father keeps the lawns and hedges looking beautiful. I like the house, so original and airy-looking. But it may not have been cool even there, because I heard the voice of the mother and little girl late at night as if they were out on the lawn.

Though I told you there is nothing I need, there is one thing I would like. That is a photograph of you. I hope you will not think I am overstepping the bounds to ask for it. Maybe you are engaged to somebody or have a sweetheart over here you are writing to as well as me. You are a cut above the ordinary and it would not surprise me if some Officer had spoken for you. But now that I have asked I cannot take it back and will just leave it up to you to think what you like of me.

LOUISA was twenty-five years old and had been in love once, with a doctor she had known in the sanatorium. Her love was returned, eventually, costing the doctor his job. There was some harsh doubt in her mind about whether he had been told to leave the sanatorium or had left of his own accord, being weary of the entanglement. He was married, he had children. Letters had played a part that time, too. After he left, they were still writing to one another. And they wrote once or twice after she was released. Then she asked him not to write anymore, and he didn't. But the failure of his letters to arrive drove her out of Toronto and made her take a traveling job. Then there would be only the one disappointment in the week, when she got back on Friday or Saturday night. Her last letter had been firm and stoical, and some consciousness of herself as a heroine of love's tragedy went with her around the country, as

LANDSCAPE WITH ONLOOKER

One night shy of full, fat as a beachball, the moon looks not lonesome shining through the trees but replete

with the thoughtless sensuality of well-being.
A chill in the air? No, it's under the air, like water

under a swimmer. The unsteadfast leaves grow crisp and brittle, the better to fall away. Some nights

fear fills these hours like rising water in a well—the dead of night, as the phrase goes, when you quicken

and the dank metallic sweat beads like a vile dew.
But tonight you stand at your window, framed and calm,

and the air's as sweet as a freshly peeled orange.
There's a moon on the lake, and another in the sky.

—WILLIAM MATTHEWS

she hauled her display cases up and down the stairs of small hotels, and talked about Paris styles and said that her sample hats were bewitching, and drank her solitary glass of wine. If she'd had anybody to tell, though, she would have laughed at just that notion. She would have said love was all hocus-pocus, a deception, and she believed that. But at the prospect she still felt a hush, a flutter along the nerves, a bowing down of sense, a flagrant prostration.

She had a picture taken. She knew how she wanted it to be. She would have liked to wear a simple white blouse, a peasant girl's smock with the string open at the neck. She did not own a blouse of that description and in fact had seen them only in pictures. And she would have liked to let her hair down. Or if it had to be up, she would have liked it piled very loosely and bound with strings of pearls.

Instead she wore her blue silk shirt-waist and bound her hair as usual. She thought the picture made her look rather pale, hollow-eyed. Her expression was sterner and more forbidding

than she had intended. She sent it anyway.

I am not engaged, and do not have a sweetheart. I was in love once and it had to be broken off. I was upset at the time but I knew I must bear it, and now I believe that it was all for the best.

She had racked her brains, of course, to remember him. She could not remember shaking out her hair, as he said she had done, or smiling at any young man when the raindrops fell on the radiator. He might as well have dreamed all that, and perhaps he had.

She began to follow the war in a more detailed way than she had done previously. She did not try to ignore it anymore. She went along the street with a sense that her head was filled with the same exciting and troubling information as everybody else's. Saint-Quentin, Arras, Montdidier, Amiens, and then there was a battle going on at the Somme River, where surely there had been one before? She spread open on her desk the maps of the war that appeared in the centerfolds of magazines. She saw in colored lines the German drive to the Marne, the first thrust of the Americans at Château-Thierry. She looked at the artist's brown pictures of a horse rearing up during an air attack, of some soldiers in East Africa drinking out of coconuts, and of a line of German prisoners with bandaged heads or limbs and bleak, sullen expressions. Now she felt what everybody else did—a constant fear and misgiving and at the same time this





"Damn it, Eddie! Not during the getaway, too!"

addictive excitement. You could look up from your life of the moment and feel the world crackling beyond the walls.

I am glad to hear you do not have a sweetheart though I know that is selfish of me. I do not think you and I will ever meet again. I don't say that because I've had a dream about what will happen or am a gloomy person always looking for the worst. It just seems to me it is the most probable thing to happen, though I don't dwell on it and go along every day doing the best I can to stay alive. I am not trying to worry you or get your sympathy either but just explain how the idea I won't ever see Carstairs again makes me think I can say anything I want. I guess it's like being sick with a fever. So I will say I love you. I think of you up on a stool at the Library reaching to put a book away and I come up and put my hands on your waist and lift you down, and you turning around inside my arms as if we agreed about everything.

Every Tuesday afternoon the ladies and girls of the Red Cross met in the Council chambers, which were just down the hall from the library. When the library was empty for a few moments Louisa went down the hall and entered the room full of women. She had decided to knit a scarf. At the sanatorium she had learned how to knit a basic stitch, but she had never

learned, or had forgotten, how to cast on or off.

The older women were all busy packing boxes or cutting up and folding bandages from sheets of heavy cotton which were spread on the tables. But a lot of girls near the door were eating buns and drinking tea. One was holding a skein of wool on her arms for another to wind.

Louisa told them what she needed to know.

"So what do you want to knit, then?" said one of the girls, with some bun still in her mouth.

Louisa said, "A muffler. For a soldier."

"Oh, you'll want the regulation wool," another said, more politely, and jumped off the table. She came back with some balls of brown wool, and fished a spare pair of needles out of her bag, telling Louisa they could be hers.

"I'll just get you started," she said. "It's a regulation width, too."

Other girls gathered around and teased this girl, whose name was Corrie. They told her she was doing it all wrong.

"Oh, I am, am I?" said Corrie. "How would you like a knitting needle in your eye?" Then she said solicitously to Louisa, "Is it for a friend? A friend overseas?"

"Yes," said Louisa. Of course they would think of her as an old maid, they

would laugh at her or feel sorry for her, according to which show they put on—of being brazen or kind.

"So knit up good and tight," said the one who had been eating a bun. "Knit up good and tight to keep him warm!"

One of the girls in this group was Grace Horne. She did not say anything. She was a shy but resolute-looking girl, nineteen years old, with a broad face, thin lips often pressed together, brown hair cut in a straight bang, and an attractively mature body. She had become engaged to Jack Agnew before he went overseas, but they had agreed not to say anything about it.

SPANISH FLU

LOUISA had made friends with some of the travellers who stayed regularly at the hotel. One of these was Jim Frarey, who sold typewriters and office equipment and books and all sorts of stationery supplies. He was a fair-haired, rather round-shouldered but strongly built man in his middle forties. You would think by the look of him that he sold something heavier and more important in the masculine world, like farm implements.

Jim Frarey kept travelling all through the Spanish-flu epidemic, though you never knew then if stores would be open for business or not. Occasionally the hotels, too, would be closed, like

the schools and movie houses and even—Jim Frarey thought this a scandal—the churches.

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves, the cowards," he said to Louisa. "What good does it do anybody to lurk around home and wait for it to strike? Now, you never closed the library, did you?"

Louisa said only when she herself had been sick. A mild case, hardly lasting a week, but of course she had to go to the hospital. They wouldn't let her stay in the hotel.

"Cowards," he said. "If you're going to be taken you'll be taken. Don't you agree?"

They discussed the crush in the hospitals, the deaths of doctors and nurses, the unceasing dreary spectacle of the funerals. Jim Frarey lived down the street from an undertaking establishment in Toronto. He said they still got out the black horses, the black

carriage, the works, to bury such personages as warranted a fuss.

"Day and night they went on," he said. "Day and night." He raised his glass and said, "Here's to health, then. You look well yourself."

He thought that in fact Louisa was looking better than she used to. Maybe she had started putting on rouge. She had a pale olive skin, and it seemed to him that her cheeks used to be without color. She dressed with more dash, too, and took more trouble to be friendly. She used to be very on-again, off-again, just as she chose. She was drinking whiskey now, too, though she would not try it without drowning it in water. It used to be only a glass of wine. He wondered if it was a boyfriend that had made the difference. But a boyfriend might perk up her looks without increasing her interest in all and sundry, which was what he was pretty sure had happened. It was

more likely time running out and the husband prospects being thinned out so dreadfully by the war. That could set a woman stirring. She was smarter and better company and better-looking, too, than most of the married ones. What happened with a woman like that? Sometimes just bad luck. Or bad judgment at a time when it mattered. A little too sharp and self-assured, in the old days, making the men uneasy?

"Life can't be brought to a standstill all the same," he said. "You did the right thing, keeping the library open."

This was in the early winter of 1919, when there had been a fresh outbreak of flu after the danger was supposed to be past. They seemed to be all alone in the hotel. It was only about nine o'clock but the hotelkeeper had gone to bed. His wife was in the hospital with the flu. Jim Frarey had brought the bottle of whiskey from the bar, which was closed for fear of contagion—and they sat at a table beside the window, in the dining room. A winter fog had collected outside and was pressing against the window. You could barely see the street lights or the few cars that trundled cautiously over the bridge.

"Oh, it was not a matter of principle," Louisa said, "that I kept the library open. It was a more personal reason than you think."

Then she laughed and promised him a peculiar story. "Oh, the whiskey must have loosened my tongue," she said.

"I am not a gossip," said Jim Frarey.

She gave him a hard, laughing look and said that when a person announced they weren't a gossip, they almost invariably were. The same when they promised never to tell a soul.

"You can tell this where and when you like just as long as you leave out the real names and don't tell it around here," she said. "That I hope I can trust you not to do. Though at the moment I don't feel as if I cared. I'll probably feel otherwise when the drink wears off. It's a lesson, this story. It's a lesson in what fools women can make of themselves. 'So,' you say, 'what's new about that? You can learn it every day!'"

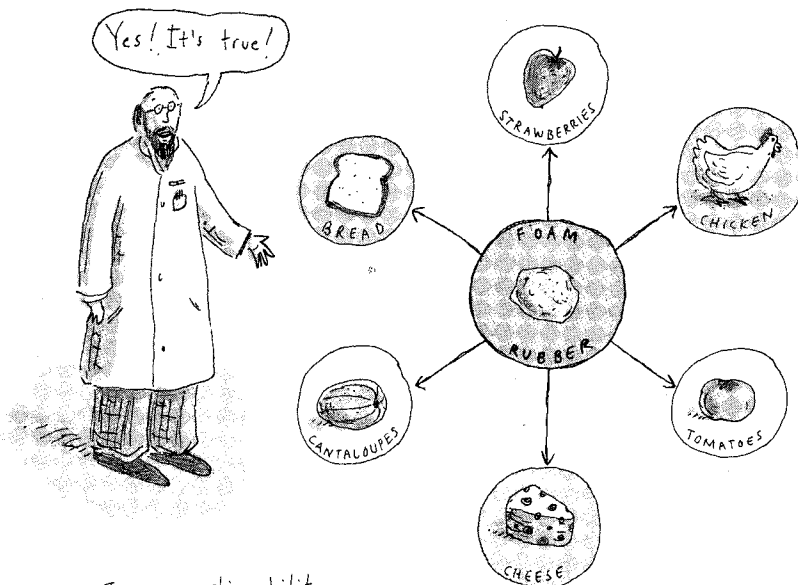
She began to tell him about a soldier who had started writing letters to her from overseas. The soldier remembered her from when he used to go into

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the library. But she didn't remember him. However, she replied in a friendly way to his first letter, and a correspondence sprang up between them. He told her where he had lived in the town and she walked past the house so that she could tell him how things looked there. He told her what books he'd read and she gave some of the same kind of information. In short, they both revealed something of themselves, and feelings warmed up on either side. On his side first, as far as any declarations went. She was not one to rush in like a fool. At first she thought she was simply being kind. Even later, she didn't want to reject and embarrass him. He asked for a picture. She had one taken; it was not to her liking, but she sent it. He asked if she had a sweetheart and she replied truthfully that she did not. He did not send any picture of himself nor did she ask for one, though of course she was curious as to what he looked like. It would be no easy matter for him to have a picture taken in the middle of a war. Furthermore, she did not want to seem like the sort of woman who would withdraw kindness if looks did not come up to scratch.

He wrote that he did not expect to come home. He said he was not so afraid of dying as he was of ending up like some of the men he had seen when he was in the hospital, wounded. He did not elaborate, but she supposed he meant the cases they were just getting to know about now—the stumps of men, the blinded, the ones made monstrous with burns. He was not whining about his fate, she did not mean to imply that. It was just that he expected to die and picked death over some other options, and he thought about her, and wrote to her as men do to a sweetheart in such a situation.

When the war ended, it was a while since she had heard from him. She went on expecting a letter every day, and nothing came. Nothing came. She was afraid that he might have been one of those unluckiest of soldiers—one of those killed in the last week, or on the last day, or even in the last hour. She searched the local paper every week,



"'City Slickers' was O.K., but, let's face it, it was no 'Claire's Knee.'"

and the names of new casualties were still being printed there till after New Year's, but his was not among them. Now the paper began to list, as well, the names of those returning home, often printing a photo with the name, and a little account of rejoicing. When the soldiers were returning thick and fast there was less room for these additions. And then she saw his name, another name on the list. He had not been killed, he had not been wounded, he was coming home to Carstairs, perhaps he was already here.

It was then that she decided to keep the library open, though the flu was raging. Every day she was sure he would come, every day she was prepared for him. Sundays were a torment. When she entered the town hall she always felt he might be there before her, leaning up against the wall awaiting her arrival. She felt this so strongly that sometimes she mistook a shadow for a man. She understood now how people believed they had seen ghosts. Whenever the door opened she expected to look up into his face. Sometimes she made a pact with herself not to look up till she had counted to ten. Few people came in, because of the flu. She set herself jobs of rearranging things, else she would have gone mad. She never looked up until five or ten minutes after closing

time. And then she fancied that he might be across the street on the post-office steps, watching her, being too shy to make a move. She worried of course that he might be ill; she always sought in conversation for news of the latest cases. No one spoke his name.

It was at this time that she entirely gave up on reading. The covers of books looked like coffins to her, either shabby or ornate, and what was inside them might as well have been dust.

She had to be forgiven, didn't she—she had to be forgiven for thinking, after such letters, that the one thing that could never happen was that he wouldn't approach her, wouldn't get in touch with her at all? Never cross her threshold, after such avowals? Funerals passed by her window and she gave no thought to them, because they were not his. Even when she was sick in the hospital her only thought was that she must get back, she must get out of bed, the door must not stay locked against him. She staggered to her feet and back to work. On a hot afternoon she was arranging fresh newspapers on the racks, and his name jumped out at her like something in her feverish dreams.

She read a short notice of his marriage to a Miss Grace Horne. Not a girl she knew. Not a library user.

The bride wore fawn silk crêpe

with brown-and-cream piping, and a beige straw hat with brown velvet streamers.

There was no picture. Brown-and-cream piping. Such was the end, and had to be, to her romance.

But on her desk at the library, a matter of a few weeks ago, on a Saturday night after everybody had gone and she had locked the door and was turning out the lights, she discovered a scrap of paper. A few words written on it. *I was engaged before I went overseas*. No name, not his or hers. And there was her photograph, partly shoved under the blotter.

He had been in the library that very evening. It had been a busy time, she had often left the desk to find a book for somebody or to straighten up the papers or to put some books on the shelves. He had been in the same room with her, watched her, and taken his chance. But never made himself known.

I was engaged before I went overseas.

"Do you think it was all a joke on me?" Louisa said. "Do you think a man could be so diabolical?"

"In my experience, tricks like that are far more often indulged in by the women. No, no. Don't you think such a thing. Far more likely he was sincere. He got a little carried away. It's all just the way it looks on the surface. He was engaged before he went over-

seas, he never expected to get back in one piece but he did. And when he did, there is the fiancée waiting, what else could he do?"

"What indeed?" said Louisa.

"He bit off more than he could chew."

"Ah, that's so, that's so!" Louisa said. "And what was it in my case but vanity, which deserves to get slapped down!" Her eyes were glassy and her expression was roguish. "You don't think he'd had a good look at me any one time and thought the original was even worse than that poor picture, so he backed off?"

"I do not!" said Jim Frarey. "And don't you so belittle yourself."

"I don't want you to think I am stupid," she said. "I am not so stupid and inexperienced as that story makes me sound."

"Indeed, I don't think you are stupid at all."

"But perhaps you think I am inexperienced?"

This was it, he thought—the usual. Women after they have told one story on themselves cannot keep from telling another. Drink upsets them in a radical way, prudence is out the window.

She had confided in him once before that she had been a patient in a sanatorium. Now she told about being in love with a doctor there. The sana-

torium was on beautiful grounds up on Hamilton Mountain, and they used to meet there along the hedged walks. Shelves of limestone formed the steps and in sheltered spots there were such plants as you do not commonly see in Ontario—azaleas, rhododendrons, magnolias. The doctor knew something about botany and he told her this was the Carolinian vegetation. Very different from here, lush, and there were little bits of woodland, too, wonderful trees, paths worn under the trees. Tulip trees.

"Tulips!" said Jim Frarey. "Tulips on the trees!"

"No, no, it is the shape of their leaves!"

She laughed at him challengingly, then bit her lip. He saw fit to continue the dialogue, saying, "Tulips on the trees!" while she said, No, it is the leaves that are shaped like tulips, no, I never said that, stop! So they passed into a state of gingerly evaluation—which he knew well and could only hope she did—full of small, pleasant surprises, half-sardonic signals, a welling up of impudent hopes, and a fateful sort of kindness.

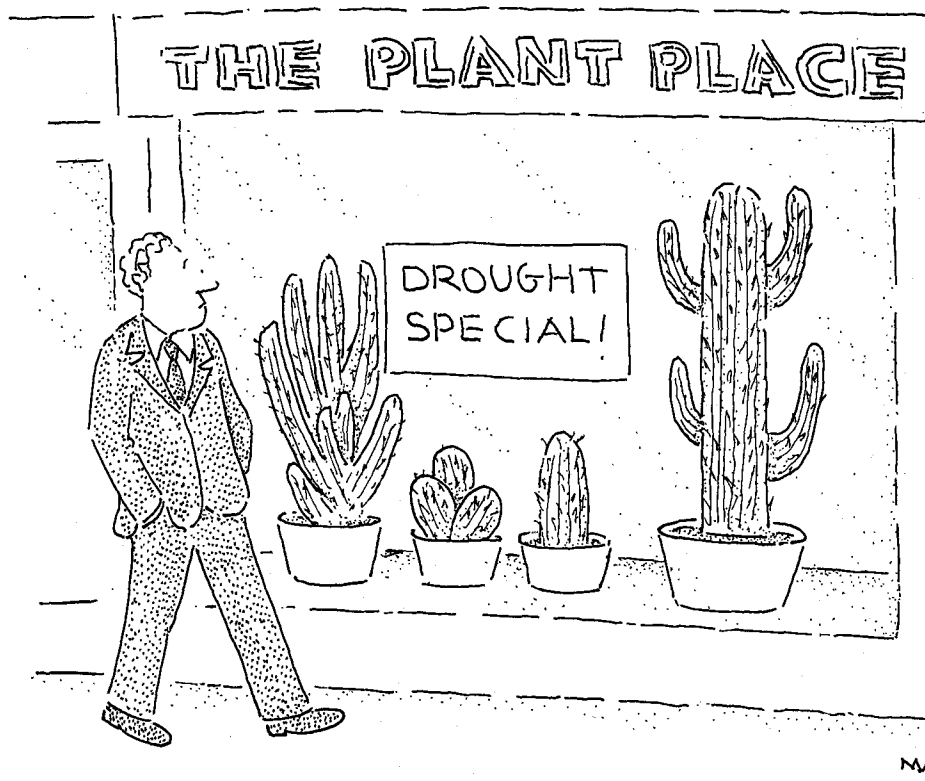
"All to ourselves," Jim Frarey said. "Never happened before, did it? Maybe it never will again."

She let him take her hands, half lift her from her chair. He turned out the dining-room lights as they went out.

Up the stairs they went, that they had so often climbed separately. Past the picture of the dog on his master's grave, and Highland Mary singing in the field, and the old king with his bulgy eyes, his look of indulgence and repletion.

"It's a foggy, foggy night, and my heart is in a fright," Jim Frarey was half singing, half humming as they climbed. He kept an assured hand on Louisa's back. "All's well, all's well," he said as he steered her round the turn of the stairs. And when they took the narrow flight of steps to the third floor he said, "Never climbed so close to heaven in this place before!"

But later in the night Jim Frarey gave a concluding groan and roused himself to deliver a sleepy scolding. "Louisa, Louisa, why didn't



MANKOFF

you tell me that was the way it was?"

"I told you everything," said Louisa in a faint and drifting voice.

"I got a wrong impression, then," he said. "I never intended for this to make a difference to you."

She said that it hadn't. Now, without him pinning her down and steadying her, she felt herself whirling around in an irresistible way, as if the mattress had turned into a child's top and were carrying her off. She tried to explain that the traces of blood on the sheets could be credited to her period, but her words came out with a luxurious nonchalance and could not be fitted together.

ACCIDENTS

WHEN Arthur came home from the factory, a little before noon, he shouted, "Stay out of my way till I wash! There's been an accident over at the works!" Nobody answered. Mrs. Groves, the housekeeper, was in the kitchen talking on the telephone so loudly that she could not hear him, and his daughter was, of course, at school. He washed, and stuffed everything he had been wearing into the hamper, and scrubbed up the bathroom, like a murderer. He started out clean, with even his hair slicked and patterned, to drive to the man's house. He had had to ask where it was. He thought it was up Vinegar Hill but they said no, that was the father—the young fellow and his wife live on the other side of town, past where the Apple Evaporator used to be, before the war.

He found the two brick cottages side by side, and picked the left-hand one, as he'd been told. It wouldn't have been hard to pick which house, anyway. News had come before him. The door to the house was open, and children too young to be in school yet hung about in the yard. A small girl sat on a kiddie car, not going anywhere, just blocking his path. He stepped around her. As he did so an older girl spoke to him in a formal way—a warning. "Her dad's dead. Hers!"

A young woman came out of the front room carrying an armload of curtains, which she gave to another woman standing in the hall. The woman who received the curtains was gray-haired, with a pleading face. She had no upper teeth. She probably took her plate out, for comfort, at home. The woman who passed the curtains



"And where have you previously moused?"

to her was stout but young, with fresh skin.

"You tell her not to get up on that stepladder," the gray-haired woman said to Arthur. "She's going to break her neck taking down curtains. She thinks we need to get everything washed. Are you the undertaker? Oh, no, excuse me! You're Mr. Doud. Grace, come out here! Grace! It's Mr. Doud!"

"Don't trouble her," Arthur said.

"She thinks she's going to get the curtains all down and washed and up again by tomorrow, because he's going to have to go in the front room. She's my daughter. I can't tell her anything."

"She'll quiet down presently," said a sombre but comfortable-looking man in a clerical collar, coming through from the back of the house. Their minister. But not from one of the churches Arthur knew. Baptist? Pentecostal? Plymouth Brethren? He was drinking tea.

Some other woman came and briskly removed the curtains. "We got the machine filled and going," she said. "A day like this, they'll dry like nobody's business. Just keep the kids out of here."

The minister had to stand aside and lift his teacup high, to avoid her and

her bundle. He said, "Aren't any of you ladies going to offer Mr. Doud a cup of tea?"

Arthur said, "No, no, don't trouble."

"The funeral expenses," he said to the gray-haired woman. "If you could let her know—"

"Lillian wet her pants!" said a triumphant child at the door. "Mrs. Agnew! Lillian peed her pants!"

"Yes," said the minister. "Yes, they will be very grateful."

"The plot and the stone, everything," Arthur said. "You'll make sure they understand that. Whatever they want on the stone."

The gray-haired woman had gone out into the yard. She came back with a squalling child in her arms. "Poor lamb," she said. "They told her she wasn't supposed to come in the house, so where could she go? What could she do but have an accident!"

The young woman came out of the front room dragging a rug.

"I want this put on the line and beat," she said.

"Grace, here is Mr. Doud come to offer his condolences," the minister said.

"And to ask if there is anything I can do," said Arthur.

The gray-haired woman started upstairs with the wet child in her

LEARNING GERMAN

I

Barbed letters a bramble or thicket
I couldn't leave be, a language to
make mistakes in. Later you
read to me in your beautiful voice,

Öd und leer das Meer, then *Jeder
Engel ist schrecklich*. Leader in
staged childhood wars, your passion
note rang on the grammar-

school triangle. Sounding, it
ruined the bravura of Mozart's G
Minor by chanting, to the bleat
of the symphony's

first bars, *Answer the telephone*.
At eight, our age is what we
are. Spread-limbed on the polar bear,
we mapped our bluish arteries

with your mother's carmine lip-
stick, Splendor Red. Next
to the phonograph in your house,
where I'd come to play,

a book of photographs, gray bodies
piled to make an astonishing
wall. Eyes, a foot, a hand hung
out, breaking the smooth

fish surface.

II

A wall as high as fear could go. And on
the wall that history built, an entire
self built out of doubt, and that doubter

told to believe someone will read
a message hidden in a wall of tears:

here are the songs sung in the bath
the murmur at the window at the baby
the song before sleep bows its head
the mutter at the door at bad news
the greeting on good luck, the whisper
of awe, the edge of silence, a bare foot
that traces out a groove the racing
water fills, so that lieder
sound more dear than any troubadour's romance
the song of gladness in an orange beak
and in that tenderness a shriek.

III

A swish of wings on the triangle's silver
tangent, that same silver in a long hair
that stole into Great-Grandmother's

black braid. She pulled it tight, then out:
before her hair turned white she'd spun
the shimmying line that kept us—

ephemeral, unreal, gossiping then of nothing,
odd spoons in the spheres—out of
the gas. And managed, even, that time

might still be bounded by the compass's silver
snail track, so that I, a child, could watch
her daughter with her shining hand

transplant ivy from a coffee can into a fishbowl
garden that shed tears to breathe.

Miniature, a man made out of glass,

I plant my foot here in the paved city street,
made Venetian by its grays and greens, gently
as any of the unlocated, the

arms and a couple of others following.

Grace spotted them. "Oh, no, you
don't! You get back outside!"

"My mom's in here."

"Yes, and your mom's good and
busy, she don't need to be bothered
with you. She's here helping me out.
Don't you know Lillian's dad's dead?"

"Is there anything I can do for you?"
Arthur said, meaning to clear out.

Grace stared at him with her mouth
open. Sounds of the washing machine
filled the house.

"Yes, there is," she said. "You wait
here."

"She's overwhelmed," the minister
said. "It's not that she means to be
rude."

Grace came back with a load of
books. "These here," she said. "He

had them out of the library. I don't
want to have to pay fines on them. He
went every Saturday night, so I guess
they are due back tomorrow. I don't
want to get in trouble about them."

"I'll look after them," Arthur said.
"I'd be glad to."

"I just don't want to get in any
trouble about them."

"Mr. Doud was saying about taking
care of the funeral," the minister said
to her, gently admonishing. "Every-
thing including the stone. Whatever
you want on the stone."

"Oh, I don't want anything fancy,"
Grace said.

ON Friday morning last there oc-
curred in the sawmill operation
of Douds' Factory a particularly ghastly

and tragic accident. Mr. Jack Agnew,
in reaching under the main shaft,
had the misfortune to have his sleeve
caught by a setscrew in an adjoining
flunge, so that his arm and shoulder
were drawn under the shaft. His
head in consequence was brought in
contact with the circular saw, that
saw being about one foot in diameter.
In an instant the unfortunate young
man's head was separated from his
body, being severed at an angle be-
low the left ear and through the
neck. His death is believed to have
been instantaneous. He never spoke or
uttered a cry so it was not by any
sound of his but by the spurt and
shower of his blood that his fellow-
workers were horribly alerted to the
disaster."

unpossessed, who knew, before the news
of plate tectonics, that the world had split,
who, brought up by coincidence, know

as well as if their palm lines spelled it out in
shorthand dutifully taken down from
the seemingly voiceless the only ones

who speak: any hour holds your death. There is
no moment between now and what comes next.
One plucks at strings to breathe

a measured line: why would I, between one November
and a New Year, take up a German grammar,
dictionary, and text, and try for weeks

to learn to read and speak a language that if
I ever used I wouldn't need, in the semblance
the old books I chose supplied?

Speaking only to myself I learned to say, that
warm winter, that my cow had died, my dress
was torn, that it was cold, that I had

forgotten my papers, that *träumen* meant "to dream."

IV

Don't swim at the collage pool,
where a peculiar letter
of the light turns the shower-
heads to Chinese characters

that spell out as clear as any
Gothic letters ever could
Death, Delusion, Danger, Fool.
And when two German students,

happy on exchange, enter
chattering into the hot
wood sauna where you blankly
lie, half sleeping, naked,

you simply rise, go. Think
no further than "It's
time." Don't wish, *Liebchen*,
for a baby with blue eyes.

V

Through the bucket's hole the gathered water
flows like giant tears. Unstoppable,

the bucket, the mangled giant, and those grim
tears, unmendable as a propensity

to fear, a symphony forever halted by
a few words too often spoken to a haltered

horse, his nightmare painted on his blinders,
who wanders his own switchback route,

erloschen. Answer it then, the telephone
that rings, stops, and rings. Wires

cross like crows over the ribs of ocean
and when you answer someone breathes out

melodies, as if the swimming clouds were
speaking fish, a carmine sunset

that will not ebb until it is forgiven
for also having feelings. . . . And we can

only answer the voice from the primer we
were given, the one that names each part

aloud: Here is a nose, here is your chin,
that says, tasting the earth in its mouth,

The dress is in the meadow having a dream.

—CYNTHIA ZARIN

This account was reprinted in the paper a week later, for those who might have missed it or who wished to have an extra copy to send to friends or relations out of town (particularly to people who used to live in Carstairs and did not anymore). The misspelling of "flange" was corrected the next week. There was a note apologizing for the mistake. There was also a description of a very large funeral, attended even by people from neighboring towns and as far away as Waleye. They came by car and train, and some by horse and buggy. They had not known Jack Agnew when he was alive, but, as the paper said, they wished to pay tribute to the sensational and tragic manner of his death. All the stores in Carstairs were closed for two

hours that afternoon. The hotel did not close its doors, but that was because all the visitors needed somewhere to eat and drink.

The survivors were a wife, Grace, and a four-year-old daughter, Lillian. The victim had fought bravely in the Great War and had only been wounded once, not seriously. Many had commented on this irony.

The paper's failure to mention a surviving father was not deliberate. The editor of the paper was not a native of Carstairs, and people forgot to tell him about the father until it was too late.

The father himself did not complain about the omission. The day of the funeral was very fine, and he headed out of town as he would have done

ordinarily on a day he had decided not to spend at Douds'. He was wearing a felt hat and a long coat that would do for a rug if he wanted to take a nap. His overshoes were neatly held on his feet with the rubber rings from sealing jars. He was going out to fish for suckers. The season hadn't opened yet, but he always managed to be a bit ahead of it. He fished through the spring and early summer and cooked and ate what he caught. He had a frying pan and a pot hidden out on the riverbank. The pot was for boiling corn that he snatched out of the fields later in the year, when he was also eating the fruit of wild apple trees and grapevines. He was quite sane but abhorred conversation. He could not altogether avoid it in the weeks follow-

ing his son's death, but he had a way of cutting it short.

"Should've watched out what he was doing."

Walking in the country that day, he met another person who was not at the funeral. A woman. She did not try to start any conversation and in fact seemed as fierce in her solitude as himself, whipping the air past her with long fervent strides.

THE factory stretched along the west side of town, like a medieval town wall. There were two long buildings like the inner and outer ramparts, with a closed-in bridge between them where the main offices were. And reaching up into the town and the streets of workers' houses were the kilns and the sawmill and the lumberyard and storage sheds. The factory whistle dictated the time for many to get up, blowing at six o'clock in the morning. It blew again for work to start, at seven, and at twelve for dinnertime, and at one in the afternoon for work to recommence, and then at five-thirty for the men to lay down their tools and go home.

Rules were posted beside the time clock, under glass. The first two rules were:

ONE MINUTE LATE IS FIFTEEN MINUTES PAY. BE PROMPT.

DON'T TAKE SAFETY FOR GRANTED. WATCH OUT FOR YOURSELF AND THE NEXT MAN.

There had been accidents in the factory and, in fact, a man had been killed when a load of lumber fell on him. That had happened before Arthur's time. And once, during the war, a man had lost an arm, or part of an arm. On the day that happened Arthur was away in Toronto. So he had never seen an accident—nothing serious, anyway. But it was often at the back of his mind now, that something might happen.

Perhaps he no longer felt so sure that trouble wouldn't come near him as he had before his wife died. She had died in 1919, in the last flurry of the Spanish flu, when everyone had got over being frightened. Even she had not been frightened. That was nearly five years ago and it still seemed to Arthur like the end of a carefree time in his life. But to other people he had always seemed very responsible and serious—nobody

had noticed much difference in him.

In his dreams of an accident there was a spreading silence, everything was shut down. Every machine in the place stopped making its customary noise and every man's voice was removed, and when Arthur looked out of the office window he understood that doom had fallen. He never could remember any particular thing that he saw that told him this. It was just the space, the dust in the factory yard, that said to him *now*.

THE books stayed on the floor of his car for a week or so. His daughter, Bea, said, "What are those books doing here?" And then he remembered.

Bea read out the titles and the authors. "Sir John Franklin and the Romance of the Northwest Passage," by G. B. Smith. "What's Wrong with the World," G. K. Chesterton. "The Taking of Quebec," Archibald Hendry. "The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism," by Lord Bertrand Russell.

"Bol-shev-ism," Bea said, and Arthur told her how to pronounce it correctly. She asked what it was, and he said, "It's something they've got in Russia that I don't understand so well myself. But from what I hear of it, it's a disgrace."

Bea was thirteen at this time. She had heard about the Russian Ballet and also about dervishes. She believed for the next couple of years that Bol-

shevism was some sort of diabolical and maybe indecent dance. At least this was the story she told when she was grown-up.

She did not mention that the books were connected with the man who had had the accident. That would have made the story less amusing. Perhaps she had really forgotten.

THE librarian was perturbed. The books still had their cards in them, which meant they had never been checked out, just removed from the shelves and taken away.

"The one by Lord Russell has been missing a long time."

Arthur was not used to such reproofs, but he said, mildly, "I am returning them on behalf of somebody else. The chap who was killed. In the accident at the factory."

The librarian had the Franklin book open. She was looking at a picture of the boat trapped in the ice.

"His wife asked me to," Arthur said.

She picked up each book separately, and shook it, as if she expected something to fall out. She ran her fingers between the pages. The bottom part of her face was working in an unsightly way, as if she was chewing at the inside of her cheeks.

"I guess he just took them home as he felt like it," Arthur said.

"I'm sorry?" she said in a minute. "What did you say? I'm sorry."

It was the accident, he thought. The idea that the man who had died in such a way had been the last person to open these books, turn these pages. The thought that he might have left a bit of his life in them, a scrap of paper or a pipe cleaner as a marker, or even a few shreds of tobacco. That unhinged her.

"No matter," he said. "I just dropped by to bring them back."

He turned away from her door but did not immediately leave the library. He had not been in it for years. There was his father's picture between the two front windows, where it would always be.

"A. V. Doud, Founder of the Doud Organ Factory and Patron of This Library. A Believer in Progress, Culture, and Education. A True Friend of the Town of Carstairs and of the Working Man."



The self is easily offended.

The librarian's desk was in the archway between the front and back rooms. The books were on shelves set in rows in the back room. Green-shaded lamps, with long pull cords, dangled down in the aisles between. Arthur remembered years ago some matter brought up at the Council meeting about buying sixty-watt bulbs instead of forty. This librarian was the one who had requested that, and they had done it.

In the front room, there were newspapers and magazines on wooden racks, and some round heavy tables, with chairs, so that people could sit and read, and rows of thick, dark books behind glass. Dictionaries, probably, and atlases and encyclopedias. Two handsome high windows looking out on the main street, with Arthur's father hanging between them. Other pictures around the room hung too high, and were too dim and crowded with figures for the person down below to interpret them easily. (Later, when Arthur had spent many hours in the library and had discussed these pictures with the librarian, he knew that one of them represented the Battle of Flodden Field, with the King of Scotland charging down the hill into a pall of smoke, one the funeral of the Boy King of Rome, and one the Quarrel of Oberon and Titania, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream.")

He sat down at a reading table, where he could look out the window. He picked up an old copy of *The National Geographic* which was lying there. He had his back to the librarian. He thought this the tactful thing to do, since she seemed somewhat wrought up. Other people came in, and he heard her speak to them. Her voice sounded normal enough now. He kept thinking he would leave, but did not.

He liked the high bare window full of the light of the spring evening, and he liked the dignity and order of these rooms. He was pleasantly mystified by



"This one's going down."

the thought of grown people coming and going here, steadily reading books. Week after week, one book after another, a whole life long. He himself read a book once in a while, when somebody recommended it, and usually he enjoyed it, and then he read magazines, to keep up with things, and never thought about reading a book until another one came along, in this almost accidental way. There would be little spells when nobody was in the library but himself and the librarian.

During one of these she came over and stood near him, replacing some newspapers on the rack. When she finished doing this she spoke to him, with a controlled urgency.

"The account of the accident that was printed in the paper—I take it that was more or less accurate?"

Arthur said that it was possibly too accurate.

"Why? Why do you say that?"

He mentioned the public's endless appetite for horrific details. Ought the paper to pander to that?

"Oh, I think it's natural," the librarian said. "I think it's natural, to want to know the worst. People do want to picture it. I do myself. I am very ignorant of machinery. It's hard

for me to imagine what happened. Even with the paper's help. Did the machine do something unexpected?"

"No," Arthur said. "It wasn't the machine grabbing him and pulling him in, like an animal. He made a wrong move or at any rate a careless move. Then he was done for."

She said nothing but did not move away.

"You have to keep your wits about you," Arthur said. "Never let up for a second. A machine is your servant and it is an excellent servant, but it makes an imbecile master."

He wondered if he had read that somewhere or had thought it up himself.

"And I suppose there are no ways of protecting people?" the librarian said. "But you must know all about that."

She left him then. Somebody had come in.

The accident was followed by a rush of warm weather. The length of the evenings and the heat of the balmy days seemed sudden and surprising, as if this were not the way winter finally ended in that part of the country, almost every year. The sheets of floodwater shrank magically back into the bogs and the leaves shot out of the



CROSSED PATHS

Boswell Meets Andy Warhol

reddened branches and barnyard smells drifted into town and were wrapped in the smell of lilacs.

Instead of wanting to be outdoors on such evenings, Arthur found himself thinking of the library, and he would often end up there, sitting in the spot he had chosen on his first visit. He would sit for half an hour, or an hour. He looked at the *Illustrated London News*, or *The National Geographic*, or *Saturday Night*, or *Collier's*. All of these magazines arrived at his own house, and he could have been sitting there, in the den, looking out at his hedged lawns, which old Agnew kept in tolerable condition, and the flower beds now full of tulips of every vivid color and combination. It seemed that he preferred the view of the main street, where the occasional brisk-looking new Ford went by, or some stuttering older model car with a dusty cloth top. He preferred the post office, with its clock tower telling four different times in four different directions—and, as people liked to say, all wrong. Also the passing and loitering on the sidewalk. People trying to get the drinking fountain to work, although it wasn't turned on till the first of July.

It was not that he felt the need of sociability. He was not there for chat, though he would greet people if he knew them by name, and he did know most. And he might exchange a few words with the librarian, though often it was only "Good evening" when he came in, and "Good night" when he went out. He made no demands on anybody. He felt his presence to be genial, reassuring, and, above all, natural. By sitting here, reading and reflecting, here instead of at home, he seemed to himself to be providing something. People could count on it.

There was an expression he liked. *Public servant*. His father, who looked out at him here with tinted baby-pink cheeks and glassy blue eyes and an old man's petulant mouth, had never thought of himself so. He had thought of himself more as a public character and benefactor. He had operated by whims and decrees, and he had got away with it. He would go around the factory when business was slow, and say to one man and another, "Go home. Go on home now. Go home and stay there till I can use you again." And they would go. They would work in their gardens or go out shooting

like changes—they were not happy about the switch now to player pianos, which Arthur believed were the hope of the future. But Arthur would do what he had to, though his way of proceeding was quite the opposite of his father's. Think everything over and then think it over again. Stay in the background except when you have to come forward. Keep your dignity. Try always to be fair.

They expected all to be provided. The whole town expected it. Work would be provided just as the sun would rise in the mornings. And the taxes on the factory were raised, too, and rates were charged for the water that used to come free. Maintenance of the access roads was now the factory's responsibility instead of the town's. The Methodist church requesting a hefty sum to build the new Sunday school. The town hockey team needing new uniforms. The stone gateposts for the War Memorial Park. And every year the smartest boy in the senior class to be sent to university, courtesy of Douds'.

Ask, and ye shall receive.

Expectations at home were not lacking, either. Bea was agitating to go

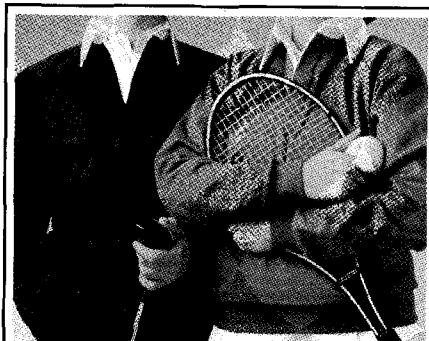
rabbits and run up bills for whatever they had to buy, and accept that it couldn't be otherwise. It was still a joke with them, to imitate his bark. *Go on home!* He was their hero more than Arthur could ever be, but they were not prepared to take the same treatment to-day. During the war they had got used to the good wages and to being always in demand. They never thought of the glut of labor the soldiers had created when they came home, never thought about how a business like this was kept going by luck and ingenuity from one year to the next, even from one season to the next. They didn't



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away to private school and Mrs. Groves had her eye on some new mixing apparatus for the kitchen, also a new washing machine. All the trim on the house was due to be painted this year. All that wedding-cake decoration that consumed paint by the gallon. And in the midst of this what had Arthur done but order himself a new car—a Chrysler sedan.

It was necessary, he had to drive a new car. He had to drive a new car, Bea had to go away to school, Mrs. Groves had to have the latest, and the trim had to be as fresh as Christmas snow. Else they would lose respect, they would lose confidence, they would start to wonder if things were going downhill. And it could be managed—with luck it could all be managed.

For years after his father's death, he had felt like an impostor. Not steadily, but from time to time, he had felt that. And now the feeling was gone. It was gone. He could sit here and feel that it was gone.

HE had been in the office when the accident happened, consulting with a veneer salesman. Some change in noise registered with him, but it was more of an increase than a hush. It was nothing that alerted him—just an irritation. Because it happened in the sawmill, nobody knew about the accident immediately in the shops or in the kilns or in the yard, and work in some places continued for several minutes. In fact Arthur, bending over the veneer samples on his desk, might have been one of the last people to understand that there had been an intervention. He asked the salesman a question, and the salesman did not answer. Arthur looked up and saw the man's mouth open, his face frightened, his salesman's assurance wiped away.

Then he heard his own name being called—both “Mr. Doud!” as was customary, and “Arthur, Arthur!” by such of the older men as had known him as a boy. Also he heard “saw” and “head” and “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!”

Arthur could have wished for the silence, the sounds and objects drawing back in that dreadful but releasing way to give him room. It was nothing like that. Yelling and questioning and running around, himself in the midst being propelled to the sawmill. One man had fainted, falling in such a way that if they had not got the saw turned

off a moment before, it would have got him, too. It was his body, fallen but entire, that Arthur briefly mistook for the body of the victim. Oh no, no. They pushed him on. The sawdust was scarlet. It was drenched, brilliant. The pile of lumber here was all merrily spattered, and the blades. A heap of work clothes soaked in blood lay in the sawdust, and Arthur realized that it was the body, the trunk with limbs attached. So much blood had flowed as to make its shape not plain at first—to soften it, like a pudding.

The first thing he thought of was to cover that. He took off his jacket and did so. He had to step up close, his shoes squished in it. The reason no one else had done that was simply that no one else was wearing a jacket.

“Have they gone a-get the doctor?” somebody was yelling. “Gone a-get the doctor!” a man quite close to Arthur said. “Can’t sew his head back on, doctor. Can he?”

But Arthur gave the order to get the doctor—he imagined it was necessary. You can’t have a death without a doctor. That set the rest in motion. Doctor, undertaker, coffin, flowers, preacher. Get started on all that, give them something to do. Shovel up the sawdust, clean up the saw. Send the men who had been close by to wash themselves. Carry the man who had fainted to the lunchroom. Is he all right? Tell the office girl to make tea.

Brandy was what was needed, or whiskey. But he had a rule against it, on the premises.

Something still lacking. Where was it? There, they said. Over there, Arthur heard the sound of vomiting, not far away. All right. Either pick it up or tell somebody to pick it up. The sound of vomiting saved him, steadied him, gave him an almost lighthearted determination. He picked it up. He carried it delicately and securely as you might carry an awkward but valuable jug. Pressing the face out of sight, as if comforting it, against his chest. Blood seeped through his shirt and stuck the material to his skin. Warm. He felt like a wounded man. He was aware of them watching him, and he was aware of himself as an actor must be, or a priest. What to do with it, now that he had it against his chest? The answer to that came, too. Set it down, put it back where it belongs, not, of course, fitted with exactness, not as if a seam could be closed. Just more or

less in place, and lift the jacket and tug it into a new position.

He couldn't now ask the man's name. He would have to get it in some other way. After the intimacy of his services here, such ignorance would be an offense.

But he found he did know it, it came to him. As he edged the corner of his jacket over the ear that had lain and still lay upward, and so looked quite fresh and usable, he received a name. Son of the fellow who came and did the garden, who was not always reliable. A young man taken on again when he came back from the war. Married? He thought so. He would have to go and see her. As soon as possible. Clean clothes.

THE librarian often wore a dark-red blouse. Her lips were reddened to match, and her hair was bobbed. She was not a young woman anymore, but she maintained an eye-catching style. He remembered that when they had hired her, years ago, he had thought that she got herself up very soberly. Her hair was not bobbed in those days—it was wound around her head, in the old style. It was still the same color—a warm and pleasant color, like leaves—oak leaves, say—in the fall. He tried to think how much she was paid. Not much, certainly. She kept herself looking well on it. And where did she live? In one of the boarding houses—the one with the schoolteachers? No, not there. She lived in the Commercial Hotel.

And now something else was coming to mind. No definite story that he could remember. You could not say with any assurance that she had a bad reputation. But it was not quite a spotless reputation, either. She was said to take a drink with the travelers. Perhaps she had a boyfriend among them. A boyfriend or two.

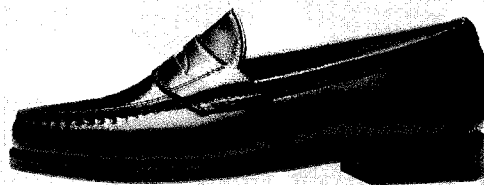
Well, she was old enough to do as she liked. It wasn't quite the same as it was with a teacher—hired party to set an example. As long as she did her job well—and anybody could see that she did. She had her life to live, like everyone else. Wouldn't you rather have a nice-looking woman in there than a crabby old affair like Mary Tamblin? Strangers might drop in, they judge a town by what they see, you want a nice-looking woman with a nice manner.

Stop that. Who said you didn't? He



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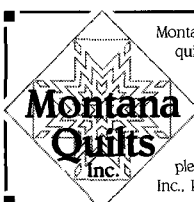
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was arguing in his head on her behalf just as if somebody had come along who wanted her chucked out, and he had no intimation at all that that was the case.

What about her question, on the first evening, regarding the machine? What did she mean by that? Was it a sly way of bringing blame?

He had talked to her about the pictures and the lighting and even told her how his father had sent his own workmen over here, paid them to build the library shelves, but he had never again spoken of the man who had taken the books out without letting her know. One at a time, probably. Under his coat? Brought back the same way. He must have brought them back, or else he'd have had a houseful, and his wife would never stand for that. Not stealing, except temporarily. Harmless behavior, but peculiar. Was there any connection? Between thinking you could do things a little differently that way, and thinking you could get away with a careless move, which might catch your sleeve, and bring the saw down on your neck?

There might be, there might be some connection. A matter of attitude.

"That chap—you know the one—the accident—" he said to the librarian one evening. "The way he took off with the books he wanted. Why do you think he did that?"

"People do things," the librarian said. "They tear out pages. On account of something they don't like or something they do. They just do things. I don't know."

"Did he ever tear out some pages? Did you ever give him a lecture? Ever make him scared to face you?"

He meant to tease her a little, implying that she would not be likely to scare anybody, but she did not take it that way.

"How could I when I never spoke to him?" she said. "I never saw him. I never saw him, to know who he was."

She moved away, putting an end to the conversation. So, she did not like to be teased. Was she one of those people full of mended cracks that you could only see close up? Some old misery troubling her, some secret?

Maybe a sweetheart had been lost in the war.

ON a later evening, a Saturday in the summer, she brought the subject up herself, that he would never have mentioned again.

"Do you remember our talking once about the man who had the accident?"

Arthur said he did.

"I have something to ask you, and you may think it strange."

He nodded.

"And my asking it— I want you to— It is confidential."

"Yes, indeed," he said.

"What did he look like?"

Look like? Arthur was puzzled. He was puzzled by her making such a fuss and secret about it—surely it was natural to be interested in what a man might look like who had been coming in and making off with her books without her knowing about it—and because he could not help her he shook his head. He could not bring any picture of Jack Agnew to mind.

"Tall," he said. "I believe he was on the tall side. Otherwise I cannot tell you. I am really not such a good person to ask. I can recognize a man easily, but I can't ever give much of a physical description of them, even when it's someone I see on a daily basis."

"But I thought you were the one—I heard you were the one—" she said. "Who picked him up. His head."

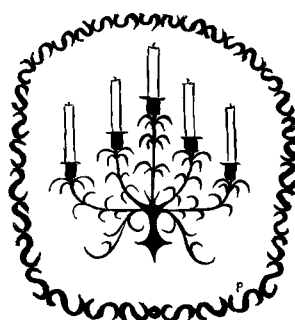
Arthur said, stiffly, "I didn't think that you could just leave it lying there." He felt disappointed in the woman, uneasy and ashamed for her. But he tried to speak matter-of-factly, keeping reproach out of his voice. "I could not even tell you the color of his hair."

It was all—all pretty much obliterated, by that time."

She said nothing for a moment or two and he did not look at her. Then she said, "It must seem as if I am one of those people—one of those people who are fascinated by these sorts of things."

Arthur made a protesting noise, but it did, of course, seem to him that she must be like that.

"I should not have asked you," she said. "I should not have mentioned it. I can never explain to you why I did."



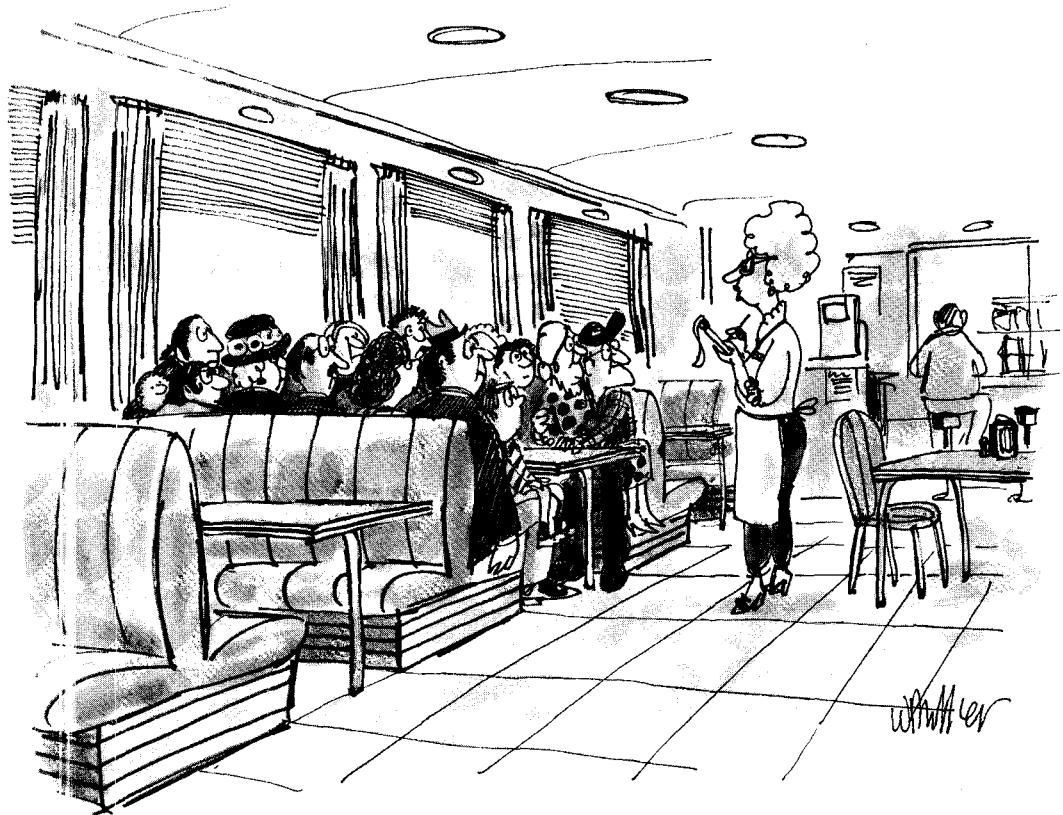
I would like just to ask you, if you can help it, never to think that that is the kind of person I am."

Arthur heard the word *never*. She could never explain to him. He was never to think. In the midst of his disappointment he picked up this suggestion, that their conversations were to continue, and perhaps on a less haphazard basis. He heard a humility in her voice, but it was a humility that was based on some kind of assurance. Surely that was sexual.

Or did he only think so because this was the evening it was? It was the Saturday evening in the month when he usually went to Walley. He was going there tonight, he had only dropped in here on his way, he had not meant to stay as long as he had done. It was the night when he went to visit a woman whose name was Jane MacFarlane. Jane MacFarlane lived apart from her husband, but she was not thinking of getting a divorce. She had no children. She earned her living as a dressmaker. Arthur had first met her when she came to his house to make clothes for his wife. Nothing had gone on at that time, and neither of them had thought of it. In some ways Jane MacFarlane was a woman like the librarian—good-looking, though not so young; plucky and stylish and good at her work. In other ways, not so like. He could not imagine Jane ever presenting a man with a mystery and following that up with the information that it would never be solved. Jane was a woman to give a man peace. The submerged dialogue he had with her—sensual, limited, kind—was very like the one he had had with his wife.

The librarian went to the switch by the door, and turned out the main light. She locked the door. She disappeared among the shelves, turning out the lights there, too, in a leisurely way. The town clock was striking nine. She must think that it was right. His own watch said three minutes to.

It was time to get up, time for



"You're close, but you're not the record. The record for one family in one booth—all from out of state, each ordering a complete breakfast—was set in 1978, with fifteen."

him to leave, time to go to Walley. When she had finished dealing with the lights she came and sat down at the table beside him.

He said, "I would never think of you in any way that would make you unhappy."

Turning out the lights shouldn't have made it so dark. They were in the middle of summer. But it seemed that heavy rain clouds had moved in. When Arthur had last paid attention to the street he had seen plenty of daylight left; country people shopping; boys squirting each other at the drinking fountain; and young girls walking up and down in their soft, cheap, flowery summer dresses, letting the young men watch them from wherever the young men congregated—the post-office steps, the front of the feedstore. And now that he looked again he saw the street in an uproar from the loud wind that already carried a few drops of rain. The girls were shrieking and laughing and holding their purses over their heads as they ran to shelter; store clerks were rolling up awnings and hauling in the baskets of fruit, the

racks of summer shoes, the garden implements that had been displayed on the sidewalks. The doors of the town hall banged as the farm women ran inside, grabbing on to packages and children, to cram themselves into the ladies' rest room. Somebody tried the library door. The librarian looked over at it but did not move. And soon the rain was sweeping down like curtains across the street, and the wind battered the town-hall roof, and tore at the treetops. That roaring and danger lasted a few minutes, while the power of the wind went by. Then the sound left was the sound of the rain, which was now falling vertically and so heavily that they might have been under a waterfall.

If the same thing was happening at Walley, he thought, Jane would know enough not to expect him. This was the last thought he had of her for a long while.

"Mrs. Groves wouldn't wash my clothes," he said, to his own surprise. "She was afraid to touch them."

The librarian said in a peculiarly quivering, shamed, and determined

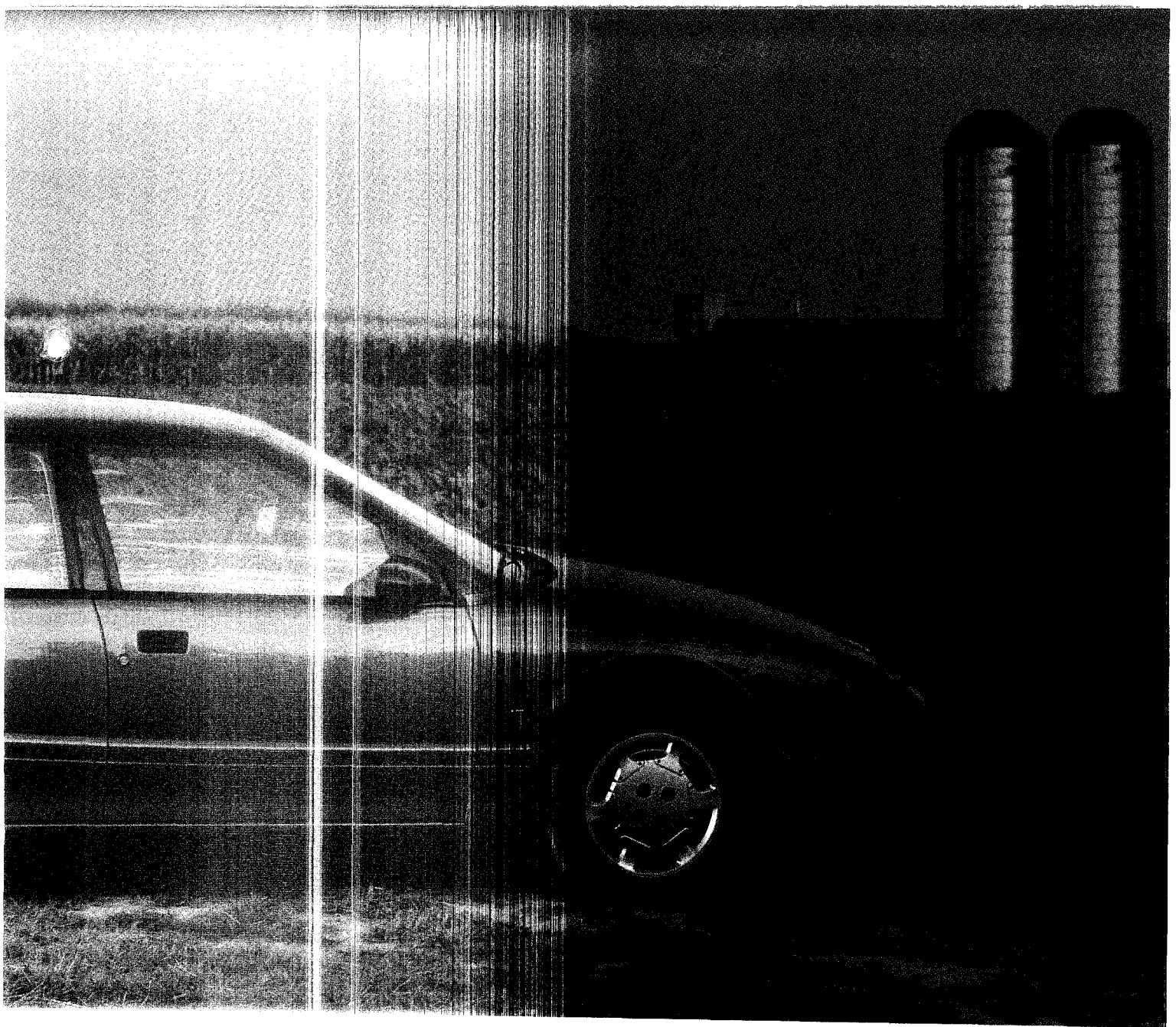


JOHN HOLTKAMP was spending more on gas than on film, which posed a problem for him.

John's a photographer. And he used to drive a truck. That big box he's leaning on is his bread and butter, and he takes it (and more) wherever the work happens to be. Which, on the average, means 750 miles from Monday morning to Friday night.

Hoping to pay less for those miles, John shopped the small imports. But they just wouldn't do. Then he heard about us. So he came by, with all his stuff, and looked at a Saturn sedan.

©1991 Saturn Corporation. EPA-estimated MPG for the SLI automatic is 26 city/35 highway. John Holtkamp is pictured with a 1992 Saturn SLI.



(Car seatbacks, while a real mouthful to say, are handy when you have more than a trunkful to haul.)

On the weekends, John hauls animal feed. Because the Holtkamps have a llama, eight miniature donkeys, and an emu.

Since we didn't know what an emu was either, we asked, before meeting, if he wouldn't mind holding his emu while we took a picture of him and his Saturn. "Well," John said, "it's okay with me, but emus don't really like that sort of thing."



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voice, "I think what you did—I think that was a remarkable thing to do."

The rain made such a constant noise that he was released from answering. He found it easy then to turn and look at her. Her profile was dimly lit by the wash of rain down the windows. Her expression was calm and reckless. Or so it seemed to him. He realized that he knew hardly anything about her—what kind of person she really was or what kind of secrets she could have. He could not even estimate his own value to her. He only knew that he had some, and it wasn't the usual.

He could no more describe the feeling he got from her than you can describe a smell. It's like the scorch of electricity. It's like burnt kernels of wheat. No, it's like a bitter orange. I give up.

He had never imagined that he would find himself in a situation like this, visited by such a clear compulsion. But it seemed he was not unprepared. Without thinking twice or even once what he was letting himself in for he said, "I wish—"

He had spoken too quietly, she did not hear him.

He raised his voice. He said, "I wish we could get married."

Then she looked at him. She laughed but controlled herself.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sorry. It's just what went through my mind."

"What was that?" he said.

"I thought, That's the last I'll see of him."

Arthur said, "You're mistaken."

TOLPUDDLE MARTYRS

THE passenger trains from Carstairs had stopped running during the Second World War and even the rails were taken up. People said it was for the War Effort. When Louisa went to the city, to see the heart specialist, in the mid-fifties, she had to take the bus. She was not supposed to drive anymore.

The doctor, the heart specialist, said that her heart was a little wonky and her pulse inclined to be jumpy. She thought that made her heart sound like a comedian and her pulse like a puppy on a leash. She had not come fifty-seven miles to be treated with such playfulness, but she let it pass, because she was already distracted by something she had been reading in the doctor's waiting room. Perhaps it was

what she had been reading that had made her pulse jumpy.

On an inside page of the local paper she had seen the headline, "LOCAL MARTYRS HONORED," and simply to pass the time she had read further. She read that there was to be some sort of ceremony that afternoon at Victoria Park. It was a ceremony to honor the Tolpuddle Martyrs. The paper said that few people had heard of the Tolpuddle Martyrs, and certainly Louisa had not. They were six men who had been tried and found guilty for administering illegal oaths. This peculiar offense, committed over one hundred years ago in the village of Tolpuddle, in Dorset, England, had got them transported to Australia, and later on some of them had ended up in Ontario, here in London, where they lived out the rest of their days and were buried without any special notice or commemoration. They were considered now to be among the earliest founders of the trade-union movement, and the Trade Unions Council, along with representatives of the Canadian Congress of Labour and the ministers of some local churches, had organized a ceremony that would take place today, the occasion of the hundred-and-twentieth anniversary of their arrest.

"Martyrs" is laying it on somewhat, thought Louisa. They were not executed, after all.

The ceremony was to take place at three o'clock, and the chief speakers were to be one of the local ministers and Mr. John (Jack) Agnew, a union spokesman from Toronto.

It was a quarter after two when Louisa came out of the doctor's office. The bus to Carstairs did not leave until six o'clock. She had thought she would go and have tea and something to eat on the top floor of Simpsons, then shop for a wedding present at Birks, or if the time fitted go to an afternoon movie. Victoria Park lay between the

doctor's office and Simpsons, and she decided to cut across it. The day was hot and the shade of the trees pleasant. She could not avoid seeing where the chairs had been set up and a small speakers' platform draped in yellow cloth, with a Canadian flag on one side and what she supposed must be a labor-union flag on the other. A group of people had collected, and she found herself changing course in order to get a look at them. Some were old people, very plainly but decently dressed, the women with kerchiefs around their heads on the hot day. Europeans, she thought. Others were factory workers, men in clean short-sleeved shirts and women in fresh blouses and slacks, let out early. A few women must have come from home, because they were wearing summer dresses and sandals and trying to keep track of small children. Louisa thought that they would not care at all for the way she was dressed—fashionably, as always, in beige shantung with a crimson silk tam—but she noticed, just then, a woman more elegantly got up than she was, in green silk with her dark hair drawn tightly back, tied with a green-and-gold scarf. She might have been forty—her face was worn, but beautiful. She came over to Louisa at once, smiling, and showed her a chair, and gave her a mimeographed paper. Louisa could not read the purple printing. She tried to get a look at some men who were talking beside the platform. Were the speakers among them?

The coincidence of the name was hardly even interesting. Neither the first name nor the last was all that unusual.

She did not know why she had sat down, or why she had come over here in the first place. She was beginning to feel a faintly sickening, familiar agitation. But once it got going, telling herself that it was over nothing did no good. The only thing to do was to get up and get away from here, before any more people sat down and hemmed her in.

The green woman intercepted her, asked if she was all right.

"I have to catch a bus," said Louisa in a croaky voice. She cleared her throat. "An out-of-town bus," she said with better control, and marched away, not in the right direction for Simpsons. She thought in fact that she wouldn't go there, she wouldn't go to Birks for the wedding present or to a movie,



either. She would just go and sit in the bus depot until it was time for her to go home.

HALF a block from the bus depot she remembered that the bus had not taken her there that morning. The depot was being torn down and rebuilt—there was a temporary depot several blocks away. She had not paid quite enough attention to which street it was on—York Street, east of the real depot, or King? At any rate, she had to detour, because both of these streets were being torn up, and she had almost decided she was lost when she realized she had been lucky enough to come upon the temporary depot by the back way. It was an old house—one of those tall, yellow-gray brick houses dating from the time when this was a residential district. This was probably the last use it would be put to before being torn down. Houses all around it must have been torn down to make the large gravelled lot where the buses pulled in. There were still some trees at the edge of the lot and under them a few rows of chairs that she had not noticed when she got off the bus before noon. Two men were sitting on what used to be the veranda of the house, on old car seats. They wore brown shirts with the bus company's insignia, but they seemed to be halfhearted about their work, not getting up when she asked if the bus to Carstairs was leaving at six o'clock as scheduled and where could she get a soft drink.

Six o'clock, far as they knew.

Coffee shop down the street.

Cooler inside but only Coke and orange left.

She got herself a Coca-Cola out of the cooler in a dirty little indoor waiting room that smelled of a bad toilet. Moving the depot to this dilapidated house must have thrown everyone into a state of indolence and fecklessness. There was a fan set up in the room they used as an office, and as she went by on her way outside she saw some papers blow off the desk. "Oh, shit," said the office girl, and stamped her heel on them.

Coming out, Louisa saw that the chairs set up in the shade of the dusty city trees were straight-backed old wooden ones originally painted different colors—they looked as if they had come from various kitchens. Strips of old carpet and rubber bathroom mats were laid down in front of them, to



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keep your feet off the gravel. On the ground a little way off slept a white calf, which Louisa would not accept, so she squinted at it until it stirred and roused itself and turned into a dingy dog. It trotted over and looked at her for a moment in a grave, semiofficial way, gave a brief sniff at her shoes, and trotted away.

She had not noticed if there were any drinking straws and did not feel like going back to look. She drank Coke from the bottle, tilting back her head and closing her eyes.

When she opened them, a man was sitting one chair away and was speaking to her.

"I got here as soon as I could," he said. "Nancy said you were going to catch a bus. As soon as I finished with the speech I took off. But the bus depot is all torn up."

"Temporarily," she said.

"I knew you right away," he said. "In spite of—well, many years. When I saw you, I was talking to somebody. Then I looked again and you'd disappeared."

"I don't recognize you," said Louisa.

"Well, no," he said. "I guess not. Of course. You wouldn't."

He was wearing tan slacks, a pale-yellow short-sleeved shirt, a cream-and-yellow ascot. A bit of a dandy, for a union man. His hair was white but thick and wavy, the sort of springy hair that goes in ripples, up and back from the forehead. His skin was flushed and his face was deeply wrinkled from the efforts of speechmaking—and from talking to people privately, she supposed, with much of the fervor and persuasiveness of his public speeches. He wore tinted glasses, which he took off now, as if willing that she should see him better. His eyes were a light blue, slightly bloodshot and apprehensive. A good-looking man, trim except for a little authoritative bulge over the belt, but she did not find these serviceable, good looks—the careful, spotty clothes, the display of ripply hair, the effective expressions—very attractive. She preferred the kind of looks Arthur had had. The restraint, the dark-suited dignity that some people could call pompous but that seemed to her admirable and innocent.

"I always meant to break the ice," he said. "I meant to speak to you. I should have gone in and said goodbye at least. The opportunity to leave came up so suddenly."

Louisa did not have any idea what to say to this.

He sighed. He said, "You must have been mad at me. Are you still?"

"No," she said, and fell back, ridiculously, on the usual courtesies. "How is Grace? How is your daughter? Lillian?"

"Grace is not so well. She had some arthritis. Her weight doesn't help it. Lillian is all right. She's married but she still teaches high school. Mathematics. Not too usual for a woman."

How could Louisa begin to correct him? Could she say, No, your wife, Grace, got married again during the war, she married a farmer, a widower? Before that she used to come in and clean our house once a week. Mrs. Groves had got too old. And Lillian never finished high school, how could she be a high-school teacher? She married young, she had some children, she works in the drugstore. She has your height and your hair, dyed blond. I used to look at her and think she must be like you. When she was growing up I used to give her my step-daughter's outgrown clothes.

Instead of this, she said, "Then the woman in the green dress—that was not Lillian?"

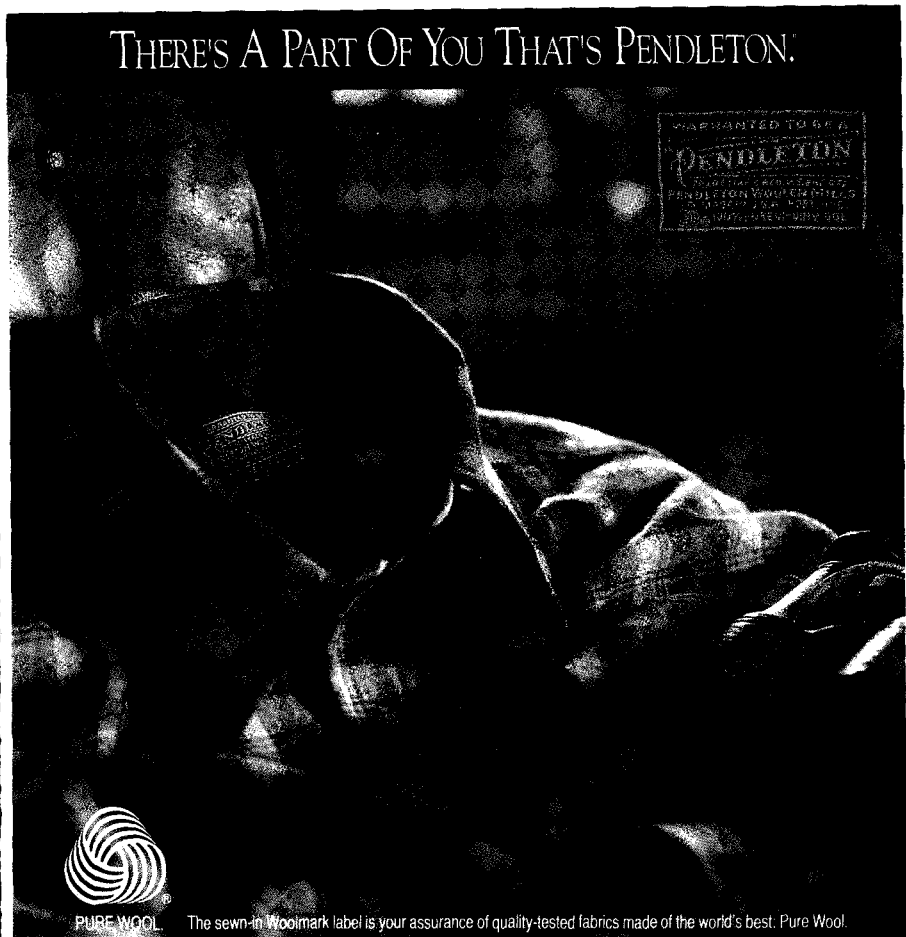
"Nancy? Oh no! Nancy is my guardian angel. She keeps track of where I'm going, and when, and have I got my speech, and what I drink and eat and have I taken my pills. I tend toward high blood pressure. Nothing too serious. But my way of life's no good. I'm on the go constantly. Tonight I've got to fly out of here to Ottawa, tomorrow I've got a tough meeting, tomorrow night I've got some fool banquet."

Louisa felt it necessary to say, "You knew that I got married? I married Arthur Doud."

She thought he showed some surprise. But he said, "Yes, I heard that. Yes."

"We worked hard, too," said Louisa sturdily. "Arthur died six years ago. We kept the factory going all through the thirties, even though at times we were down to three men. We had no money for repairs, and I remember cutting up the office awnings so that Arthur could carry them up on a ladder and patch the roof. We tried making everything we could think of. Even outdoor bowling alleys for those amusement places. Then the war came, and we couldn't keep up with the work. We

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could sell all the pianos we could make, but we were also making radar cases for the Navy. I stayed in the office all through."

"It must have been a change," he said, in what seemed a tactful voice. "A change from the library."

"Work is work," she said. "I still work. My stepdaughter, Bea, is divorced, she keeps house for me after a fashion. My son has finally finished university. He is supposed to be learning about the business, but he has some excuse to go off in the middle of every afternoon. When I come home at suppertime, so tired I could drop, I hear the ice tinkling in their glasses and them laughing behind the hedge. Oh, Mud, they say when they see me—oh, poor Mud, sit down here. Get her a drink! They call me Mud because that was my son's

name for me when he was a baby. But they are neither of them babies now. The house is cool when I come home. It's a lovely house if you remember, built in three tiers like a wedding cake. Mosaic tiles in the entrance hall, and wooden trim that looks like lace edges and drinks up the paint. But I am always thinking about the factory—that is what fills my mind. What should we do to stay afloat? There are only five factories in Canada making pianos now, and three of them are in Quebec, with the low cost of labor. No doubt you know all about that. When I talk to Arthur in my head it is always about the same thing. I am very close to him still but it is hardly in a mystical way. You would think that as you get older your mind would fill up with what they call the spiritual side of things, but mine just seems to get more and more practical, trying to get something settled. What a thing to talk to a dead man about."

She stopped, she was embarrassed. But she was not sure that he had listened to all of this and, in fact, she was not sure that she had said all of it.

"What started me off—" he said. "What got me going in the first place, with whatever I have managed to do, was the library. So I owe you a great deal."

He put his hands on his knees and looked down.

"Ah, rubbish," he said.

He groaned, and ended up with a laugh.

"My father," he said. "You wouldn't remember my father?"

"Oh, yes," Louisa said

"Well. Sometimes I think he had the right idea."

Then he lifted his eyes and made a pronouncement.

"Love never dies."

At first, she felt impatient to the point of taking offense. This is what all the speechmaking turns you into, she thought—a person who can say things like that. Love dies all the time, or at any rate it becomes distracted, overlaid—it might as well be dead.

"Arthur used to come and sit in the library," she said. "In the beginning I was very provoked with him. I used to look at the back of his neck and think, Ha, what if something should hit you there!

None of that would make sense to you. It wouldn't make sense. And it turned out to be something else entirely that I wanted. I wanted to marry him and get into a normal life."

"A normal life," she repeated—and a giddiness seemed to be taking over, an airy solemnity and widespread forgiveness, a tender notion of understanding between him and herself. "What do you think I mean by that?"

Across the gravelled yard came a group of oddly dressed folk. They moved all together, a clump of black. The women did not show their hair—they had black shawls or bonnets covering their heads. The men wore broad hats and black braces. The children were dressed just like their elders, even to the bonnets and hats. How hot they all looked in those clothes—how hot and dusty and wary and shy.

"The Tolpuddle Martyrs," he said, in a faintly joking, resigned, and compassionate voice. "Ah, I guess I'd better go over. I'd better go over there and have a word with them."

That edge of a joke, the unkindness, made her think of somebody else. Who was it? When she saw the breadth of his shoulders from behind, and the broad flat buttocks, she knew who.

Jim Frarey.

Oh, what kind of a trick was being played on her, or what kind of trick was she playing on herself! She would not have it. She pulled herself up tightly, she saw all those black clothes blotted together. She was dizzy and



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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

humiliated. She would not have it.

But not all black, now that they were getting closer. She could see dark blue—those were the men's shirts—and dark blue and purple in some of the women's dresses. She could see faces—the men's behind beards, the women's in their deep-brimmed bonnets. And now she knew who they were. They were Mennonites.

Mennonites were living in this part of the country, where they never ~~used~~ to be. There were some of them around Bondy, a village north of Carstairs. They would be going home on the same bus she was taking.

He was not with them, or anywhere in sight.

A traitor, helplessly. A traveller.

Once she knew that these were Mennonites and not some lost unidentifiable strangers, they did not look so shy or dejected. In fact they seemed quite cheerful, passing around a bag of candy, the adults eating candy with the children. They settled on the chairs all around her.

No wonder she was feeling clammy. She had gone under a wave, which nobody else had noticed. You could say anything you liked about what had happened—but what it amounted to was going under a wave. She had gone under and through it and was left with a cold sheen on her skin, a beating in her ears, a cavity in her chest and revolt in her stomach. It was anarchy she was up against—a devouring muddle. Sudden holes and impromptu tricks and radiant vanishing consolations.

But these settlements of Mennonites, all around her, are a blessing. The pop of behinds on chairs, the crackling of the candy bag, the meditative sucking and soft conversations. Without looking at Louisa, a little girl holds out the bag, and Louisa accepts a butter-scotch mint. She is surprised to be able to hold it in her hand, to have her lips shape "Thank you," then to discover in her mouth just the taste that she expected. She sucks on it as they do on theirs, not in any hurry, and allows that taste to promise her some reasonable continuance.

Lights have come on, though it isn't yet evening. In the trees above the wooden chairs someone has strung lines of little colored bulbs that she did not notice until now. They make her think of festivities. Carnivals. Boats of singers on the lake.

"What place is this?" she said to the woman beside her.

ON the day of Miss Tarblyn's death it happened that Louisa was staying in the Commercial Hotel. She was a traveller then, for a company that sold hats, ribbons, handkerchiefs, trimmings, and ladies' underwear to retail stores. She heard the talk in the hotel, and it occurred to her that the town would soon need a new librarian. She was getting very tired of lugging her sample cases on and off trains, and showing her wares in hotels, packing and unpacking. She went at once and talked to the people in charge of the library. A Mr. Doud and a Mr. Macleod. They sounded like a vaudeville team but did not look it. The pay was poor, but she had not been doing so well on commission, either. She told them that she had finished high school, in Toronto, and had worked in Eaton's Book Department before she switched to travelling. She did not think it necessary to tell them that she had only worked there five months when she was discovered to have t.b., and that she had then spent four years in a sanatorium. The t.b. was cured, anyway—her spots were dry.

The hotel moved her to one of the rooms for permanent guests, on the third floor. She could see the snow-covered hills over the rooftops. The town of Carstairs was in a river valley. It had three or four thousand people and a long main street that ran downhill, over the river, and uphill again. There was a piano-and-organ factory.

The houses were built for lifetimes and the yards were wide and the streets were lined with mature elm and maple trees. She had never been here when the leaves were on the trees. It must make a great difference. So much that lay open now would be concealed.

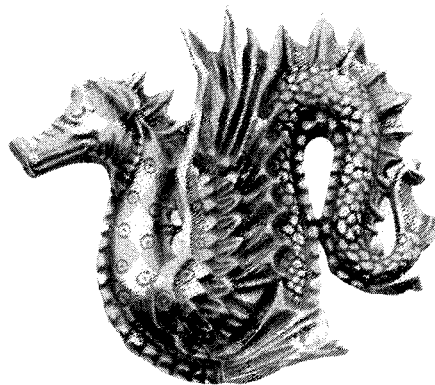
She was glad of a fresh start, her spirits were hushed and grateful. She had made fresh starts before and things had not turned out as she had hoped, but she believed in the swift decision, the unforeseen intervention, the uniqueness of her fate.

The town was full of the smell of horses. As evening came on, big blinkered horses with feathered hooves pulled the sleighs across the bridge, past the hotel, beyond the street lights, down the dark side roads. Somewhere out in the country they would lose the sound of each other's bells. —ALICE MUNRO



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MOVING TO RICHLAND—II

WHEN the firm of Homer Laughlin China, of Newell, West Virginia, introduced its Fiesta line, in 1936, the company's designers were not concerned with the hazards of radioactive glaze; they simply liked the brilliant red-orange that uranium produced. Fiesta was meant to appeal to modern taste, with bright, solid colors over stream-



lined forms. Homer Laughlin initially offered the pattern in blue, green, yellow, and ivory, but Fiesta Red was the focal point of the line, the favorite of designers and customers alike. Mango Red—as it was later known—always sold better than its companion colors, even though the difficulties of working with uranium or any red glaze added about twenty-five per cent to the cost.

The pigmenting properties of uranium were no new discovery. Once upon a time, Apaches and Comanches on the Colorado Plateau used to grind up carnotite, a uranium-bearing ore, to color their war paint. As early as the first century A.D., Roman artisans mixed uranium salts with sand to produce a yellowish-green glass for mosaic tesserae. Glass manufacturers in the early part of this century again used uranium, to create the fluorescent chartreuse of “canary” or “vaseline” glass. More than a hundred years before Fiesta, potters had learned that sodium uranate in ceramic glaze could yield yellow, orange, or black. In fact, before the development of the atomic bomb the only proven use for uranium was in the decorative arts.

In early 1986, fifty years after the introduction of Fiesta, Mango Red caught the eye of James L. Acord, Jr., a Seattle artist who designs and builds nuclear sculpture. Unlike the design-

ers at Homer Laughlin China, Acord was not particularly drawn to the color, although he liked it well enough. What really attracted him was the uranium content of the glaze. He had just finished carving the granite portion of a sculpture entitled “Monstrance for a Grey Horse,” and he needed uranium to complete his plan for the piece. In this single work he wanted to demonstrate the integral relationship of stone and metal, reestablish the ancient link between art and advanced technology, and prove that sculpture could offer tangible solutions to the problems of society. Uranium, the most prominent of the trace elements contained in granite, suited each of these purposes perfectly. Thus far, however, Acord had had no luck in his efforts to obtain used nuclear warheads or spent reactor fuel. In some respects, the original Mango Red suited Acord's purposes almost better than spent fuel. According to gamma scans, the pre-Second World War orange glaze contains whole uranium, with all its isotopes present in their natural proportions. Then, in 1943, the United States government diverted all available uranium to military purposes; as the company put it, “Fiesta Red went to war.” Material that would otherwise have gone to color cups and saucers orange went instead to fuel the Manhattan Project, Fat Man, and Little Boy. When Homer

Laughlin finally reintroduced Mango Red, in 1959, it looked the same, but the uranium in the glaze was now depleted, largely stripped of its U-235.

By the mid-nineteen-seventies, the Food and Drug Administration had grown sufficiently concerned about radioactivity in consumer products to sponsor a study on the possible dangers of uranium-

glazed ceramics. Tests revealed that the radiation coming off a plate dissipated within inches of the surface; the greatest potential hazard therefore came from direct contact with the glaze. In the absence of clinical studies, researchers used their radiological data to project the effects of long-term exposure. They posited the existence of a restaurant that used uranium tableware exclusively, and then calculated that a dishwasher in this establishment, working a full year of forty-hour weeks (with a two-week vacation), would receive an annual dose of 34.4 millirem, well under the maximum dose acceptable for the general public. The report, published in 1978, concluded that exposure to uranium glaze was not a serious hazard but one to be avoided nonetheless. The test results suggested that it would be inadvisable to use radioactive ceramics for storing sauerkraut and other acidic foods that might leach the glaze.

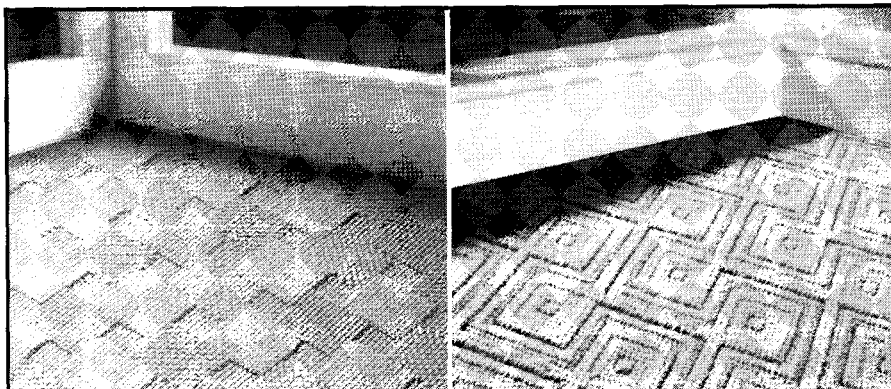
Homer Laughlin China eliminated Mango Red in 1972, and dropped the line entirely in 1973. (Fiesta was reintroduced in 1986, on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, but the favorite red was not restored.) The F.D.A. report noted with some alarm, however, that radioactive tableware was readily available in antique stores. (“Clearly, the problem is still with us today!”) Indeed, no sooner had Fiesta

gone out of production than it became a collectible, and old sets began to emerge from attics and basements around the country. Interest was strong enough to inspire a history, "The Story of Fiesta," as well as six editions of "The Collectors Encyclopedia of Fiesta."

Fiesta aficionados were aware of the radioactivity of Mango Red. The editors of "The Collectors Encyclopedia" had commissioned their own radiological analysis to determine the safety of the glaze. According to their interpretation of this study, a person holding a "chop plate strapped to his chest for twenty-four hours" would receive the same exposure—twenty millirems—as a radiation worker on an eight-hour shift. The encyclopedia repeated F.D.A. warnings about sauerkraut, but concluded, "Unless you've noticed your grandmother's nose glowing—we're all quite safe!"

The notoriety of Mango Red may have actually increased its value: certainly, every nuclear worker I talked to owned at least one piece. In any case, the resurgent market in Depression ware had a dramatic effect on Fiesta prices. Back in 1936, a service for eight—sixty-seven pieces, including something called a "nappy"—sold for twenty dollars; a companion set of flatware and glassware, including ashtrays and color-coordinated swizzle sticks, went for \$14.95. These days, a boutique might ask more for a single platter than Homer Laughlin charged for the complete service. But every consignment of pottery has a few cracked and broken pieces, and Acord persuaded several dealers to save the Fiesta scraps for him. He started stockpiling Fiesta shards at ten cents a pound.

At first, Acord planned to do nothing more than break up the plates, to make them fit more compactly in the core of his sculpture. But the process was crude and the results unappealing; there was too much earthenware in the mix. He then began to devise techniques to separate the glaze from the plates, and the uranium from the glaze. He pulverized shards in an alchemist's mortar, and then sluiced out the pottery dust with a water-flotation technique: immersed in water, the heavy particles of uranium sank to the bottom of a container, while the clay and silt remained in suspension, to be carried away in the flow. In other words, Acord panned for uranium. "I had the



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best luck with plastic salad containers from 7-Eleven," he told me. "Those corrugated ridges on the bottom of the tray were great for catching the glaze. The only trouble was, I hated salad."

To hold down the dust, Acord rigged up a rudimentary glove box—a clear-plastic tent with holes for his hands—and a dedicated vacuum cleaner to provide filtration. For further protection, he put on goggles and a bunny suit—the sanitary white overalls worn by nuclear workers. In time, he added a gas mask, but he started out using a stone carver's dust mask he had acquired while working as a granite carver in the monument industry in Barre, Vermont. "I was coming from the stone age into the nuclear age, so what did I know?" he says. "As is so often the case, I was into the ritual and the visual effects long before I had any understanding of what I was doing. At first, it was kind of a cargo-cult nuclear thing."

By the spring of 1987, Acord had reduced several table settings of dinnerware to a film-cannisterful of orange sand. He had documented the project with photographs and written logs, and now he wanted a detailed radiological analysis for his records. The Washington State Department of Social and Health Services' Office of Radiation Control, in downtown Seattle, was said to offer free gamma scans, so Acord made an appointment to take in a sample of Fiesta, a small chunk of granite, and some slides of his work. He hoped that by demonstrating his exacting standards and responsible procedures he might get permission to work with other nuclear materials. The officials listened politely to his presentation and then took a spot check of his samples with a Geiger counter. When the Fiesta glaze sent the needle off the top of the scale, they packed up the sample and told him to call back in a few days.

A week later, Acord met with Susan May, the nuclear-response officer in the Office of Radiation Control. Ms. May told him that her agency no longer accepted "walk-ins," so he would have to get his analysis done elsewhere. His Fiesta sample could not be returned, however, and before he processed any more uranium glaze she thought he ought to be aware of a few things. Ms. May then brought out the "Radiation Protection" volume of the

Washington State "Statutes and Rules, Including Fees" and drew Acord's attention to Chapters 402-19, 402-21, and 402-70 of the Washington Administrative Code, where the relevant regulations had been checked and underlined. She pointed out that possession of exempt material was limited to fifteen pounds at any one time and a total of a hundred and fifty pounds in a calendar year. Acord admitted to owning rather more Fiesta ware than that. If he divested himself of the excess, she said, he could continue working with Fiesta, under certain conditions. He would have to wear a personal dosimeter and file quarterly reports on his exposure to radiation. He would be allowed to break the plates into pieces, but if he chipped them or otherwise attempted to separate the glaze from the ceramic base, his action could be construed as mining and milling of radioactive source material, and that required a special license. The one-time application fee was \$27,000. The other fees—for licensing (\$165,000), inspection (\$90,000), and miscellaneous charges (\$10,885)—were all payable on an annual basis. "I always knew that sculpture was the most capital intensive of the arts," Acord commented later. "But that was a little beyond my means. I told her I'd have to think about that, and she just looked at me as if to say, 'Think all you like, you know, but there's nothing you can do about it.'"

"IS Fiesta ware really dangerous?" I asked Nancy Kirner one day over lunch at a Mexican restaurant in Bellevue, across Lake Washington from Seattle.

"Well, let me put it this way." She looked down at her burrito and smiled. "I'm glad this plate isn't orange. Yeah, you can get into trouble, if you—you know—live on top of a Fiesta-ware

plate. But still it's relatively safe. Normal people don't do that."

Mrs. Kirner, a health physicist, had been director of the Washington State Office of Radiation Control when Acord began his search for nuclear material, and it was she, in fact, who had steered him toward the use of Fiesta. She continued to advise him even after she left the state regulatory agency to work for Envirosphere, a consulting company specializing in environmental engineering. In gratitude, Acord had given her a drawing of "Reliquary for Two Hands," another work in progress, which used granite and stainless steel to contain Fiesta ware. She accepted the drawing and hung it in her office, but she always identified it as a "long-term permanent loan," in order to disavow ownership. Her employer, it seemed, was sensitive about the legal and public-relations implications of any formal connection with Acord. Still, when we spoke on the phone she had sounded very willing to talk about Acord and his work.

Mrs. Kirner was often away on site visits, but we were able to arrange our lunch meeting for the day after she returned from a business trip, and the day before she was to leave on a three-hundred-mile bicycle trip with her husband and children. When I finally met her, I could understand why she had described the expedition as her ideal vacation. Her well-trimmed red-blond hair and simple linen suit suggested both physical fitness and businesslike efficiency, but the brisk look was softened by her bright eyes and warm smile. It was easy to imagine her leading the family through the entire journey without a stiff muscle or a whimper from the kids.

"You wouldn't say Acord's work is normal, I guess," I said, "but how hazardous could it be?"

Silence. Acord had warned me that Mrs. Kirner considers her answers carefully before she opens her mouth; she told him once that she always tried to envision how her remarks might look as a headline in the *Olympian*, a newspaper in the state capital. Finally, she said, "You know, in radiation protection there are three tenets that underlie all good programs. First, is this exposure necessary? And, second, if it's necessary, can it be done within safe limits? And, third, if it's necessary and can be done within safe limits—



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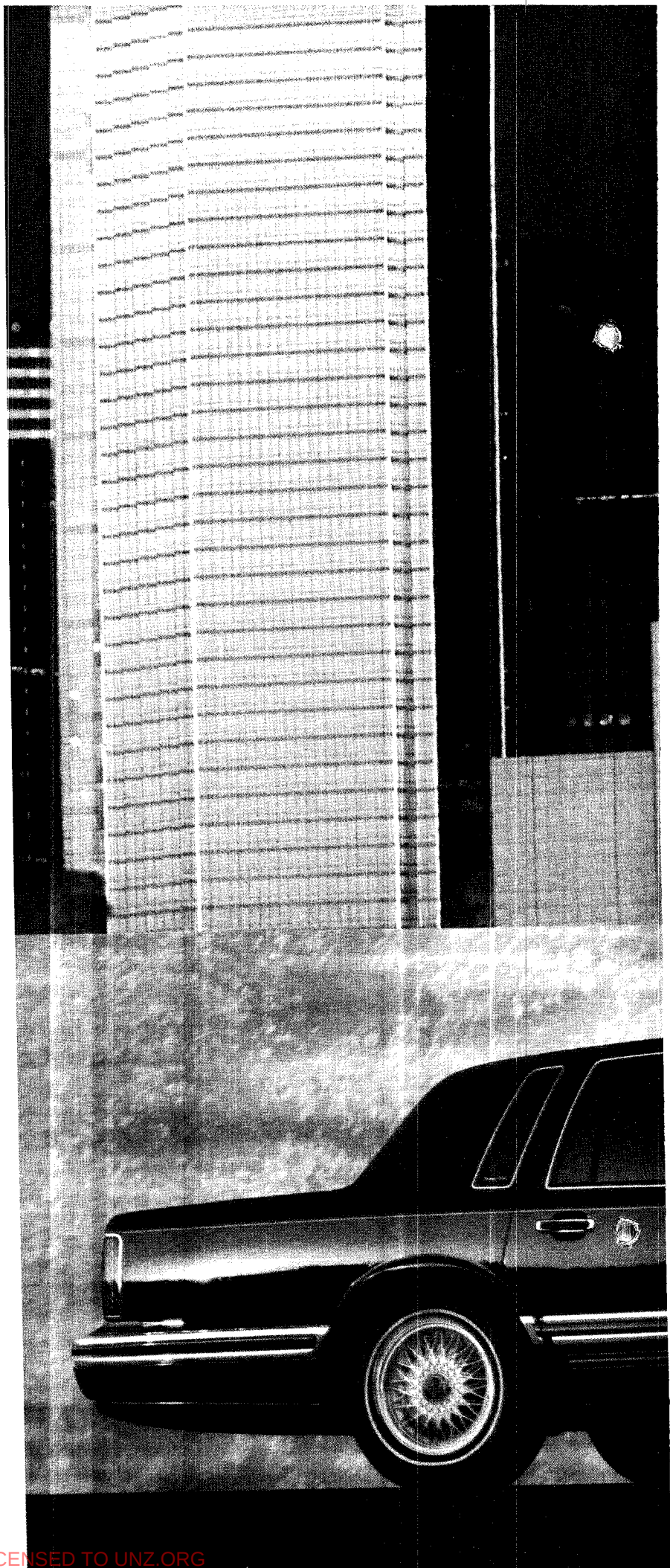
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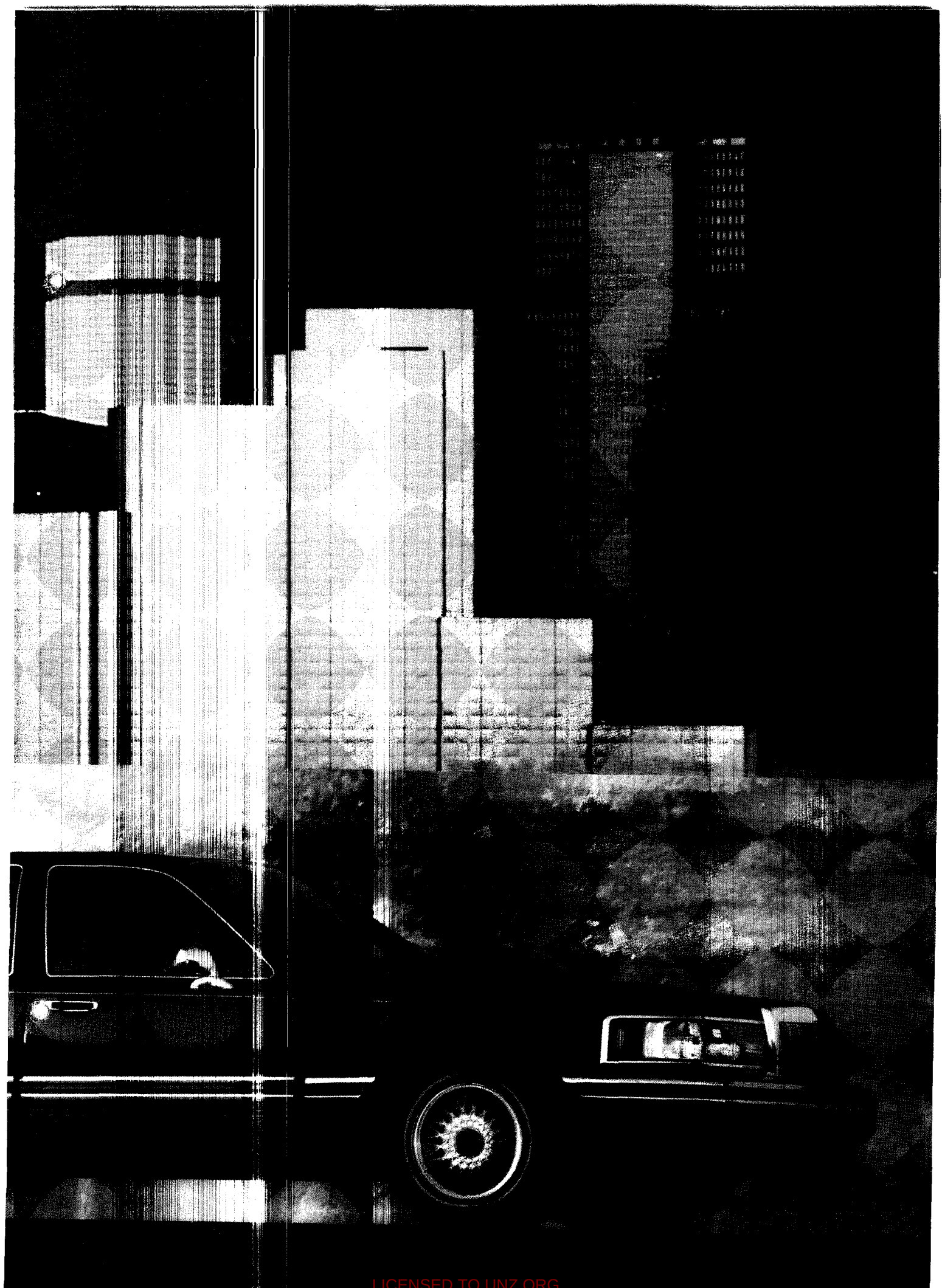
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well, can we further reduce the exposure to levels that are as low as is reasonably achievable? Within the framework of those three tenets, then, you keep bumping into the first one: Is this exposure really necessary? Is there any benefit? At first, I couldn't see any in Jim's work. I thought that it was a very odd and very frivolous use of radiation."

"But now you've changed your mind?"

Mrs. Kirner gave no immediate indication that she had heard my question. She took a bite of burrito, chewed slowly, and swallowed. Then she took a sip of water. Then she said, "See, I was raised Catholic. And so Jim's images of the reliquary and the monstrance, the greater symbolic nature of spirituality—it really struck a chord with me, because I also feel as though you had to put something greater than just man's health and safety into a repository. It's got to operate in more than one dimension. You need some great symbol in order for man to keep the material safe into the future ages. I know, I might be strange in my endorsement of it—and on a technical level I just cannot agree with his wanting to put radioactive waste into his statues—but it does appear to be a legitimate use of his art to lend a spiritual context to radioactive-waste repositories." Mrs. Kirner's face colored slightly. "You know, I think of the monasteries and the monks, and the Bible as it was cherished through the Middle Ages. It was like a cult passed from generation to generation to keep the word alive. And if Jim's art can convey an urgency to be respectful of this material, then he has made a great contribution."

"If you felt that way, couldn't you have influenced the decision of the state?"

"The strong reaction from the state came after I left Radiation Control. So if you want to know about that I'm afraid you're going to have to ask Terry Frazee."

I HAD already made an appointment with Terry Frazee, Mrs. Kirner's successor at the Department of Social and Health Services, and the next day I drove down to talk to him at the radioactive-materials section, in Airdustrial Park, near Olympia. There was no receptionist at the door and, in fact, no one at all in the long corridors

of clerical cubicles which spread out on either side of the entrance. The regulators were out to lunch. I called out tentatively, reluctant to break the silence. "Be right with you," a voice answered from an office at the far end of the hall. Moments later, a man ambled out and introduced himself as Terry Frazee. Still slim and boyish in his early forties, he had sandy hair flopping down over his forehead and a thick mustache above an off-center grin. Dressed in running shoes, chinos, and a pastel-striped polo jersey, he appeared to be anything but the stuffed shirt I had expected to meet.

On the way back to his office, Frazee stopped to show me a glass display case, his curiosity cabinet of low-level radiation. I could recognize decorative items of vaseline glass and Fiesta ware and a couple of recent pieces of Chinese cloisonné with the familiar orange color. Frazee pointed out various practical items such as an americium-cell smoke detector, a tritium-powered exit sign from a commercial airliner, an assortment of X-ray tubes containing cobalt. Perched on top of the cabinet were three Revigators, patented stoneware jugs that had once been primed with tiny amounts of radium, to infuse radon gas into drinking water. In a more optimistic era of health consciousness and nuclear awareness, just seventy years ago, the jugs were thought to produce the elixir of life. Down in a corner of the cabinet were a small Indian basket and a stack of coffee filters. "I have no idea what those are doing there," Terry said. "I guess someone just needed a place to put them."

"But all the others pose a threat to the environment?" I asked.

"Well, the ultimate hazard varies. I like to use a spectrum as an analogy, because it ranges everywhere from naturally occurring materials that are in relatively low concentrations or low quantities all the way up through really high concentrations of what's called unnatural material—that is, man-made. And in between that there's all levels of hazard. Now, some radiation has very weak energy. The tritium we were just talking about is stopped by the glass tube that surrounds the phosphor in the exit markers. I wouldn't call that a serious hazard. And tritium is an isotope of hydrogen, so if you break open that tube it'll exchange with any other hydrogen. I mean, very

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rapidly it just goes everywhere, and it's gone. In fact, in the human body you have lots of tritium anyway, because it's a natural by-product of cosmic radiation. Tritium, carbon 14, potassium 40, and a few others are being continuously produced in the upper atmosphere, so they're all over the place. There's nothing you can do about that."

Frazee had talked us into his office. He motioned to me to sit down and dropped into his own chair.

"And then, probably the high end of the spectrum," Frazee went on, "has to be the nuclear industry—the weapons industry and the nuclear-power industry as a spinoff from that. And associated with both of those are some rather high-level waste problems, waste being something that's going to stay with you the rest of—Well, there's a big potential, but by and large, day to day, millirem here, millirem there,



you get very small exposures to most citizens from the nuclear industry. Under normal operating conditions it's difficult to measure the exposure at the fence line of a reactor, because the levels are very, very low. And, you know, there's a limit to how much we can do away with exposure anyway, because there's usually a benefit of some sort. I mean, weapons or the power that's produced by the reactors—ah, those are desirable things that at least some in our society want to have."

"But materials on the low end of the spectrum, like Fiesta ware, are presumably safer to work with than high-level waste?"

"Safe?" Frazee replied. "Safe is the thing that catches you up, because we know what high exposure to radiation does. In the early days, the standard was, hey, if your skin starts reddening, then you've gone too far. We didn't know that Fiesta ware was a possible problem. We didn't know that it wasn't a good idea to be chugging radium-laden water. As we've gone on, we've got more information from the atomic-bomb survivors and from certain medical studies that were done that, let's say, backfired. Scientists have tracked those people, and then, years later, they've found, oops, hey, there's something else happening here. So now there's a little graph that you can draw.

And we know that if you have x amount of exposure you'll have y effect. And if you have twice that exposure, then you have about—well, round numbers—twice the effect. O.K., so that's at high exposures. At low exposures, it gets to the point where there aren't good scientific studies to validate what happens to the line. So the presumption is that it continues to be linear right down to zero. That means that for something like a cancer if you have a little teeny bit of exposure you have a little teeny bitty risk of developing a cancer. And it's, like, at that point, you know, *who cares* what the exact number is." Frazee paused and stroked his mustache. "It's like splitting hairs; it's like splitting atoms of split hairs. But if you really get back and look at it from a distance, from the professional point of view, you say 'Big deal.' I mean, we know almost down to a gnat's eyebrow what the risk of radiation exposure is, and when you relate that to the risk of smoking a cigarette, the risk of driving your car, the risk of climbing a mountain—some people just really get off on that—most people are comfortable with those odds." Frazee noticed my rising eyebrows. "O.K., sure, there is definitely harm—hazard—involved with radiation. It's bad. I won't downgrade that. But relative to other things, when you compare it with the rest of the real world, you say, Hey, radiation isn't all that bad."

"Then why were you so hard on Acord?"

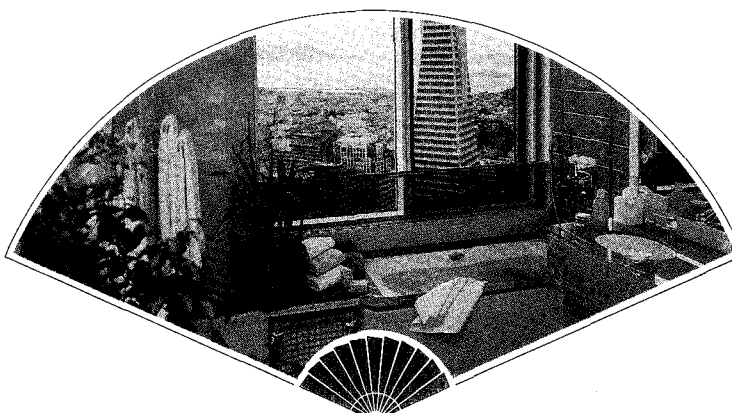
"Well, you know, as we've come to grips with what to do about high exposures in the nuclear industry and medical uses, you start wondering, Wait a minute, how come we're not doing more for the low end or the middle ground? So with Mr. Acord, you know, originally we thought, My gosh, what's he doing? He's out there deliberately doing something with Fiesta ware, which we knew to be radioactive." Frazee gave a sheepish shrug. "We're regulators. Our job is to make sure that nobody's getting more than his fair share, although, frankly, we weren't really worried about it from the practical health standpoint. A lot of our initial concern had more to do with the legality of it, the regulations. Being regulators, you know, we think every-

thing has got to be tied down someplace. So it was like, Whoa! I mean, either he's in a loophole or we're missing something. He doesn't fit into any known category. He's just not there. We consulted with the N.R.C. and they didn't know what to do with him, either, and so we're both madly fumbling through the regulations trying to figure out an out. The people in our Seattle office were getting this message from him that he grinds this stuff up and he processes it and, Oh, God, uranium! Is he a uranium mill? So that was the tie-in. He's doing, apparently, what a uranium mill does, and therefore you pull out the uranium-milling chapter and, I mean, it goes wild with all sorts of requirements. And it came to a fee of two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, whatever."

BY this time, Acord was living (as he is today) with Margaret Morrissey, a painter, collagist, and fabric designer who had moved to Seattle in 1983, from Peoria via Oakland and the California College of Arts and Crafts. They seem at first an unlikely couple. Margaret, slim and shy, with wide eyes, a long oval face, and a halo of dark-gold hair, has the look (and, perhaps, the heart) of a Renaissance saint. Her art is light in line, strong in color, and ephemeral in material—the very antithesis of Acord's work. She is also vehemently opposed to nuclear power in any form; she admires Acord's art, but she fears what stands behind it.

They met in early 1986, just before Acord began working with Fiesta ware. Margaret and some friends stopped in late one night at a studio Acord shared with two other sculptors in Fremont, an arts-and-industry neighborhood near the Ship Canal in Seattle. Acord was doing the lettering on a grave marker he had designed, and he had just cracked the stone, a mortifying—and expensive—experience. Nevertheless, Margaret was impressed: "He was cutting names in stone, and I was working as a sign painter, so there was an immediate bond there. We could talk about lettering." They could also talk about birds. Margaret loved to paint them, and she sometimes incorporated feathers into her work. Unlike Acord, who did studies of roadkill and other found corpses, she preferred to draw from life, but when she was

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studying at Humboldt State, in Northern California, she had often sketched stuffed specimens she borrowed from the ornithology collection of the campus museum. In all, she and Acord discovered, they had more in common than it first appeared. They continued to disagree about nuclear art, but Margaret soon became what he calls "my reality check."

"He seemed to take every argument personally," Margaret recalled recently, "but— Well, he was extremely sensitive about a lot of things at that time. He acted as if the whole world were making life difficult for him. Back then, I guess, he had more to prove to the world, and to himself. And maybe that was a way of gearing up psychologically for the battles that he ended up fighting."

The battles came on all fronts, and in the beginning Acord's victories were few. In compliance with state regulations, he divided his stock of Fiesta into fourteen-pound lots, sealed each lot in a plastic garbage bag labelled with radiation-warning stickers, and distributed the bags among his friends; still, he couldn't resist setting up a secret laboratory in one friend's basement, where he continued his experiments with the glaze. Following Susan May's suggestion, he obtained a thermoluminescent dosimeter designed specifically for the high neutron flux of a reactor accident; unfortunately, he stored the badge for weeks in a drawer full of Fiesta, where it absorbed enough radiation to alarm the lab that prepared his quarterly analysis. It took him eight months to send a fifty-gram sample of Fiesta glaze to U.S. Testing, a private laboratory on the Hanford nuclear reservation: the Postal Service and U.P.S. both refused to accept the

package, although it was shielded and double-walled, and the Department of Transportation denied him permission to carry the material overland. The University of Washington finally allowed him to ship the glaze under its radioactive-materials license, but he still had to fill out what amounted to an environmental-impact statement detailing the nature of the contents and the construction of the packaging. His one unmitigated success was a two-week introduction to radiation safety at the university—his first brush with

formal education since he was seventeen. He enjoyed himself so much that he later took a course in Radiation Detection and an Introduction to Nuclear Systems at a branch of Washington State University.

With Nancy Kirner's help, Acord outlined his new safety procedures in long letters to the Office of Radiation Control, the Department of Energy, and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. In response, Terry Frazee offered a deal: Acord could be licensed as a manufacturer of exempt material for only \$1,320 a year, with the provision that anyone who bought his sculpture would also be required to obtain a license, to transport and install the work. After considering the implications of this plan for future sales and exhibits, Acord turned down the deal and continued to push for complete exemption.

Bureaucrats and health physicists were not the only people who opposed Acord's ideas. A downtown gallery agreed to show "Reliquary for Two Hands," an empty repository for Fiesta, but when customers protested the piece was permanently "rotated" into the storeroom. At an antinuclear exhibit called "Hanfordgate," members of the environmental organization Heart of America Northwest accused Acord of being a tool of the nuclear industry. They grew angrier when he invited five Hanford workers, who had been



picketing the show, to join the discussion. He still professes surprise that "the addition of the word 'nuclear,' even when joined to 'art,' provoked an intensity of debate more akin to medieval theology than to art or science."

Closer to home, the situation was even worse. Acord's fellow-tenants in Fremont got worried when he began to wear his radiation-detection badge around the studio. Their anxiety increased when, shortly after his interview at Radiation Control, a police car started parking across the street from the studio; no one ever connected the surveillance directly to Acord's activities, but it seemed like a bad omen. Finally, the landlord remembered that the Fremont district had declared itself a nuclear-free zone, and Acord was asked to pack up his things and go.

Margaret Morrissey has suggested

that Acord's eviction might have had less to do with nuclear politics than with what she calls "boys' stuff." When I asked her what she meant by that, she said, "Well, stone's pretty macho stuff. It doesn't have to be, but there's sort of a competitiveness of skill. You can hear it in the shoptalk, when they start sparring a little bit. 'How do you do this?' 'Well, how do *you* do this?' You know, boys' stuff."

Peter Bevis, another Fremont sculptor, amplified Margaret's account: "Some of these guys just crash into a piece and call it done, like calf-roping at a rodeo—you just do it and put your hands in the air and that's it. But Jim is so, let's say, meticulous. He's a perfectionist. So there was a very basic difference there in their approaches to technique, and the situation just bubbled and boiled until Jim was asked to leave. Jim felt he got run out of Fremont on a rail, you know, but some people would say he helped lay the track."

Acord admits that both Margaret and Bevis may be right. "I have often been accused of making a fetish of technique—sometimes to my face, with the guy getting red around the collar as he says it. But it's not something I cling to for its own sake. I mean, mastery of technique frees you to create sculpture, and I thought, Well, these guys are sculptors, they ought to know this stuff. So I'd tell 'em. Yeah, I guess you could say I was a pain in the ass in those days, but I've always tried not to be judgmental. After all, sculpture is a large enough plot of ground for us all to be wrong. But still, there are times when I think, Jeez, you know, why am I out here all alone?"

WITH no place to carve granite, no money to cast metal, and no license to work with Fiesta, Acord turned to drawing again, with a vengeance. Without the opportunity (or the burden) of actually executing his designs, he let his imagination explore all the possibilities of his new material. His palette lightened, dominated by bright orange, and his line grew quicker and more fluid. Acord showed me months of ideas one night when he took me through his sketchbooks. I had asked him to explain the design of something called, depending on his mood, the Mark I Studio Reactor or the Fiesta Home Reactor, but a lot more came out.

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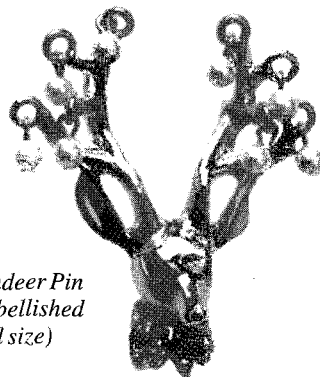
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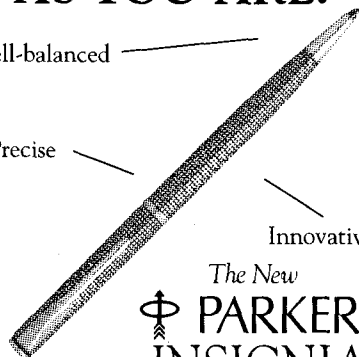
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ping through the pages. "Here's one," he said. "Right. This is a soup spoon with a smoke-detector alpha source to keep your soup warm as you bring it to your lips." He turned the page. "Then, of course, there's radioactive jewelry on a lead blouse. This is almost apocryphal," he said, although he meant apocalyptic; Acord, an autodidact with a hearing problem, is notorious among his acquaintances for his difficulties with spelling and pronunciation. "It's the kind of jewelry people might wear should we fail in carefully using radioactive materials on this planet and cast ourselves back into the darkness. It might then be appropriate for the survivors, if there were any, to keep a certain aura of personal radiation. Individual isotope tags might replace the Social Security number. After all, the world would be a very hot place and we would be evolving at a high rate of speed." Next page. "For those who

are really into the new age, we have here underwear with Fiesta-ware inserts; the woman's, of course, comes with two buttons directly over the ovaries, and the man's comes with a radioactive codpiece. I'd have a series of attractively designed leather straps, perhaps, holding it in place. It depends on what part of town I'm exhibiting it in."

The following drawing showed a triangular wedge of granite, about three feet high and thirteen inches on each side, with a winged titanium golf tee, about four feet long, embedded in the top. "Ah, the Arthead Project," Acord said. "I'm looking for peaceful uses for our ICBM fleet, and these sculptures could replace existing warheads. See, after disarmament many of the rules of the game would remain the same—only the consequences would be greatly reduced. A first strike would be possible with artheads, like a warning shot. Or as a peace offering. Or they could be launched in response to a nuclear disaster, for instance. Just the thing for something like Chernobyl, say. You get the alert, calculate the trajectory, and fire."

The next sketch looked like a tiny fireworks display. "When you reach the target, the nose cone blows apart and the artheads come out like a handful of darts. The parachutes open and

ten artheads float down and form a perfect warning circle at ten thousand metres, one hundred thousand metres—whatever the death-exclusion zone would be. We're talking twenty-eight minutes to any point on the Earth, and an even faster response could be gained by pre-positioning artheads in space. Actually, with trained sculptors standing by around the clock, given two hours' warning you could send whatever message you wanted to send, maybe this will be a commercial delivery system in the end. And the beauty of it is, is it can all be done with surplus equipment." Acord took a sip of coffee. "Let's see, say we had a thousand MX missiles, ten warheads to a missile. That would be ten thousand of these sculptures—a big job, paying work, you know, with the cost overruns and the kickbacks. This is the one that will put me over the top. In any event, it would make a nice gallery piece until the D.O.D. contract came in."

"This sounds like the beginning of a cultural-industrial complex," I suggested. "Exactly. Take a look at this." Acord riffled past sketches from a recent working trip to Alaska—detailed studies of salmon heads and welding tools in surreal combination, triptychs of dripping water spiralling off the keel of a drydocked trawler—until he found what he was looking for. "Here it is. The Fiesta X-Ray Laser. This is my own Star Wars project, the Strategic Art Initiative." The drawing showed a stack of Mango Red plates behind an electron gun pointed at a large gilded radar dish. "This puts me in direct competition with Edward Teller, but my design has a significant advantage in that it wouldn't be classified as a nuclear weapon. This is an answer. We can satisfy the extreme right wing, the weapons dealers, the Pentagon—everyone—and still stay within the confines of Kennedy's agreement with Khrushchev, about no nuclear weapons in space."

The reactor studies, five or six in all, finally turned up in a different sketchbook. All the designs called for transparent tanks filled with Fiesta suspended from intricate mechanisms of pulleys and gears. Each one showed



a different combination of pumps, valves, gauges, thick slabs of leaded glass, and elaborate emergency devices. Rube Goldberg meets Enrico Fermi.

On the back of one of the drawings Acord had drafted a brochure with "important sales points for the Patent Atomic Plasma Fiesta Reactor." He lit another cigarette while I read.

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In theory, Acord explained, the thing would actually work. The Fiesta Home Reactor is based on the design of the Canadian Deuterium Uranium Reactor, known as the CANDU, which also uses whole uranium. Instead of enriching the fuel by boosting the percentage of U-235, the CANDU enriches the moderator—the bath in which the fuel rods sit—by replacing plain water with "heavy water." What makes the water "heavy" is deuterium, a naturally occurring isotope of hydrogen with one extra neutron. Exposed to radioactive source material, mostly U-238 in this case, the deuterium releases its extra neutron, causing the chain reaction.

Deuterium exists in all water—in the ocean or out of the tap—in a concentration of about one part per six thousand (0.015 per cent). The percentage can be increased by boiling water in a huge tower, condensing the steam, and cycling the water back to another boiler, in a continuous cascade of distillation. With each run through the system, more H_2O precipitates off, while the heavier isotope remains. Acord points out that this is precisely the principle of the alchemical pelican, a recirculating alembic so named be-

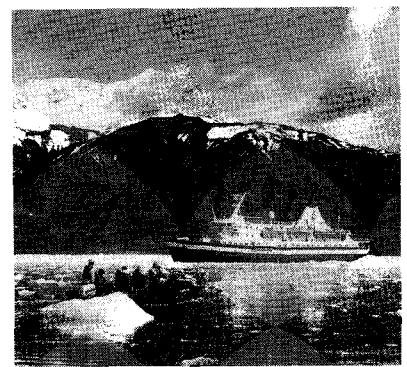
cause its condenser and feeder, leading back to the flask, looked like the head and bill of the bird tucked back in its breast. The Home Reactor will collect deuterium in just this way, using cold-water aquarium pumps in place of two-hundred-foot heated stills.

It would take millions of years for the process to accumulate enough deuterium to begin a reaction. "It's more of a conversation piece, really, but something your great-great-grandchildren could look forward to, perhaps. The thing I'd worry about would be some maniac coming in and dumping a gallon of deuterium, and having it go critical during an opening." Acord sat up a little straighter and cleared his throat. "Safety is important, you know. One of the reasons I hope to be accepted as a licensee by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission is my proven track record of safety, contributing to the general good. In the event that one of my tabletop studio reactors *did* go critical, however, we could mark the affected area with artheads. Slingshot-size."

I asked if one could keep fish in the tank, too.

"You could." He paused to consider the implications. "That would be a sure test for when it went critical: all the fish would be poached and float to the surface. A fish dinner. But that's why I've got these neon lights on top. As soon as the neutron flux hits them, they'll go on—even if they're not plugged in." Acord's eyes lit up at the idea. "Oh, and there's one thing I forgot to put in the drawing. I thought about plumbing it in the bottom so you could tap off a little water into one of those Mr. Coffee machines. When the neutron flux got to the level of criticality, a little valve would open and the water would go through the filter. So you'd have heat, light, and coffee. Which is all any studio needs."

EVEN without studio space, there was one area where Acord could make practical progress on "Monstrance." He wanted the stainless-steel cannisters to be inscribed with warnings, in words and symbols, and to accomplish that he would have to use both electroplating and electrochemical machining, a high-precision acid-etching process. As it happened, these were the last items on a list that Acord had drawn up years before; they would fill in what he called "a straight flush



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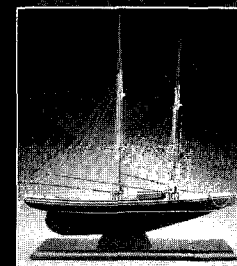
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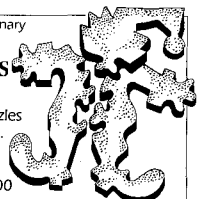
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in a sculpture C.V." From visiting shops and reading up on the procedures, however, he had learned more than he thought he wanted to know. By the time he heard of an opening in a plating shop, he was, for once, reluctant to get hands-on experience. But he went to the job interview anyway. "I'd kind of decided—well, you know, this list was a great idea, but I'm over forty, and electroplating sounds like it sucks," he explained to me. "It pays pretty good, but it's a helluva way to earn a living, I'll tell you that." Copperplating, for example, requires successive immersion in baths of cyanide and sulfuric acid. In combination, these chemicals release the lethal fumes used in gas chambers, and Acord was only mildly reassured to learn that plated parts receive a thorough rinse between baths. Even in the best of circumstances, the chemicals are highly toxic, and in the plating process they are heated to nearly the boiling point and charged with thousands of volts of electricity. "It looked like there were some real heavy-metal effects going on in the nervous systems in that shop," Acord commented. "We might be seeing something close to the alchemical experiments with mercury run awry, I think. Truly. In any event, everybody that worked there was, like, bald and deformed. And, of course, like so many factories, there were these quartz-halogen lights that make people look sort of green. And there I was, they were offering me this job." Needing money as much as experience, he signed on as the shop mechanic.

The work was worse than he had feared. The shop did a lot of cadmium-plating for companies in Japan, largely because the Japanese had outlawed the process, on account of its inherent toxicity and potential pollution. "I suppose the company I work for underbid

South Korea," Acord wrote to me at the time. His letter went on to suggest that the atmosphere at work was as unsavory as it was unhealthy: "One of the fellows took a big 'black-out' hit off his crack pipe sitting in his car in the parking lot at lunchtime (4 A.M. on graveyard). When he passed out, he dropped the pipe and the gas torch he was using. He escaped with minor burns but his 1971 Chev Impala burned to the ground. Why do I have to be a witness to all this stuff?"

Working graveyard, Acord at least had time to play and to learn. He tapped into the plant's power supply and ran a pigtail of wire back to an obscure corner of the shop floor, where he had a pair of carboys loaded with Fiesta ware, one batch soaking in sulfuric acid, the other in nitric. Together, the electricity and the acid leached the glaze from the pottery, leaving Acord with a set of faded plates and forty gallons of toxic, radioactive liquid. Later, he concentrated some of this pregnant liquor by slow-cooking it in a beaker over an electric hot plate. After a couple of months, he had about a tablespoonful of dark-yellow, molasses-like sludge, capable of pin-

ning the meter on his Geiger counter.

Hellish atmosphere notwithstanding, Acord's experience in the plating shop proved to be an epiphany. "Sometimes I think, you know, I've really been blessed, because, again, it was just what I needed. After all this work with stone and metal, with the fabric and alignment of elemental substances—this job finally got me right onto the atomic plane. I was taking an atom at a time off cakes of metal and putting the atoms on pieces of wire. That's an atomic process. And this got me to thinking again about Leucippus and Democritus, the two atomists. They were trying to figure out how we respond visually to an object across a distance. Do we reach out with our eyes somehow, or does the image come to us? And, of course, the atomists believed that the images we receive are composed of streams of atoms, actual material substance. If you take that one more step, this means that sculpture does not just exist as a mass within the void, because the light coming off the sculpture, the radiation coming off it, spreads out to fill the void. And I thought, you know, the atomists had perceived something of extraordinary

significance, almost on a religious level. It was like the reason for a Trinity, the unity of all things. The unity of both the mass and the void is the radiation that passes through it. What my mass-and-void theory needed was a Holy Ghost, and I found the Holy Ghost in the electroplating shop. Just typical of the way these things work. Yeah."



"Summer is behind us; winter is ahead. I guess we're on course."

UNDER Chapter 402-21, Section 030, Paragraph 1 (d) of the Statutes and Rules of the Washington Administrative Code, possession of exempt radioactive material, including ceramic tableware, is permissible for "educational purposes." Acord therefore gave himself a part-time job

as a lecturer. He already had some experience: since his sculpture was usually physically inaccessible to anyone who wanted to see it, he often gave informal slide presentations of his work. Now, however, the stakes were somewhat higher, since he was trying to demonstrate his competence (in all senses of the word) to work with nuclear material. He practiced his craft by delivering philosophical statements to elected officials at public hearings, occasional lessons in art history to small groups of bureaucrats, and technical lectures on radiation physics to his friends.

Initially, Acord's lectures were somewhat less animated than his sculptures. His stilted delivery resulted in part from an excess of caution and in part from a genuine desire to act like an engineer. Still, one lecture led to another. Nancy Kerner brought him to Envirosphere to talk, and then arranged for him to appear on a program with Terry Frazee at the annual meeting of the Cascade chapter of the Health Physics Society. Someone in the audience there invited him to speak at the University of Washington, and on it went. "Monstrance for a Grey Horse" was well on the way to becoming a performance piece.

Acord's lectures and letters gradually gained him the grudging trust of a few nuclear workers, and consultation, correspondence, and frequent rereadings of the regulations enabled him to work out a compromise on his use of Fiesta ware. Finally, in the fall of 1988, the regional director of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission confirmed in writing that the fifteen-pound limit on uranium glaze referred to source material, not ceramics, so Acord could legally own hundreds of pounds of pottery. Furthermore, another regulation allowed the glaze to be twenty percent by weight of the finished product, and "Monstrance" would weigh well over a ton. Acord was thus free to resume work on his sculpture.

In some ways, it wasn't much of a victory. Terry Frazee explained, "Basically, we were just looking for an easy way out, and fortunately we found one, so we didn't have to charge him two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. I mean, that was ridiculous. Nor did we have to deal with him as a licensee, either, because, look, he's

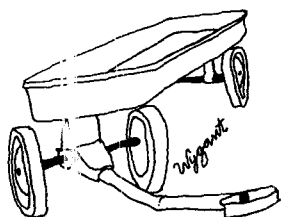
on the low end of the spectrum, and as a taxpayer of this state I think that I want to see my tax dollar going to the big problems, you know, not messing around with some poor entrepreneur. So at this point we've satisfied ourselves that he's taken enough courses, he's educated himself enough that we're pretty sure he's not gonna do something real strange, like eat it." Frazee shrugged. "And if he screws up anything, it's probably himself that's gonna

get the exposure." In short, Acord had simply regained the exempt status that should have been his in the first place. But the letter from the N.R.C. was the first official acknowledgment of the legitimacy of his work. He had his

foot in the door of the nuclear club.

By the time Acord got clearance to work with Fiesta, his mind had turned to other things. He continued to use orange dinnerware in his work, but he had begun to set his sights much higher. In January, 1988, he had given three lectures in Richland, which borders on the site of the Hanford nuclear reservation, and the experience had profoundly altered his plans. The Richland Public Library, Acord discovered, had excellent holdings in metallurgy, radiation, and nuclear physics. More important, he was entranced by the castings in zirconium, titanium, and stainless steel displayed in the Visitors' Center at the Fast Flux Test Facility, the nation's most advanced fixed nuclear reactor. "I immediately recognized that here was a level of knowledge and skill and sensitivity to material higher than anything I had ever seen before. And it was, in fact, exactly what I had always dreamed of using in my own sculpture."

Each of Acord's lectures drew a bigger crowd than the one before, as technicians and health physicists returned and brought their friends. In the scientists and engineers who came to talk to him after his lectures Acord thought he had found some true soul mates. "I told stories about my foundry work to the metallurgists at Hanford, and they just *beamed*. God, it was like they just discovered I was related to them or something, you know. And the things they talked about! They kept apologizing because they couldn't tell me everything—there's a real cult of secrecy in the D.O.E.—but you could



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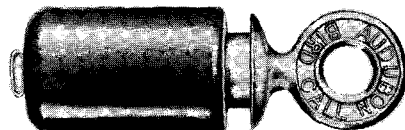
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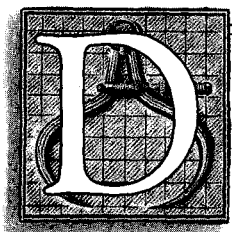
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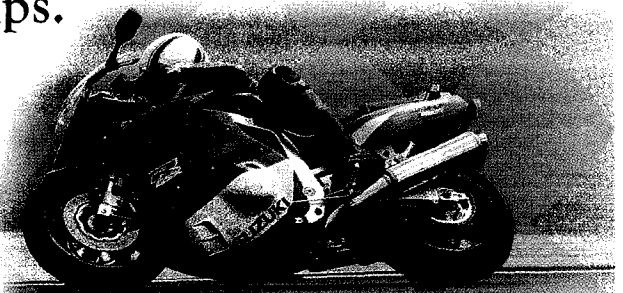
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The way these days she dresses with more attention to go out to pass the afternoon alone, shopping or just taking walks, she says, than when they go together to a restaurant or party: it's such a subtle thing, how even speak of it, how imagine he'd be able to explain it to her? The way she looks for such long moments in the mirror as she gets ready, putting on her makeup; the way she looks so deeply at herself, gazes at her eyes, her mouth, down along her breasts: what is he to say, that she's looking at herself in ways he's never seen before, more *carnally*? She would tell him he was mad, or say something else he doesn't want no matter what to hear. The way she puts her jacket on with a flourish, the way she gaily smiles going out the door, the door, the way the door clicks shut, the way its latch clicks shut behind her so emphatically. What is he to think? What is he to say, to whom? The mirror, jacket, latch, the awful door? He can't touch the door, he's afraid he'll break the frightening covenant he's made with it. He can't look into the mirror, either, that dark, malicious void: who knows what he might see?

—C. K. WILLIAMS

tell they were just bursting with pride over their work. I mean, these guys are making zero-tolerance titanium castings in huge vacuum chambers, you know, with every molecule magnetically aligned, with huge horseshoe magnets humming. They're having a great time. I'd be happy to eat lunch in their lunchroom for a couple of months, and that's a fact."

Richland enchanted Acord, in much the same way that Barre, Vermont, had enchanted him during an earlier phase of his career. Instead of quarries and stone sheds and toolmakers, the Hanford reservation offered reactors and waste-storage tanks and zirconium extruders, but the basic attraction—material and technology—was the same. Richland resembled Barre in other respects as well. The local economy had suffered under President Carter, with the cancellation of the breeder-reactor program, and it had never quite recovered under Reagan. Jobs had been cut on the reservation and a lot of people had left town. The state and several contractors, including Westinghouse and Battelle, were looking for ways to diversify the economy; thus far, the only success had been a small machine shop making titanium golf clubs. Employment prospects weren't great, but housing prices were ridiculously low. It looked as though Acord might for once be able to afford both a studio and a place to live.

He was looking for a place with more space and comfort than he was used to, because he knew that he would soon have to make room for his father. Jim had had problems with his parents since childhood; the older Acords had never accepted his rebellious behavior, and they had never forgiven him for choosing art over a career in academia, veterinary medicine, or the military.

After his mother's death, in 1984, however, Acord had been able to get back in contact with his father, and now he heard that the old man's health was failing. Mr. Acord had probably suffered a few slight strokes, the doctors said, and he was beginning to show signs of Alzheimer's disease. He was also legally blind, but he insisted on continuing to drive his beloved Karmann Ghia even after his license was suspended. When Acord got news of two auto accidents in quick succession, he flew down to Florida to be with his father through cataract surgery. The visit convinced him that the old man could no longer live on his own. A small, quiet town like Richland might provide the perfect environment for his father, safer certainly than a city like Seattle.

Margaret Morrissey was not enthusiastic about living near Hanford. She was concerned not only about the physical effects of radiation but about the psychological impact as well. "When it comes to nuclear power, no one can be trusted," she told me. "The people that are drawn to it in the first place are sort of mesmerized by the power and the magic, and once it's got you that way you don't think about the reality of the substance anymore. I think Jim will have to be really careful about that, because—well, I sense that there's something in him that wants to experiment with the danger. One of the things that I love most about him is that he's not afraid to stare into the abyss. But I'm afraid he'll be transfixed by the beauty, and end up being swallowed whole. I'm not sure that he'll be able to pull himself out."

Despite her concerns, Margaret wanted to stay with Acord, and she liked the desert. The climate suited her, and the birds and wildflowers

delighted her. She, too, saw a chance to set up her own studio, and to have a garden in the back yard. So Margaret and Jim put down a bid on a duplex they thought they could afford. Unfortunately, as self-employed artists, with irregular income from part-time jobs, they were considered poor credit risks. They tried to improve their chances for a mortgage by getting married, but it didn't work. In the end, however, a desperate seller agreed to carry the note on their purchase, and they started their move to Richland in January, 1989.

"WHAT about the glass eyes?" I asked, peering into a jewel box. A dozen blue and brown irises stared back at odd angles.

"Nah," said Acord, "I'll get them on the next trip."

We were cleaning out the basement of a friend's house on Capitol Hill, in Seattle, where Acord had carried out his experiments with Fiesta. He had just had a show at the 9-1-1 Gallery entitled "Moving to Richland," which had included "Monstrance for a Grey Horse," "Reliquary for Two Hands," the Fiesta Home Reactor, and drawings of other projected works, as well as documentation of his regulatory fight. On the final evening of the show, two days earlier, Acord had recited excerpts from his essay "Shape: Mass and Void," illustrated with slides and videotapes of his work intercut with shots of reactor operations at Hanford, and accompanied by electronic music specially composed for the show. Now he was going to take me to visit his new home town. Before we left Seattle, however, he wanted to load up the car with some odds and ends from the friend's basement.

A couple of hours later, we finished

packing the station wagon and wedged ourselves into the front seat. "Sometimes I think the show should be called 'Commuting to Richland,'" Acord said as he pulled away from the house.

The ride up to Snoqualmie Pass was like a trip into Acord's past. All along the way there were turnoffs to old cabins he had lived in, old jobs he had held, mountains he had climbed as a beginner and as an expert. Then, as we came over the pass, the craggy Cascades turned into gentler, smoother slopes, which finally gave way to the broad expanse of the Yakima Valley. The land became dry, almost a desert, but huge, spidery sprinklers made the steppes bloom. Fields full of wheat, hay, cattle, cherries, and grapes lined both sides of the road. As we approached Hanford, power lines pointed the way. Long rows of hundred-foot towers, strung together by cable as thick as fire hose, stretched out to the horizon. With each bend in the road, it seemed, a new line joined the procession. They came from all directions—carrying power *in*, not out. Hanford is an important relay on the Northwest power grid, drawing current from surrounding dams and conventional power plants, and then sending it on, along with the power generated by the Washington Public Power Supply System. But the systems on the reservation use a lot of electricity, and some observers wonder whether Hanford is a net producer or consumer of power.

Just inside the reservation, we crossed the Vernita bridge and stopped at a rest area. A sign on the road a few miles back had promised "free coffee," and we decided to give it a try. Then, in the rest area, another sign on the water tap warned us:

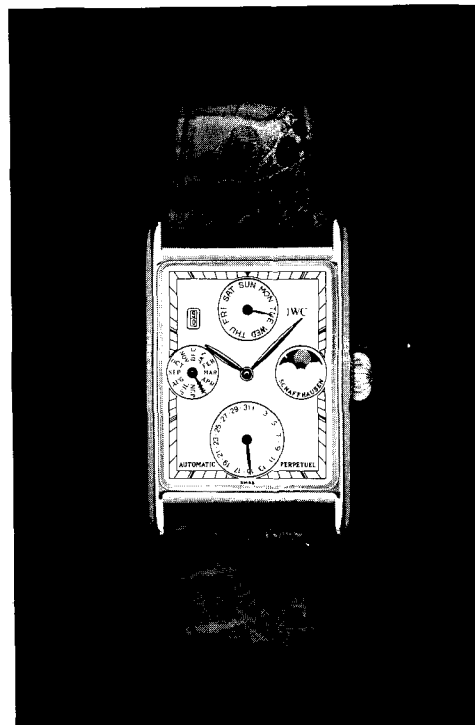
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We were still well upstream of the reactors, so the contamination was probably not nuclear but chemical, or even organic. Nevertheless, the sign was disconcerting. The coffee wasn't very good, either.

As we pulled out of the rest area, the sky overhead was a transparent blue, but closer to the ground there was a dusty haze. Out of the haze rose a dark, indistinct structure flanked by two tall water towers whose silver vessels flashed in the raking light of

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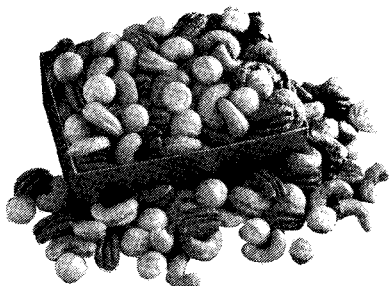
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the sunset. It was the 100B, America's first production reactor, used in the Manhattan Project and recently declared a Mechanical Engineering Landmark.

"Spectre of Albion!" Acord crowed. "Warlike Fiend! In clouds of blood and ruin rolled, I here reclaim thee as my own, My Selfhood! Satan armed in gold."

"Beg pardon?"

"Blake," Acord replied. "Jerusalem.' I mean, the first time I saw that reactor I thought of some of William Blake's images. You know, it was like some dark new world, still cloaked in shadow, not fully born. I don't quite have the lines right. Something like

Lo, the gates of the new Jerusalem
The city of Albion
America, thou art the gate to the new world."

"Well, it reminds me more of that old Tom Lehrer song," I said, looking out over the plains.

Acord cocked his head at me. "*What sound layer is it on?*" I'm not sure I know that expression."

"Tom Lehrer," I said. "The comic singer."

"The *atomic singer*?"

"You know, *satiric*." I recited:

Along the trail you'll find me lopin'
Where the spaces are wide open
In the land of the old A.E.C.

(Yahoo!)

Where the scenery's attractive
And the air is radioactive
Oh, the Wild West is where I want to be.

"Yeah, that too," Acord said.

STARTING with the 100B, the Department of Energy's Hanford Site spells out the history of atomic energy in this country and, like some Broddingnagian Ouija board, foretells its future. Spread out over five hundred and sixty square miles (an area about half the size of Rhode Island), the Hanford Site includes twelve reactors in fixed installations and an unknown number of portable mini-reactors in development for use in submarines and space vehicles. Nine of the twelve were built to produce plutonium and enriched uranium for the Manhattan Project or, later, for the Department of Defense: C, K-West and K-East, N, D and DR, H, and F all line up behind B in a fifteen-mile stretch of the Columbia River. Eight of these are permanently shut down, some of them too contaminated to enter. Until re-

cently, the ninth, N-Reactor, one of the nation's last plutonium producers, stood by on "wet layup," ready to go again if needed; however, in August it, too, was shut down.

The road turns south where the river swings north, so most of these reactors were out of sight from our car, but Acord kept his gaze fixed in their direction, following the road out of the corner of his eye. We got a good look at PUREX, the Plutonium Uranium Extraction plant, a mammoth building a quarter of a mile long. PUREX was on standby; rumor had it that after undergoing "safety modifications" it had been contaminated within weeks of restarting operation. Closer to Richland, we came upon the three newest reactors on the reservation. Two are owned by the Washington Public Power Supply System, known in the region as Supply System and elsewhere in Washington as Woops. W.P.P.S.S., which defaulted on its bonds in 1983, seems to summarize the current state of the civilian reactor industry: one of its two Hanford reactors is in operation (most of the time); the second stands unfinished; and a third, which was never more than fifteen per cent completed, was dismantled and sold to foreign interests. Finally, we passed the last new reactor—the Fast Flux Test Facility, which is a harbinger of future nuclear design.

The past lives on (and on) at Hanford in myriad forms of nuclear waste. No one has yet figured out what to do with the very first contaminated material, produced by the Manhattan Project back in 1943. Most of it is still stored in underground tanks, which are gradually eroding while their contents remain as hot as ever, both thermally and radioactively. The tanks sometimes "burp," when heat-created hydrogen bubbles rise to the surface—or, as some claim, when enough plutonium collects in one spot to cause a criticality incident. In recent years, D.O.E. has grudgingly given in to public pressure to remedy this situation, and it now appears that for some time to come the biggest budgets in Hanford will be dedicated to cleanup. As one state representative used to tell his constituents, the future offers many "waste opportunities."

According to the Environmental Protection Agency, Hanford is home to some thirteen hundred contaminated sites. Margaret Morrissey once

overheard two engineers in a diner chuckling over all the contaminated sites that even the E.P.A. didn't know about. In a bit of Hanford hyperbole—of a sort never presented to the press—the men commented that the tumbleweeds rolling over these sites got “so hot they hummed,” meaning that their radiation level was high enough to make the clicks on a Geiger counter come in a constant stream. Until recently, however, the first item on the E.P.A. cleanup list was a patch of spilled antifreeze in the bus barn.

As one of the nation's few active dump sites, Hanford stores not only its own waste but exotic radioactive material from all over the country. By the time a nuclear submarine is retired, for example, the hull is so radioactive that the center third must be chopped out and barged two hundred and fifty miles up the Columbia River for burial at Hanford. In 1990, the reservation received a consignment of eight hundred and twenty-eight beagle carcasses, along with more than seventeen tons of their urine and feces—relics of a twenty-five-year experiment in radiation at several universities along the West Coast.

Hanford does not need to import its radioactive excrement, however. Coyotes on the reservation, contaminated by eating rabbits that have licked salt from contaminated sodium deposits, leave spoor that can make a Geiger counter scream. The D.O.E. has sent out teams to comb the arid hills for coyote droppings, which they vacuum up and take to the lab for analysis. “And then they have to dispose of the waste *again*,” Acord points out. “Well, I could help them there. In fact, I’ve been considering the possibility of building a reactor specifically designed to exploit this unique product: I could isolate the fissile material and extract methane from the manure to power a nuclear-biomass plant that would take advantage of the best features of fossil fuel and atomic energy.”

ON the eve of the Second World War, Hanford, Richland, and a third town, White Bluffs, were lonely farming communities on the west bank of the Columbia River, with a total population under a thousand. In 1943, these villages became the first targets of the Manhattan Project: their remoteness offered secrecy and security, their proximity to Grand Coulee pro-

vided unlimited supplies of electricity, and the abundant waters of the Columbia would provide a pure coolant for the plutonium-production reactors. The Army Corps of Engineers therefore dispossessed the citizens, razed their houses and schools, and left their orchards to wither (though not before the engineers enjoyed the peach harvest that summer). At Hanford, the Army set up a trailer camp and tent city to shelter the fifty-five thousand workers (and several Nobel Prize winners) needed to build the nuclear facilities. At Richland, the engineers laid out a more permanent town, for reactor operators and support staff.

The Hanford construction camp was in many ways a classic frontier settlement. A writer in the *Tri-City Herald* later recalled, “Here thirsty men and women downed more beer in eight hours than the people of Seattle (eight times as many) downed in any one 24 hour period. Here bets were placed on the roll of the dice, or on which of two flies would move first.” Richland, on the other hand, was meant from the beginning to be more middle-class. Over the next five years, the government commissioned nearly five thousand family homes in a variety of styles. For convenience, the different models were identified by letters: roomy, two-story A duplexes; long, low B’s; and boxy, single-family F’s, among others—an alphabet city to go along with the alphabet reactors. Richland and similar settlements at Oak Ridge and Los Alamos became the prototypes for Levittown and other planned communities developed after the war.

Atomic City today looks like the small-town America of Ronald Reagan’s imagination, with leafy streets, well-mown lawns, and driveways graced with Chevys and Fords (including occasional cherry restorations of Bel Airs and Fairlanes from the fifties). The houses, like the cars, were designed to last only five years, but most have survived quite well. The original planners avoided cookie-cutter uniformity by introducing small differences in orientation, siting, and landscaping. Over time, individual owners have given the houses themselves a personal look, with the addition of decks, carports, and new façades of stone, false brick, or aluminum siding. During the day, the residential neighborhoods show a diversity of style which has taken decades to develop. At night, however,



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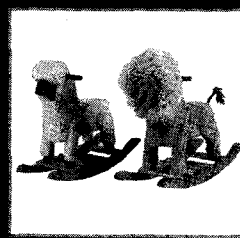
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the houses seem to revert to their primordial shapes; if you're going visiting, you'd better have the exact address.

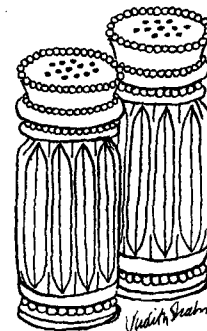
The Acords live on a street named after an otherwise forgotten officer in the Army Corps of Engineers. When we pulled up at dusk, Margaret, in a sunbonnet, was tending her flower beds. She would have liked to grow vegetables, but she was a little worried about the soil, so her garden was an exaltation of larkspurs and columbines, daisies and poppies, fading irises and surging sunflowers. Mr. Acord ("the Ancient One") walked slowly out to greet us, and his dog, Sugi, offered us a stick to throw. It was a scene worthy of Norman Rockwell or David Lynch.

The Acords' house, a B duplex, was probably built in 1944—"the same year I was," Acord likes to point out. Inside, the décor seemed

to come from about the same era. Margaret, doing her shopping in local thrift stores, had come home with items that might have been the height of retro fashion in a larger town—straw hats, chintz curtains (and a mangle to press them), and chenille bedspreads in lime and salmon. Her husband, meanwhile, had set up an office in the basement and furnished it from auctions of D.O.E. castoffs—a desk and chair marked "Property of U.S. Government," file cabinets with "Classified" stickers still intact, and a telephone with office numbers and security reminders glued to its side. As he showed me around, we had to pick our way through stacks of half-unpacked boxes—tools here, desiccated birds there, books everywhere. Boas, Boswell, Burroughs, and Frost peeked out from one carton, and Marcus Aurelius, Nietzsche, Plato, and the comic-book character Dr. Strange from another. The place was in barely contained chaos, but that night, as his father sat dozing in front of a baseball game and Margaret thumbed through a catalogue of fabric dyes, Acord had never seemed so settled.

The next day, he took me to see the sights. The Tri-Cities telephone book (including the neighboring towns of Pasco and Kennewick) lists about a dozen small businesses that call themselves "Atomic," and we tried to vis-

it them all. Sometimes the names sounded unintentionally ominous—Atomic Foods, say, and Atomic Health Center. In other instances, the designation seemed more encouraging—Atomic Body Shop & Towing Service, and Atomic Plumbing & Mechanical. Atomic Laundry promised to do a very thorough job of cleaning. Atomic Gas offered just what Acord needed to revive his old truck, though he might hesitate to buy a used car from Atomic Auto Sales, conveniently situated on Terminal Drive. I hoped that Atomic Lanes



might do something for my bowling average, but when Acord and I went to try it out we found that the place had been closed because of unsafe conditions. (Structural, not radioactive; the lanes later reopened, after extensive renovation.)

Next, we went by the Hanford Science Center, where we picked up some Atomic Marbles and Simulated Fast Breeder Fuel Pellets. The marbles were toasted to the color of root beer by exposure to cobalt 60, a gamma-radiation source that, the paper envelope explained, was "used for developing the peaceful atom." The Fuel Pellets were tiny cylinders smaller than a pencil eraser. According to an attached card, each pellet represented the energy equivalent of three tons of coal, twelve barrels of oil, five hundred gallons of gasoline, or seventy-five thousand cubic feet of natural gas. The Science Center attendant suggested that they would make good souvenirs for the kids.

All in all, it seemed that Richland had few nuclear skeptics besides Jim and Margaret (and Margaret isn't sure about Jim). Everywhere we went, bumper stickers urged us to "KNOW NUKES," and to "BE A NUCLEAR FAMILY, RADIATE LOVE." The youth group at Christ the King Parish was raising funds by selling T-shirts in fluorescent chartreuse, with "WE GLOW FOR GOD" inscribed around the radiation symbol. A sign in front of Richland High School announced, "HOME OF THE BOMBERS." Indeed, the unofficial team motto is "Nuke 'em till they glow," and their logo is a mushroom cloud; the mascot wears a flight suit, helmet, and oxygen mask, and football players are rewarded for good plays with helmet

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stickers bearing a silhouette that looks like Little Boy, the Hiroshima bomb.

"I HOPE you don't mind a few G-forces, gentlemen," Wanda Munn said as we climbed into her car, an Acura Integra. "Most people expect me to be a little old lady in tennis shoes, but I'm an aggressive driver." Despite her warning, Ms. Munn drove quite demurely, but no one would have mistaken her for a little old lady. With her steel-gray hair and gold-buttoned white safari suit, she had the look of a Coast Guard commander on dress parade. In reality, she is a senior engineer for Westinghouse-Hanford, the prime D.O.E. contractor at Hanford, and she has been working at the Fast Flux Test Facility since 1977, when the reactor was still under construction. Now she was taking us for a tour of F.F.T.F., which her husband calls—only half in jest—"her shrine."

Ms. Munn likes to project the image of a Dragon Lady, to the point of tacking the title to her office door. She cherishes a reputation for outspokenness, claiming to say openly what others in the industry will only whisper among themselves. Her private mission is to inform the public of the truth, as she sees it, about nuclear energy. She was one of the picketers at the "Hanfordgate" show in Seattle, the only one to accept with enthusiasm Acord's invitation to debate with the arts community. Another time, she appeared (wearing her personalized hard hat) on a Seattle television program about nuclear waste. "How can you call spent fuel waste?" she demanded. "It's not waste. It's a national treasure." Ms. Munn had been an admirer of Acord's work ever since the "Hanfordgate" show, and he had seized on the occasion of my visit to take her up on an offer to show us around F.F.T.F.

"The entire concept of nuclear waste in this country is completely skewed," Ms. Munn told us in the car. "Much of so-called nuclear waste is really just spent fuel; it's fuel that's been run through a reactor one time. To store it, when we are energy poor and getting poorer, is absolutely criminal. If you reprocess that fuel in a breeder reactor, you will take the uranium and the plutonium out of it, to be reused as fuel in other kinds of reactors. You will separate the useful isotopes, of which there are many, and then you're

left with very high-level slurry. With the alchemy that these reactors are designed to perform, you can take part of that material, bombard it with neutrons, and turn it into something else again. We can reduce the number of radioactive materials to the point where you have to store what's left for about six hundred years. The idea that you need to put it in a deep repository for two hundred and fifty thousand years is balderdash."

She allowed that some steps in the process were still experimental, and some theoretical, but the real obstacles, she insisted, were political, not technical. Many aspects of the technology had been successfully tested right here at the Fast Flux Test Facility, which was built as the prototype for a fast breeder planned for Clinch River, Tennessee. Thanks to the public's "incredible, abysmal lack of understanding of the world around us," however, neither F.F.T.F. nor Clinch River had ever been permitted to complete its mission and reprocess spent fuel.

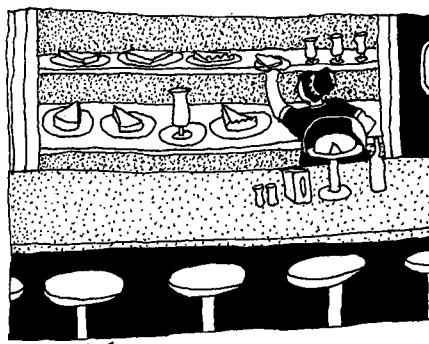
Fearing the proliferation of plutonium, Jimmy Carter announced plans to cancel the breeder program just two months after he took office, in 1977. The Reagan Administration followed the same policy, and finally, in 1983, the Great Communicator was able to persuade Congress to stop restoring funds for the project. Clinch River was halted in mid-construction, but F.F.T.F. survived the cuts. The reactor was already up and running, and it had proven itself to be a valuable laboratory for testing materials under extreme conditions. "We want to create the harshest possible environment for anything that we put in there," Wanda Munn explained as she led us in through the Visitors' Center. "We want to make sure that they get more neutrons, more heat, more everything than they would ever get in a commer-

cial plant. If a material can withstand the neutron flux in this core, it will do fine in any other reactor." Indeed, results from experiments carried out in F.F.T.F. have been incorporated into designs for a variety of advanced reactors, including tiny, high-powered generators for use in outer space.

Before going on to the reactor, Ms. Munn wanted us to see a model of the Materials Open Test Assembly, her favorite feature of F.F.T.F. (and Acord's, too). The MOTA is a slim, forty-foot torpedo of stainless steel, designed to be inserted directly into the reactor core. The frame is honeycombed with fifty-six cannisters that carry small samples of such things as ceramics, oxides, and metal alloys. The purpose is to test the structural limits of these materials by cooking them in the reactor—some until they disintegrate or swell beyond recognition. Acord was originally drawn to the MOTA for its material, form, and workmanship, but Ms. Munn loved it for what it could do.

From the beginning, scientists at F.F.T.F. had realized that the reactor could not only destroy materials but create new ones. With all the fissioning of atoms that goes on in any reactor, trace amounts of every natural element (as well as thousands of isotopes) will eventually be produced. The scientists at F.F.T.F. have refined the process to the point where they can rearrange atomic particles in almost any way they choose; they have, in fact, achieved the alchemical goal of transforming elements at will. They can even fabricate gold if they want to, though it would hardly be economically feasible.

Recently, the operators of F.F.T.F. have been thinking more and more in economic terms. In an era of budget-cutting, F.F.T.F.'s future funding is in jeopardy (the Secretary of Energy, James Watkins, has already declared his intention to phase out the program), so Westinghouse executives have begun searching for other sources of revenue. They have marketed data from their experiments to reactor designers in other countries, and they have in effect rented out space in the MOTA. Scientists and engineers envision an atomic atelier, custom-crafting isotopes for medical and commercial applications. They are particularly proud of their success in making (and selling) small amounts of gadolinium 153, an isotope used in the detection of



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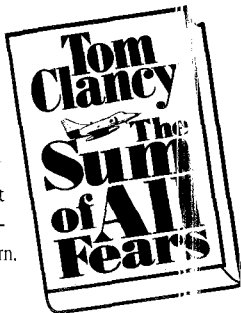
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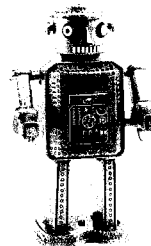
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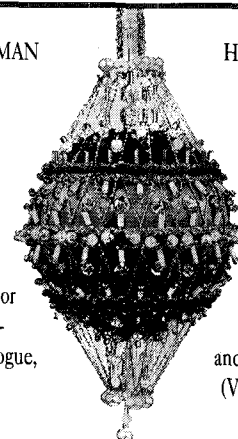


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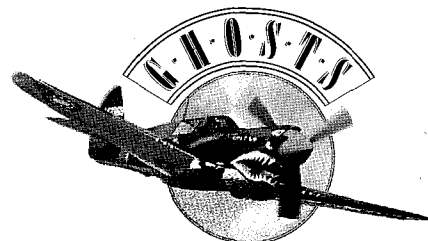
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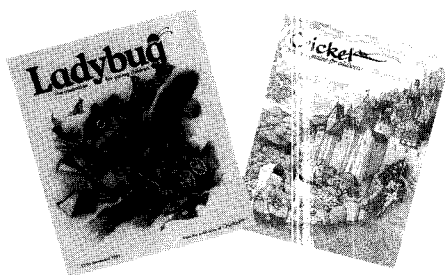
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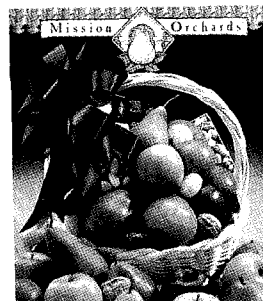
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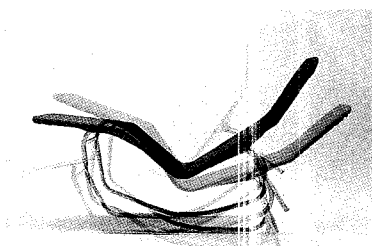
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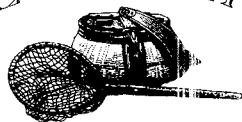
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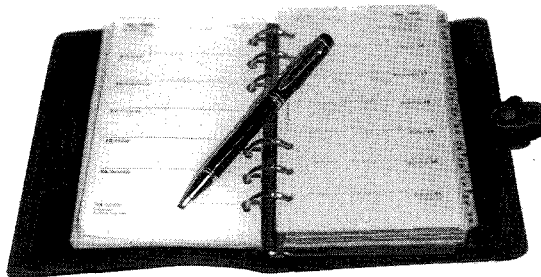
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As Ms. Munn led us across a parking lot between the Visitors' Center and the security station, we passed two officers from the Hanford Patrol—a woman in a Smokey-the-Bear hat and a man in starched, box-pleated camouflage fatigues and spit-shined combat boots. The woman's dress was accessorized with a 9-mm. Beretta service automatic strapped to her hip; the man's outfit included an Uzi slung over his shoulder and three extra magazines clipped to the sling. It was hard to tell what they were looking at from behind their mirrored aviator glasses, but Acord was watching *them* closely as they climbed into their pickup truck and pulled away. A former marksman himself, he had noticed that the trucks carry, propped between the seats, a 12-gauge semi-automatic shotgun with magazine and an airborne assault M-16 with flash suppressor. "Better armed than your average SWAT team," he said.

Inside the station, a stern-looking woman in a blue uniform and a black eye patch asked if she could help us. We had submitted our names, birth dates, and Social Security number the day before, and we had presented that information again, along with our driver's licenses, when we picked up our visitors' badges (each with its own identification number and a radiation-detection chip) at the entrance to the reservation. Now we went through the whole routine once more. The woman studied our I.D. photos, scanned our faces, and looked back at the pictures; then she called up our files on her



computer. Apparently, our records were still clean, because she asked us to sign in. We moved on to the exit at the back of the building where a guard—who had been watching us the whole time—looked at our badges, scanned our faces, checked his computer, and waved us on out.

The reactor shimmered in front of us: three cubical cooling towers surrounding a sparkling white dome like squat minarets around a mosque designed by Richard Rogers, one of the architects of Beaubourg. The towers poured out transparent waves of heat that rippled the sky and speckled the sidewalk with stripes of refracted light. We seemed to be walking on the bottom of a clear pool of water, but as we drew closer the mirage dissolved into reality. Above the entrance, a band of red letters crawled across an electric sign: "The Reactor is now in Mode 1... Reload 2 days ahead of schedule... TOTAL... Quality... is our Goal."

"Hurray!" Wanda Munn cheered, raising both fists in the air. "We're at full power."

Inside the entry hall, the building looked less like a temple of technology than a high school in suburbia. Beside the door was a trophy case, celebrating the accomplishments of the F.F.T.F. softball team. Posters of rabbits and coyotes hung from the walls, promoting a Hanford ecological project called Arid Lands. To complete the effect,

the walls themselves were painted institutional green. According to Ms. Munn, the color had been scientifically selected to instill a sense of calm alertness in the viewer. For me, however, it stirred up memories of hospital emergency rooms and cheap apartment buildings on the Upper West Side.

As we approached the control room, Ms. Munn waved to an operator on the other side of a plate-glass window and then turned to us. "When they buzz us, be ready to move right in. This door can't be open for more than forty-five seconds or it sets off an alarm and they send down the Mod Squad," she said, referring to the Hanford Patrol.

The control room was covered from floor to ceiling with an array of lights, dials, switches, and other instruments. Among other things, the instruments monitored the status of each of 15,841 fuel pins in the reactor core, and also indicated the flow, pressure, and temperature of the coolant at every stage of its progress through the system. In the center of the room was a long, angular console, with computer screens and more measuring devices. On the console was a large bright-red mushroom-shaped protrusion—"the SCRAM button," Ms. Munn called it—used to shut down the reactor in the event of an accident. Like the emergency brake on a subway car, the button seemed to say, "Try me. See what happens."

The color scheme appeared to have

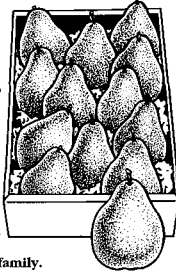
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the desired effect. Three or four operators moved about the room, calmly and alertly reading dials and making notes on their clipboards. Everything looked to be quiet and controlled, and strangely familiar. "It's like the beginning of 'China Syndrome,'" I muttered to Acord. He didn't hear me, but Ms. Munn did.

"Beautifully done," she said, without the slightest hint of sarcasm. "Beautifully done, absolutely beautifully done. 'Silkwood.' Wonderful show. And, of course, that's the real problem here, I believe. The public learns about nuclear technology from some of the best fiction writers, some of the best dramatists, and some of the best producers alive in the world today. Everyone has seen 'The Incredible Hulk'—everyone. Sooner or later, everyone has seen what happened to poor Dr. What's-His-Face: he got super-irradiated, and ever after, whenever he lost his temper, he turned green and split his clothes. All right, people think. There you go, we *know* what radiation does. But the public has no basis at all for evaluating the risk. They've been told that any amount of radiation is dangerous and that the risk is enormous. Neither of those statements is true, of course, but truth does not enter into public perception.

"I agree that radiation is not a phenomenon to be treated casually," she continued as she shepherded us out of the control room. "But then I don't feel that childbirth is a phenomenon to be treated casually, either. Radiation is necessary for all living things; as a matter of fact, it's beneficial. We've never been healthier, our life expectancy has never been longer, our food supply has never been safer. And yet we're subjected to Meryl Streep scrubbing her vegetables in Tide on the television set. Thank. You. Ted. Turner."

Ms. Munn cut her media analysis short when we walked through a tall, tornado-hardened door into the operating side of the reactor. Heading toward the entrance to the containment dome, we followed a path marked by yellow-and-black tape. ("Just like my Fiesta reactor," Acord said.) The corridor opened out on one side to reveal a broad bank of shiny stainless-steel pipes, each two and a half feet in diameter,

stretching into the gloom as far as the eye could see. Ms. Munn told us that they carried the reactor's coolant, liquid sodium. Thinner piping climbed the walls and spread across the ceiling in a network as complicated as capillaries, as intricate as a microchip. Ms. Munn led us back among the pipes, ducking and climbing around the plumbing like an explorer through underbrush. She showed us elaborate traps to divert sodium for testing, and enormous shock absorbers—"seismic snubbers"—designed to stabilize the pipes during an earthquake.

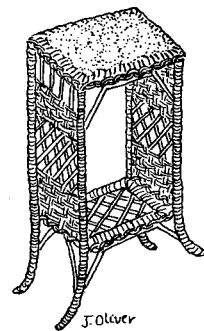
"The welds," Acord said, running his hands along the curve of a huge cast cornerpiece. "Feel the welds." They felt good: clean, smooth, and only the slightest bit warm, even though the sodium rushing along inside was heated to over six hundred degrees. "And look at the polish. The guys who did this were really into their work. You can tell."

We had to go through an air lock before we could enter the containment dome. The pressure inside is lowered to minimize any radiation leak in the event that containment is breached. While waiting in the lock for the pressure to stabilize, I noticed that the familiar radiation warning, three wedges inscribed in a circle, was here adorned with an outer ring of letters proclaiming "Fissile ... Fissile ... Fissile." We weren't looking at a model anymore. Posted next to the warning sign was a list of emergency signals. A "Howler" ("Ah-oo-gah! Ah-oo-gah!") signified a high-gamma-radiation alarm, and upon hearing it we were to "Run do not walk 300 feet from containment." A "Gong! Gong!" signified a fire alarm, and we were to leave by the nearest and safest normal exit. If we heard a "Telephone

Bell Steady Ringing," we were to "Answer promptly, and listen carefully."

"I hope there's an alarm," Ms. Munn said. "It's usually over nothing at all, and I want you to see how quickly we handle it."

The air lock opened, and we stepped into a vast, vaulted space. The dome rose a hundred and twenty feet above us, yet the atmosphere felt stiflingly close, and heavily charged. It was not the result of radiation but the combined



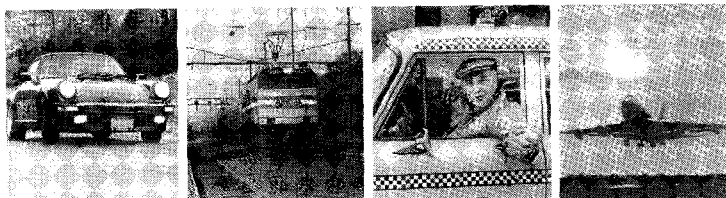
effects of negative pressurization, filtration, and the low roar of fans and sodium pumps. The noise of the equipment was difficult to hear precisely but loud enough to muffle any single sound.

"My next studio!" Acord shouted almost inaudibly. He stood transfixed, tracing cables and catwalks with his eyes, and, in his imagination, filing the open floor with small mountains of granite. He gazed with special longing at a two-hundred-and-fifty-ton crane that spanned the entire dome, each end resting on a motorized car that circled the perimeter on a narrow-gauge railroad. "I want that crane," he said. "But in the meantime I guess I could make do with this." He patted the tire of a twenty-foot-high, seventy-five-ton crane, painted bright orange. Ten feet up, a silver sticker the size of a postage stamp identified the equipment as "Property of U.S. Government." Acord said, "Who knows? Maybe this'll turn up at auction someday."

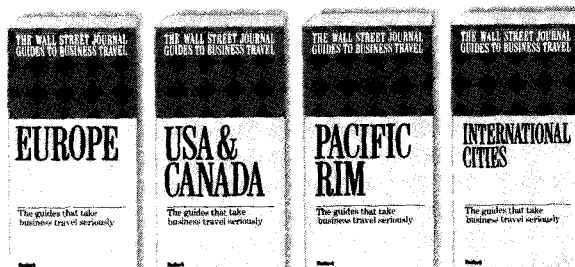
Before descending to the head of the reactor core, we ran our shoes under an electric buffer to brush away any dust. Wanda Munn scrambled down the steep yellow steps like an able seaman, with Acord close behind. "You two are lucky," she called from below. "This is one of the few places in the world where you can get this close to an operating reactor. Most commercial reactors have a high enough radiation field that they don't like the public generally to go in there." That seemed like a very sensible policy; I hesitated at the top step. "We're very well shielded here," she went on. "You won't be exposed to much more radiation than you were in the parking lot."

We ended up on a narrow catwalk surrounding the reactor head. Here we were in the heart of the beast, and it felt—well, *small*; smaller, seemingly, than the boiler of a good-sized skyscraper. The thicket of tubes sprouting from the head was the densest that we had seen—we had to crouch as we circled the catwalk—but by then we had seen plenty of pipes. The vessel (mercifully) gave no sign of the cataclysmic energy inside, and so seemed all out of proportion to the soaring dome and miles of massive pipes that surrounded it: the banality of power.

Finally, after emerging from the reactor head, we descended another set of stairs to the Interim Examination and Maintenance Cell, an argon-filled



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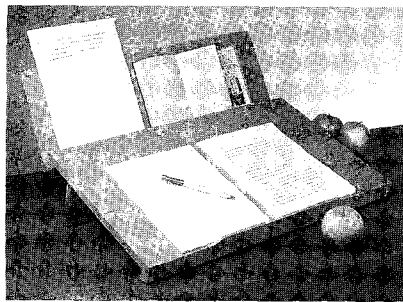
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shaft extending seventy feet below ground, where the cannisters from the Materials Open Test Assembly were dismantled and their contents studied by remote control. The workstations were deserted that day. Large pneumatic levers, to operate robotic arms, hung down in front of heavily shielded windows. Inside, the arms were at rest, pincers poised above a jumble of exotic tools. The MOTA dangled in the middle of the shaft like a flayed carcass in some space-age butcher shop.

The windows, six-foot-thick sandwiches of mineral oil layered between six plates of leaded glass, distorted depth perception, warped lines, and gave a yellowish cast to everything in the shaft. Acord rocked slowly back and forth, clearly enjoying the shifting perspective and the multiple reflections. He was registering ideas on colors, textures, materials, and form to incorporate into his sculpture, but he was also contemplating a more fundamental relationship between his art and nuclear technology. "You know, it was my first sight of the MOTA, more than anything, that brought me to Richland," he said. "I thought that the materials and fabrication technologies used in the MOTA were eminently appropriate for sculpture—and I was right. But I had missed the whole point. The nuclear age is not about advances in metallurgy. The nuclear age is about process—that's what's new. The actual transmutation of elements, the release of the fundamental energies of the universe—this has changed everything, and it ought to change art as much as it has changed science or politics. Look at it this way: neutrons are the chisels of the nuclear age."

HALF an hour later, Acord and I were sitting by ourselves in the Sandbar at the Hanford House. Of the dozen or so patrons, we were the only ones without security badges. We each ordered a Nuclear Ice Tea (gin, vodka, and rum, both 80 proof and 151 proof), and Acord began drawing feverishly in his sketchbook. "I want to get some of those images down before I forget them."

When the drinks came, Acord lit a cigarette, took a sip, and sat back with a contented grin. "You know, I was actually weak in the knees before we were a third of the way through the tour. Especially when we finally went through the air lock into the contain-

ment barrier. I've seen dozens of photographs of it, read about it for years, you know, but it was like, take your breath away, light-headedness, tiny spots before your eyes. I mean, I almost fainted. The last time I felt that way was at the Cloisters, on my way to Barre, Vermont. And the time before that was when I saw the 'Treasures of Early Irish Art' show in San Francisco. For me, the guys who built F.F.T.F. are right up there with the Master of the Ardagh Chalice."

I asked Acord about some arithmetical calculations I had seen written on the girders, back among the cooling pipes.

"It's an old pipe-fitters' practice," he said. "You know, they work out how long a piece needs to be, then they cut it and weld it up."

I showed him one I had copied off a wall among the cooling pipes:

$$\begin{array}{r} 3.1 \\ 7 \overline{) 28} \\ \underline{21} \\ 7 \end{array}$$

"It could be a joke, I suppose," he said. "Or—who knows?—maybe this guy was working with some cosmic mathematical system that we can't begin to comprehend. Besides, it doesn't always help to get the calculations right." Acord tapped the ash off his cigarette. "You know, welders and pipe fitters sometimes do better when they ignore the plans. They've got a lot of experience, and sometimes they just *know* that some part of the design won't work. So they improvise some adjustments, 'just in case the longhairs were wrong.' Bend this pipe just so, move that valve over there. And it does seem to work—at least, for a while. But then when something breaks down, the engineers have to go and get the old-timers who did the original installation, because nothing is where it's supposed to be." Acord let out a smoky sigh. "The human element."

THE day before I left Richland, I went on a picnic along the Columbia River with the two James Acords, senior and junior, and the family dog. Approaching the entrance to Columbia Park, we passed a shack with "ATOMIC DUCKS" painted in large letters along one side; it was the scuba-diving unit of the Lower Columbia Basin Search and Rescue Council. Then, just inside the park, we were

met by a reception line of real atomic ducks, begging for handouts. They waddled up to us on deformed feet, stretching and flapping their stubby wings. Some had bald spots, and others had piebald feathers in colors that to my eye seemed unusual. Many of them had warts on their heads, a few of which had swollen into nasty black tumors. Strangest of all were their bills. On one, the upper and lower beaks went off to the sides at opposite angles, like an avian bow tie, or perhaps a propeller. On another, the beaks twisted around each other, corkcrew fashion. "People around here will tell you that this kind of thing is the result of pesticides and fertilizer running into the Columbia River," Acord, Jr., said. "May be, but it makes you wonder."

After watching the ducks, we settled down at a picnic table some distance from the bank. Acord ate his sandwich quickly and then went off to give the dog some much needed exercise and obedience training, leaving me to talk with his father. Mr. Acord was still in the early stages of Alzheimer's. The disease would consume his mind and his son's energy for the next two years, but that afternoon he was in high spirits, full of reflections on the past.

Mr. Acord spoke slowly, as though each word had physical weight and he had the strength to carry only one at a time. He was happiest talking about his mother's family, and he took me through five generations, speaking so clearly of ancestors on both sides of the Civil War that I could almost believe he'd been there with them. Memories of Jim's childhood did not come as easily, and some were too painful to discuss. He still regretted that his son had not gone to West Point, but he was certain that Jim had made the right choice in marrying Margaret, and he was relieved to be living with them. Though Mr. Acord recognized that there was something special about Jim's art, he preferred to talk about his son's accomplishments in other fields. "If you ever get with him, and you've got a little beer bash going, ask him to play 'Tequila' on the clarinet," he said. "He'll blow your hat off. Yeah, he sort of specialized on that one piece of music, but it's well worth your twenty-five cents' admission. You tell him the old man said so."

Mr. Acord's gaze shifted over my shoulder to a point somewhere in the distance. "Here's one for you," he said.

"I learned this from Sara Teasdale, I think.

Spend all you have for loveliness
For one white singing hour of
peace."

He stopped and looked at me. "That's ass backward. There's another line in there, which I'll give you at no charge, on the house. Excuse me for just a few minutes." Mr. Acord closed his eyes and let his shoulders sag. I waited, and then began to pack away the remains of our lunch.

Mr. Acord was still in his reverie several minutes later, when Jim returned with the dog. "Looks like it's time we were heading back," he said to me, and then, to his father, "Everything all right, Dad?"

Mr. Acord's eyes popped open, and he started to recite:

And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.
Spend all you have for loveliness.

He stopped again. "Spend all you have for loveliness..."

"Buy it and never count the cost," his son chipped in, and then they went on together:

For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost.

"I HAVE no idea where that came from," Acord told me the next day. "I heard my father say that one line, and the rest came into my brain like a freight train—or an alpha particle. I was completely non-pulsed."

We were driving back to Seattle so that I could catch a plane. Acord kept his eyes fixed on the reservation, and when we passed W.P.S.S. he gave a deep sigh. "Eventually, they will pull all that spent fuel out of those swimming pools," he said. "They're gonna have to. And they have sediment ponds dug where radioactive waters were set up to cool, so they're permanently radioactive. And they have this huge contaminated cluster of buildings, stretching over probably hundreds of acres. No one should go in this giant site for thousands and thousands of years. It has to be shielded from the biosphere in perpetuity. No one knows what to do—it's never been successfully done. And I keep thinking of the stupa—the dome-shaped structure used for Buddhist shrines. "Make it a sacred site, encourage people to bury their dead there, do something so that it becomes a sculpture park, a sacred



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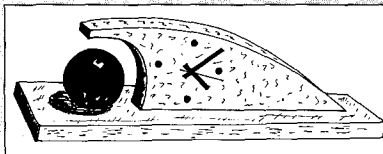
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place. People would in fact preserve it and be careful with it. And there would be an oral tradition attached to it that would be passed on and might well outlive any historical documentation."

Acord recognizes that if the oral tradition should be broken, the myth forgotten, or skepticism set in, other precautions may be necessary. To that end, he has been working on a series of deterrents. First come warning markers, encoded in words, symbols, and numbers, which should be made well enough to survive but not be so valuable or beautiful that they might themselves become objects of desire. "We'll have to create art repellent to every taste throughout time," Acord said. "Now, *there's* a challenge to look forward to." Beyond that would come a series of barricades of increasing security, then booby traps of growing severity, starting with tear gas. The idea would be to discourage the curious. The one thing Acord could not guard against, however, was someone possessed of the same terminal curiosity as Acord himself.

"Think you'll ever get the chance to do all that?" I asked.

"Well," Acord said, "someone's got to. I can't help but say this—it sounds like the beggar standing out in front of the rich man's house calling him brother, you know—but I feel that art and science will have to grow closer together again, to the benefit of both. I think that part of the struggle that art is having right now is that artists have cut themselves off from much of what they could learn out there—from the metallurgists or the computer experts, for instance. Without that cross-fertilization, art falls behind. On the other hand, I believe that applied science and engineering have been too easily dominated by the constraints of the marketplace and the dictates of politics. They use these new materials in ways that very narrowly—and, of course, very skillfully—fulfill demands of a wholly mechanical nature. But the spirituality has been left out. Now, that's not to say that swords haven't been made for a very long time. But when a man makes weapons he loses something of himself—it's that old alchemical feeling that the purity in the heart of the manipulator is as important as keeping your crucible clean. And when we build up a whole technology that makes only swords, never

a plow, never a statue, then something is lost from that process, too. And when that happens, I can't help but feel that sculpture is failing its job to civilization. There's just something about it that makes it harder for me to get to sleep at night."

FROM January to May of 1990, Acord drove a forklift on the graveyard shift at Tater Boy, a potato-processing plant. There was nothing to learn on that job except, perhaps, a few words of Spanish and the varieties of frozen French fries (e.g., cajun, curly, matchstick, batter-dipped). Still, the work suited Acord's purposes. He had chosen not to seek skilled employment on the reservation, because he thought it better to be identified as an artist than as a worker. He also wanted to avoid getting a security clearance; it might take him longer to learn things that way, but he needed to feel free to use whatever he saw without fear of violating some oath of secrecy.

Acord knew that he could never incorporate nuclear processes into his art without the active collaboration of the scientific community. Therefore, he decided that instead of confronting the establishment—any establishment—as he had done all his life, this time he would infiltrate. He joined the public library, two local arts organizations, the East Benton County Historical Society, the Audubon Society, Camerata Musica (as a subscriber, not a singer), Christ the King Parish, the American Nuclear Society, the B-Reactor Museum Association, and Alcoholics Anonymous. "I'd heard that some of the Hanford workers had drinking problems, you know, and it seemed like a good way to meet people. God, they told some great stories! But then, the next week, they took everyone with a Q-clearance out of my group, which made it a lot less interesting." The meetings have had no noticeable effect on Acord's drinking (which is only occasionally immoderate these days in any case), but he continues to attend as often as he can. "After all, I have an image to maintain."

In his determination to fit in, Acord cut his hair and started to dress like an engineer. He bought a silver-gray suit in Seattle for a hundred dollars and a chocolate-brown shirt at the Richland Goodwill for ninety-nine cents ("and worth it"). He thought that both went well with his favorite tie, which was

orange and silver. The Goodwill also yielded a five-dollar pair of snappy brown-and-white wing tips. (Later, walking through an airport metal detector, he learned that the shoes had steel-capped toes, a discovery that delighted him. "They must have belonged to some engineer in the Manhattan Project—a part of history.") Modern engineers at Hanford found Acord's outfit rather quaint. They didn't see any parody, even with a calculator and a Geiger counter hooked on his belt and a plastic penholder stuffed in his breast pocket; these were, after all, legitimate accoutrements of his trade as well as theirs. Acord had managed to show respect for local form while setting himself apart as an artist.

The multiple lives took their toll. Many days, he'd knock off at the potato factory at dawn, change from his thermal overalls to his business suit in the cab of his truck, and drive to a breakfast meeting of one organization or another. He'd get home just as Margaret was leaving for work, and spend the day drawing, writing letters, and tending to his father. Usually, he found time for a nap in the evening, but when there were special events—public hearings, sessions on waste cleanup, conferences on Hanford diversification—he might keep going around the clock for two or three days. On more than one occasion, as Margaret set out in the morning, she found him draped over the steering wheel of his truck, sound asleep.

Mr. Acord's Alzheimer's grew steadily worse, and in his mind he travelled back to more active years. He went to sea again, and he once more drove in sports-car rallies. He visited old friends, some long dead and some who had never existed. When he started acting on his fantasies, wandering out at three in the morning to explore the neighborhood, his son had to quit the potato factory and stay home all night. Soon the old man required almost constant care, and, as medical expenses mounted, the paperwork for Medicare alone became a full-time job. In a letter Acord described life with his father as "a Beckett play in which I never get to play Lucky." Meanwhile, Margaret held down three jobs to pay the bills (almost), and looked after the Ancient One when Acord had to be away. Then, one night this past January, Mr. Acord got out of bed and fell

to the floor. The next morning he was taken to the emergency room, and that afternoon he fell into a coma. He was discharged two weeks later, when he regained consciousness, but his strength was gone. For the next six days, the son stayed by the father's bed while the old man lay with his eyes closed, breathing softly. At last, Acord was able to talk through all their old problems, finally forgiving his father, and believing that he, too, was forgiven. After all their years of strife, they had finally found their hour of peace. In between the one-sided dialogues, Acord read aloud to his father, a former merchant seaman, from John McPhee's "Looking for a Ship." "There were stories in there that Dad had told me when I was a kid," Acord told me later. "Some of them *exactly* the same. And here I was, I was giving them back to him." Five pages from the end, Mr. Acord opened his eyes, raised his son's hand to his cheek, and died.

THE strategy of integration was beginning to work. Acord had volunteered his services as a lecturer or consultant on nuclear art to any interested organization, and several groups had accepted the offer. He was invited to speak to the Boy Scouts, Kiwanis, Rotary (three branches), the American Welding Society (twice), the American Nuclear Society, and the Westinghouse Managers' Association. After a talk at the American Nuclear Society, he was asked to become a member of its Public Information Committee. What he was proudest of, however, was a talk he gave at Battelle laboratories, where he was featured in a lecture series that had also included Glenn Seaborg, the Nobel Prize-winning chemist who once chaired the Atomic Energy Commission.

Acord impressed audiences with his knowledge of nuclear physics, amused them with his artistic twists on reactor technology, and touched them with his

sincere admiration for their work. The engineers and scientists had always looked on their creations as objects of beauty, but no outsider—certainly no artist—had ever shared that view. At first, such listeners were less enthusiastic about his desire to create new art in F.F.T.F. itself. Some took the project to be just another inside joke, and one suggested that if his career in art didn't work out he should consider becoming a standup comic. Eventually, however, they came to realize that he was dead earnest.

With the help of Wanda Munn, Acord formed the Fine Art Use of F.F.T.F. Technical Advisory Committee, or FAF-TAC, to assist him in developing the scientific aspects of his proposal. In addition to Ms. Munn, the committee includes Robert Schenter, a nuclear physicist; Gerald Woodcock, a senior project-control analyst; and William Schuck, an engineer. All four FAF-TAC members work for Westinghouse-Hanford and serve on the Public Information Committee of the American Nuclear Society. Their initial goal may well have been to use Acord as a public-relations tool, a voice for the nuclear industry in the arts community, but over time they have demonstrated their commitment to the project itself.

Acord gets along particularly well with Bob Schenter. As the Chief Scientist for Isotope Production at F.F.T.F., Schenter knows as much about transmutation as anyone in the world, and in his dealings with Acord he has been as generous with his knowledge as security restrictions will allow. And he has discovered that he, too, has much to learn from his eager acolyte. "Being in contact with Jim tells me to not just go the straight and narrow, but to broaden out and try new things," he told me. "Because we need new ideas, we need new ways and new imaginations to solve some of our problems. And just discussing some of these ideas and concepts helps me to be a better, more creative scientist, and also to be a more creative person." Indeed, Schenter has openly expressed his enthusiasm for the Fine Art Use of F.F.T.F. among his colleagues in Richland and across the country, and he has invited Acord to collaborate with him in a series of joint lectures on F.F.T.F. diversification. Meanwhile, Acord's influence has already made itself felt in Schenter's own



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work. For a recent colloquium at Hanford (which he called "Bone Cancer Pain Relief: How F.F.T.F. Will Put Drug Dealers Out of Business"), Schenter prepared a set of handouts that mixed different typefaces and graphics in a style that reminded Acord of "punk fanzines." The back page carried a grainy photograph of Albert Einstein, and two Einstein quotations: "Great Spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds," and "Imagination is more important than knowledge."

Schenter has access to a supply of isotopes from F.F.T.F. which he contributes to various research projects at Hanford or sells to radiology laboratories and other facilities. Since some of the isotopes have no immediate purpose or market value, Schenter saw no reason he shouldn't offer Acord a sample. Together, they pondered the properties of each possible choice, and finally settled on ruthenium 100. A member of the platinum family, ruthenium is a natural element, but it can also be produced by irradiating technetium 99. Another form of technetium was once a naturally occurring radioactive element, but it had a half-life of only 2.6 million years (compared to 4.5 billion for uranium), and had therefore almost completely disappeared within a few million years of the formation of the earth. The element had represented a puzzling hole in the periodic table until 1937, when it turned up in the cyclotron at Berkeley.

Acord would have preferred radioactive material, of course, but the atomic stability of ruthenium had certain advantages: it might calm Margaret's fears slightly, and it would permit him to exhibit his sculpture wherever he chose. Ruthenium was, in any case, a big step up from Fiesta ware: it had been created in the core of F.F.T.F., and it was a transmutation of the first humanly produced element. Ideally, Acord would have liked to take possession of his own technetium, plan the irradiation campaign, and then use the resulting ruthenium in his art. "I've made it clear that I don't want any leftovers," he told me. "I want to show that sculpture can come in—*should* come in—through the front door." That may yet happen, but Bob Schenter has pointed out that the process (both nuclear and bureaucratic) could take years, and by then F.F.T.F. might well be shut down. Whatever

the final result, Schenter's sample will give Acord something to experiment with.

Acord isn't sure what he will do with a few milligrams of ruthenium, but since the metal has properties similar to gold he thinks he will try to spread a thin coating directly on granite. His friends at the American Welding Society have volunteered the use of their plasma flame sprayer, and a Hanford engineer has suggested that he try electro-spark deposition or an even more advanced technology called sputtering. Any one of these processes, which are modern equivalents of the medieval technique known as flame gilding, will enable Acord to bond metal to stone a few atoms at a time, and ten milligrams (about the size of a pinhead) can be stretched to cover an area about two feet square.

Two months ago, Acord received a letter from the Assistant Manager for Operations at the D.O.E.'s Richland office confirming the release and laying out the guidelines for taking possession of the ruthenium. No license will be required, since the material will not be released until the radioactivity falls "below the level of regulatory concern." Acord will, however, be required to pay for the cost of processing the paperwork. The price has not yet been determined, but Acord expects to be charged a fee of several thousand dollars.

"It's a good deal, whatever it costs," he told me. "Of course, my truck needs a valve job, and Margaret's car needs a new transmission, and the check for the house payment just bounced. Oh, yeah, and Margaret's bicycle has two flat tires. But we'll figure it out somehow; I'm too close to stop now."

ACORD's ruthenium period had scarcely begun when events took a startling turn. Wanda Munn and Bob Schenter had been busy all spring helping to prepare for the F.F.T.F. Internationalization Symposium, in May, a conference intended to stir up interest (and foreign investment) in the reactor. Organizers were expecting about two hundred participants, representing the major nuclear laboratories in the United States, France, Germany, Japan, the Soviet Union, and other countries. The program included small panels and working groups to deal with various nuclear arcana, and several plenary sessions to be addressed

by such luminaries as Booth Gardner, Governor of Washington, and the state's two United States senators, Slade Gorton and Brock Adams. Acord had been hinting to Munn and Schecter that he would like to attend the symposium. Instead, they put him on the program, as the final speaker at the main banquet on May 29th.

"I went away a real believer," reported Alan Waltar, the manager of Nuclear Applications at F.F.T.F. and the author of "Fast Breeder Reactors," a revered text in the industry in both the West and the Soviet Union. "At the front end, you know, there was a little bit of murmuring and tinkling glasses and that sort of thing. Nobody'd ever heard of this guy, and they weren't all that interested. And then, all of a sudden, about a third of the way into the talk, a hush came down. I looked around and noticed that all the eyes were focussed on



Acord, and, really, you could have heard a pin drop. You know, unfortunately, a lot of people perceive the nuclear industry as a 'cold-prickly' instead of a 'warm-fuzzy,' but Jim basically had people eating out of his hand. I had never heard this kind of story before, and I found it, quite frankly, very refreshing, very imaginative. That was the reaction I heard from other people, too, particularly the French delegation. They kept saying, 'Hey, that was great!' And it was."

As soon as Acord switched off his final pair of slides (showing F.F.T.F. nestled next to Stonehenge), the entire crowd, or so it seemed, came forward and pressed around the podium. "Suddenly, my pockets were filled with other people's business cards," Acord recalls. (Over the next two days he collected a hundred and sixty cards, and also invitations to speak at Oak Ridge, Los Alamos, and Lawrence-Livermore.) "The Germans, I remember, seemed particularly excited. They were shaking my hand and telling me how much they'd enjoyed it. Of course, I was just overwhelmed and exhausted by this time, so I couldn't really focus on what they were telling me. But they did say, 'How would you like some depleted uranium to make sculpture with?' I said, 'Sure, well, that would be great.' I mean, what else do you say at a time like that? I couldn't

picture if it was a paper bag full of powder, or what. I had no idea what they were talking about."

The leader of the German group was Dr. Werner Koop, Kraftwerksdirektor of the SNR-300, a fast breeder reactor about fifty per cent more powerful than F.F.T.F. The SNR-300 was completed in the late eighties, but a change in government policy prevented its operation. Nevertheless, Dr. Koop was still a figure to be reckoned with. In order to stay abreast of new developments in breeder technology, he was trying to strike a deal with Westinghouse-Hanford: in exchange for operations data and test results, the Germans would sell their surplus fuel to F.F.T.F. As it happens, the German reactor and the American reactor are so similar that fuel assemblies from the SNR-300 will fit the core of F.F.T.F. with only minor modifications. The deal was impor-

tant to Westinghouse-Hanford because the current supply of fuel at F.F.T.F. could run out by 1995, so everyone wanted to please Dr. Koop. And Dr. Koop wanted to help Acord.

At a dinner the next night, Dr. Koop summoned Acord to join his party; the Beggar had been not only permitted to enter the Rich Man's house but invited to sit at the head table. Dr. Koop still did not explain his offer; he was saving that for a breakfast meeting the following morning, he said. That night, he wanted to get to know Acord better. Throughout the meal, the two discussed German architecture and the wood carvings of Tilman Riemenschneider, much to the bewilderment of the other engineers at the table.

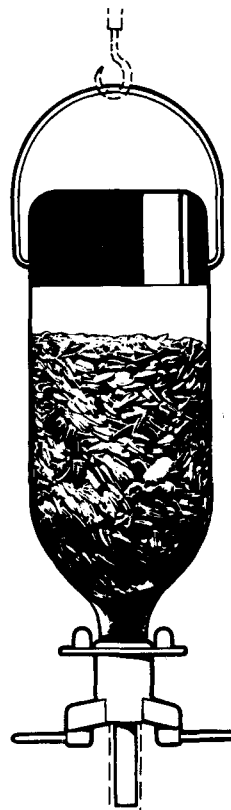
When Acord arrived at breakfast the next morning, he found an impressive cast of characters. Dr. Koop had brought officials from Westinghouse-Hanford, Interatom (a European fuel-processing company), and Advanced Nuclear Fuels (its American equivalent). He had also invited a regulatory specialist, "so there would be no problems." After they had eaten, Dr. Koop signalled to an aide to set a drawing case up on an easel. He showed a series of photographs of the mothballed SNR-300: the exterior, the containment dome, the core, the equipment. Finally, there was a picture of a breeder-

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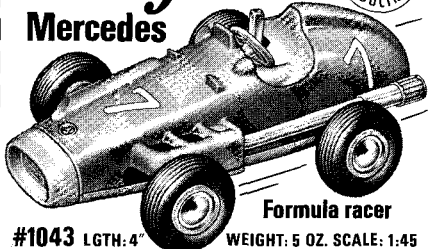
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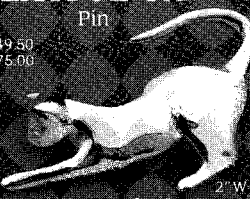
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blanket assembly, designed to convert spent fuel into plutonium in the reactor core. Dr. Koop apologized for having only one photograph, and then explained that this was the depleted uranium he wanted to give Acord.

The photograph showed a hexagonal bundle of stainless-steel tubes five metres long. Inside the stainless steel, Dr. Koop said, were eighty-two kilos of depleted uranium in a fired-ceramic oxide form. The tubing alone was worth thousands of dollars, and the cost of fabricating the uranium brought the total value close to a hundred thousand. "But if you don't have a reactor to put it in," Alan Waltar noted, "all of a sudden it becomes waste again." For Dr. Koop, the breeder assemblies had become a worthless burden. For Acord, they were priceless. "And, the thing looked just like a MOTA."

Dr. Koop wanted to know how many assemblies Mr. Acord thought he would need. Oh, at least three, Acord guessed. "Ah, for composition," Dr. Koop said, pleased at his own insight. Would he be cutting them up?

Acord paused. The regulatory specialist turned green. "Perhaps," Acord said at last. "But they are so beautiful as they are that I might not want to change them." The Americans breathed a sigh of relief, and Dr. Koop's chest puffed with pride.

Dr. Koop said that his company, SBK, a division of Siemens, would assume the cost of shipping the assemblies, and he delegated James Edgar, the Safeguards Specialist at Advanced Nuclear Fuels (another subsidiary of Siemens), to take care of matters on the receiving end. Edgar later told me that he and his colleagues planned to coöperate in every way possible. As was their policy with other fuels that they handled, though, they would never assume ownership of the material. They would simply receive the shipment, clear it through customs, and turn it over to Acord. All that Acord had to do was prove that he was licensed to possess spent fuel.

Acord immediately got in touch with Nancy Kirner, and she agreed to help—unofficially, as usual. It was her considered opinion that Acord's general license would not cover two hundred and fifty kilos of depleted uranium. Together, she and Acord calculated that under normal circumstances the new license would cost under five thou-

sand dollars—a lot less than the state had wanted to charge him for working with Fiesta ware, but still more than he could afford. "But we're working on that," he told me at the beginning of July. On September 20th, he received a letter from the Germans informing him that plans were proceeding apace, and that he could expect delivery sometime in the spring of 1992.

"MONSTRANCE FOR A GREY HORSE" remains unfinished. Acord has completed a model for the helmet, but the titanium casting is still tens of thousands of dollars away. In the spring of 1989, he cored the column of the sculpture to make room for a double-walled cannister of radioactive material; the containers are still in the design stage, however, and the contents are still open to negotiation. That summer, back in Barre, Acord bought the first of two granite slabs to use for the base; two years later, he has just finished carving this block. There is still one more slab to go before the stonework is finally done. Acord maintains that there is nothing he would rather do than cut stone, but right now he finds he has more pressing matters to attend to. In any event, since the sculpture is designed to last thirty thousand years, it hardly matters if he takes another decade or so to complete the work.

Margaret is concerned. She thinks he spends too much time on his interviews and lectures and committee meetings, and too little time on drawing and sculpture; she would rather see him cut names on a gravestone than write letters on his computer. "On the other hand," she said to me this summer, "sometimes I think that the muses have been fooling with him, and maybe words are his medium after all, and not stone and metal." Nevertheless, she is afraid that Jim is being exploited by people in the nuclear industry, as an apologist and showpiece to mask the inherent evil in the technology. She knows that he has turned the situation to his own advantage, to get access to the "magic metal," but she is still not happy about it. One night, after watching a video of "Silkwood," they had a fierce argument. "You're not the guy I married anymore," Margaret told him. "You're losing your soul, and it doesn't make any difference that you're giving it away instead of selling it."

If Acord is putting his soul at risk,

he is doing so, in his view, for the sake of us all. His understanding of nuclear technology has indeed changed, scientifically and philosophically, since he moved to Richland, but his goal remains the same. When he talks about a stupa or a cloister, he is not speaking in metaphors; he truly intends to build a nuclear temple. He has already done it once, however briefly: the "Moving to Richland" show was more like a storefront church than a cathedral, but the rudiments of the new iconography and ritual were in place. Acord's radiation suit and gas mask were his cassock and alb. The Fiesta Home Reactor was an altar of sorts, exposing the residue of a nuclear process much as the glass casket in the Milan Cathedral exposes the holy bones of San Carlo Borromeo. The "Monstrance" and the "Reliquary" were there, and as the fuguelike music throbbed Acord intoned his new liturgy. He had been over the mountain, and he had come back with a message, the same message that continues to guide his work. "We're all in this together," he said. "It's our nuclear age, like it or not. The age of stone lasted several hundred thousand years. The age of bronze lasted five thousand years. The age of iron lasted two thousand years. And we're fifty years into the nuclear age. If we're going to get to any further ages, then we'll have to get through this one. Together. In Renaissance times and in ancient Greek and Roman times, art and science were often in the same head. I think there's a wonderful balance that comes from that. Art answers questions in ways that are as valid as the answers of science. They're like the sun and the moon—they both give off a necessary illumination." —PHILIP SCHUYLER

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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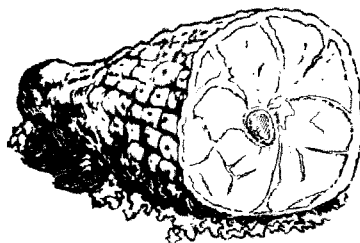
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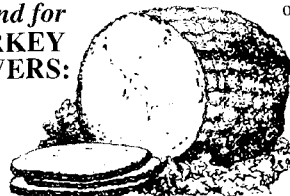
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THE THEATRE

Up a Tree

ALL praise for the revival of "On Borrowed Time," starring and directed by George C. Scott. Paul Osborn's fantasy was first done here by, and at, the Theatre Guild in 1938 and now reappears at Circle-in-the-Square, and nothing could be more gratifying to the scattering of us still extant who saw the original production—and have since referred to it tentatively as "the one about Death in a tree"—than that it should turn out to be just as good as we thought it was the first time around. The play is about an old man who is so determined to stick by his very young and recently orphaned grandson, Pud, and to protect him from a meddlesome, God-ridden aunt, that he does indeed trap Death, a Mr. Brink, in a large apple tree in a corner of his yard. The complications that ensue make the plot, such as it is. "The story really is that of the love of a little boy for his 'Gramps' and of 'Gramps' for the little boy, and not even Death can do anything about it," Robert Benchley wrote in his review, for this magazine, of the original production. "Even Death, or Mr. Brink, sees their point and turns out to be quite a decent chap after all."

Mr. Scott's grizzled, bearded Gramps is rough-edged, irascible, explosive, and tender, given to mild swearing, imbibing, and smoking, and never letting an opportunity for humor or feeling get by him. The word "star" is tossed around so freely these days that it has lost almost all meaning, and it is a special treat for an audience to see a play that actually stars a star. (It had never occurred to me that anyone could supplant Dudley Digges in the role—it seemed his forever.) Nathan Lane, as Mr. Brink, is as calm and reasonable (up to a point) as Gramps is rackety, and Teresa Wright is a fragile, shrewd, and beautiful Granny, who manages to steal away gently while Mr. Brink is still at large. Mr. Benchley wrote in admiration of the child whom he saw as Pud, "He is unbelievable. That is the only word for it—unbelievable." Our Pud, a gifted child named Matthew Porac, is believable every step of the way.

"On Borrowed Time" is made up of small scenes that should just slip by, but the pesky shape of the Circle-in-the-Square—a large open horseshoe—rules out a curtain; blackouts are all wrong but inevitable. In truth,

though, they don't spoil Mr. Scott's excellent production, which is very well set by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, lighted by Mary Jo Dondlinger, and costumed by Holly Hynes. Mr. Scott's and Mr. Lane's and Miss Wright's performances are three bonuses among many; others include those of Conrad Bain, Alice Haining, and Bette Henritze as local doctor, sympathetic young maidservant, and meddlesome aunt (with the glorious name Demeria Riffle). Seldom has an audience been more pampered than Mr. Osborn's. "He's even given us a good cry," said the man on my right.

—EDITH OLIVER

Angst in Bohemia

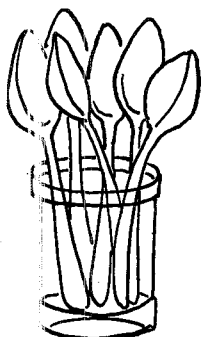
THE couple at the center of "Babylon Gardens," the new play by Timothy Mason at the Circle Rep, are in a lot of pain. Jean (Mary-Louise Parker), who likes to paint, is suffering from artist's block, and Bill (Timothy Hutton), a hospital nurse who specializes in administering anesthesia, spends most of his time in the cancer ward. Jean hasn't felt safe since the death of their horribly deformed newborn infant, and for the longest time hasn't been able to paint anything that isn't full of fetuses. She's only just now beginning to be able to venture out of their East Village apartment and go down to the river to sketch, while Bill is regularly so affected by the suffering he witnesses that he finds it necessary to anesthetize himself with recreational drugs.

But they're good, good people. Bill is like no hospital nurse you've ever seen: attentive, empathic, involved, and endlessly willing to take time out from his busy schedule to sit around trading confidences and reminiscences with the hospital inmates—like Molly (Bobo Lewis), whose metastasizing carcinoma the medical establishment is slowly failing to cure. Bill is wonderfully patient with the fact that ever since the baby Jean's gone all funny about sex, and Jean is patient with Bill's need to get wasted and insult the



"Joel! Killer crust!"

dinner guests. Those dinner guests are another sore spot: they're a nasty, low-minded crew—yuppies, not to put too fine a point on it, like Andrew (Steve Bassett), who tells jokes that make fun of the homeless, and Larry (Bruce McCarty), who works in real estate. Bill doesn't make fun of the homeless. In fact, he spends most of his downtime thinking about Opal (Cynthia Martells), the black woman who lives in a cardboard box on the corner. But, alas, there would seem to be no end to the pain: while Bill is looking for ways to make Opal's life just a little bit brighter, his wife's mental condition is gradually deteriorating—until, driven to despair by the heartless fecundity of their friends' wives (Cordelia Richards and Lea Floden), she is clutching wildly at her husband and intoning lines like "He's very wise: he named his first child



John Updike

America because it was already dead!" Why a man with all Bill's sensitivity wouldn't notice his wife going slowly round the twist and call a psychiatrist, and what a girl who dresses like Jean is doing married to a man who has friends like Andrew and Larry, and what an East Village hipster is doing working as a male nurse—these are questions that Mr. Mason leaves unanswered. But then "Babylon Gardens"—which at times so closely resembles a "thirtysomething" script that it's almost impossible to believe you're in a theatre—is less interested in details than in the big picture. Mr. Mason works from the outside in, moving characters around to suit predetermined designs and devices—just as his director, Joe Mantello, moves the actors around to suit predetermined notions of who should and should not be sympathetic.

Sometimes the play's bogusness is apparent in its very inconsistencies. In an early scene, Mr. Mason has Bill suggest a quickie before the dinner guests arrive. Nothing at all is said about Jean's skittishness regarding sex; on the contrary, her matter-of-factness—the warmth of her manner and her amused tolerance in fielding the untimely advance—is what suckers us into thinking we're in the presence of two appealingly stable people. Another sequence in Act I, in which Jean manages to break down class barriers

between herself and a couple of alienated Hispanics—a man and a boy—ends with her grabbing the boy in a pseudosexual/pseudomaternal embrace. The audience gasps. But the look of startled fear that the playwright and the director have to put on the faces of Philippe (Robert Jiménez) and Hector (Hector M. Estrada) in order to achieve the desired shock value doesn't jibe with the character of Hector as we see him later, when Mr. Mason has him show up at the apartment to steal the VCR and harass Jean sexually.

The play is full of these Grand Guignol touches. They lend the enterprise a certain air of entrepreneurial competence, but, let's face it, if a playwright availing himself of ten characters and any number of different settings (the apartment, the river, the street, several hospital locales)

can't tell a story with some measure of consistency he ought to be in another line of work, like writing for television. Actually, "Babylon Gardens" has the feel of a showcase—for both the author and his stars. One feels that Mr. Mason is auditioning for a job on one of those uncompromisingly college-educated serials, just as surely as Mr. Hutton and Ms. Parker are. Under Mr. Mantello's heavy directorial hand, the performances are almost unbearably stagi. The one exception is that of Ms. Martells, who, as the homeless woman, has to bridge the gap between reality and the playwright's shopworn notion of lunatic-as-visionary—a task she carries out with grace, intelligence, and modesty, if not always with success. As for Mr. Hutton and Ms. Parker, they do a lot of fairly relentless acting—he being sensitive, she being quirkily prosaic. These two might think about expanding their repertoire—particularly Ms. Parker, whose only noticeable gift so far has been for looking like a babe while managing to sound like a funny old man. (This is why her performance in "Prelude to a Kiss," whose plot merely re-stated her acting style, was such a bore.) She needs to grasp that, as adorable as her acting persona is at first, it proves insubstantial as the long, flowy, see-through dresses that look so good on her with leggings.

—MIMI KRAMER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Creation, Revival

CHARLES WUORINEN's cantata "Genesis," which was commissioned by the Honolulu Symphony, the Minnesota Orchestra, and the San Francisco Symphony, had its first performances last month, in San Francisco. It is a work unusual in these days: a joyful, affirmative, exuberant hymn of praise to the Creator for His creation. The cantata, which lasts about thirty-five minutes, has five movements: three for chorus and orchestra are divided by two interludes for orchestra alone. The text of the first movement, "Invocation," is made of seven Mass-chant incipits invoking God as creator: "Kyrie orbis factor," "Stelliferi conditor orbis," "Artifex terrae marisque et siderum," etc. In a program note Michael Steinberg calls it "a series of celebratory starbursts." The traditional chant melodies provide the musical material—audibly, but with entries at different pitches, rhythmic reordering, octave displacements, orchestral counterpoints. The start is a chordal cry followed by imitative chant entries, each a fourth higher than its predecessor, to which the orchestra adds other notes. The mood, exclamatory at first, gradually becomes more reflective. The first interlude, "Meditation," which is marked *piacevole*, flows gently; the material is again chant-derived, with increasingly chromatic inflections. "Creation History," the central movement, is a setting (in the Vulgate) of the first chapter of Genesis and the opening verses (telling of Sabbath rest) of the second chapter. This is treated calmly, "rationally," not in a busy flap and flurry of construction and manufacture but as a depiction of creation by dictate: "And God said . . . And it was so." But there is variety of texture, variety of pace, and some fascinating, beautiful instrumental detail. When rest time comes, the voices settle to a unison chant. The second interlude, "Cosmology," proposes a big-bang creation: a sustained crash, waves of energy, eventual resolution on a sustained, mysterious, widely spaced string chord. The finale, "Doxology," is a burst of Alleluias, beginning with the "Kyrie orbis factor" music from the start of the piece and moving at last into a "Cantate domino

canticum novum" that is also an ecstatic dance, holding episodes of Tippett-like contrapuntal rhapsody.

Wuorinen has said, carefully, of his recent music:

If there have been changes in my work, they have been in the direction of a greater connectedness with older musical traditions . . . what one might describe as the "pre-revolutionary" tradition of Western music. I don't think that I've become more conservative, but my harmonic language is now more clearly grounded in what I call "pitch centrality." . . . And my use of rhythm is more periodic, more regular, more intimately related to the background pulse than it used to be—which is a long, complicated, and rather pompous way of saying that the beat is clearer.

The idea of writing a large choral piece was suggested to him by Herbert Blomstedt, the San Francisco's music director, who had conducted several other Wuorinen compositions. "Genesis" had three performances, on successive days. The first was a shade careful; by the third, the San Francisco Symphony Chorus (trained by Vance George) was singing and the orchestra was playing with confidence and color, shaping the phrases, bringing them to life. "Genesis" is not an easy work. Impelled by counterpoint, challenging in its harmonies, it is richly and intently wrought—and exhilarating to hear.

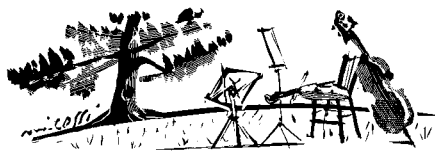
KURT MASUR's first subscription concert with the New York Philharmonic was disappointing: some slight American music, by John Adams and Aaron Copland, was followed by a decent, dullish account of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony. The week before, Mr. Masur and his other orchestra, the Leipzig Gewandhaus, had been engaged on a Beethoven cycle in Birmingham, and those performances were found rather heavy; a colleague suggested that the "fearsome juggernaut" he launched in the finale of the Beethoven Fifth "would have brought a late Bruckner symphony home in triumph." In New York, Bruckner's Seventh did

come home in triumph, but the start of the movement lacked spring.

Mr. Masur's second concert—the third subscription bill—gave delight. Not the first piece, Bach's "Wedding" Cantata—this was rather sludgy, and the soloist, Edith Wiens, had to reach for high notes—but the ample serving of Grieg's "Peer Gynt" incidental music that followed. "Peer Gynt" is something of a Masur specialty; with the Gewandhaus—and the same Solveig, Miss Wiens—he recorded the same selection. Len Cariou provided a thread of narrative and scene setting, and took Peer's part in the melodramas. The speech was in English translation; the language of the sung parts remained in doubt until a clear English word or two emerged at last. Miss Wiens was a touching Solveig. The orchestra played with the delicacy, tonal beauty, and range of fine colors that I admired in its summer Mendelssohn concert, at the Tilles Center. I'd forgotten how much more there is to Grieg's score than piano-duet nursery performance of "Morning" and "In the Hall of the Mountain King" can ever reveal: exquisite tone painting, vigorous humors, and, in the scene of Peer's encounter with the Boyg, music of awe and mystery. And Mr. Masur had induced the orchestra to play softly, sensitively, attentively.

Bruckner's Seventh Symphony had its first performance in Leipzig, in 1884, under Arthur Nikisch, who conducted the Leipzig Opera for some years and the Gewandhaus Orchestra for many, as Mr. Masur has done. Nikisch was famous for great results achieved with a minimum of physical fuss: Tchaikovsky called him "elegantly calm, sparing of superfluous movements," and Sir Adrian Boult once told me he had never watched a baton tip that was more precisely communicative. Mr. Masur uses no baton but conducts with hands, arms, head, body—and, one must suppose, eyes, those most personal of signifiers. (One of Boult's precepts to a budding conductor was to imagine long elastic threads extending from his eyes, by way of his baton tip, to the eyes of each player.) He gets results.

He has reseeded the orchestra. The double-basses are ranged no longer at the right but across the back, raised, to provide the traditional, solid foundation. The first and the second violins are still bunched left, in the modern



manner, but the violas, not the cellos, now take the foreground on the conductor's right. Risers have been added to the platform, and down both sides there are new reflecting screens. Avery Fisher Hall is not a lovable auditorium, but perhaps Mr. Masur will make it seem one. Dvořák's hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, last month, passed almost unmarked in this city; this week, however, Mr. Masur conducts the "New World."

Leonard Slatkin took over for the second Philharmonic bill. It began with Haydn's Symphony No. 60, "Il Distratto," of which he led a poised, elegant, entertaining performance. Two First Symphonies followed, those of Samuel Barber (completed in 1936, when its composer was twenty-five) and of William Walton (completed in 1935, when its composer was thirty-three). Each in its day was highly acclaimed; neither, I thought, has lasted well. I know the Walton work better. Mr. Slatkin's advocacy was earnest and energetic, but he pulled out the big stops too soon: when he reached the huge climaxes, there was nothing left to add.

BARBER and Walton in maturity wrote old-fashioned romantic grand operas that had rather similar fates. Walton's "Troilus and Cressida" appeared at Covent Garden in 1954, had a brief international career (San Francisco, the New York City Opera, La Scala), and after years of neglect was revised and revived (at Covent Garden in 1976) and recorded. Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra" was composed for the opening of the new Met, in 1966, where, by all accounts, it sank beneath the weight of a monster production by Franco Zeffirelli (who was also the librettist). Revised, and slimmed and trimmed with the help of Gian Carlo Menotti, it reappeared at the Juilliard (1975) and at the Spoleto Festival (1983) and was recorded. Both works at their premières were quite warmly received by the public and, for the most part, panned by the press. Barber, wounded by the lack of appreciation, composed little more in his remaining fourteen years. Walton was wounded, too, but went on to compose some substantial orchestral works.

Three years before "Troilus," "The Rake's Progress" had appeared. The year before "Antony," Bernd Alois Zimmermann's "Die Soldaten" (which the City Opera presented last week) had



"Don't worry, Howard. The big questions are multiple choice."

had its première. "Wozzeck" had appeared in 1925, "Lulu" in 1937. "Troilus" and "Antony" were stale grand-opera confections modelled after Tchaikovsky and Strauss. But both have found champions, and last month the Lyric Opera of Chicago revived "Antony" in an excellent performance. It was the second installment in the plan of Ardis Krainik, the Lyric's dynamic director, to present at least one American opera each season. Last year's was Dominick Argento's "Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe"; next year's will be a new opera, William Bolcom's "McTeague."

The Cleopatra was Catherine Malfitano, an American soprano at the peak of her powers; she was gleaming and alluring of presence, secure and subtle in every utterance. The Antony, Richard Cowan, was loud and confident but somewhat pushy, unpoetic. In the revised version, the other roles—Jacque Trussel was Caesar, Eric Halfvarson was Enobarbus—are scarcely more than supporting; all of them were well taken. Elijah Moshinsky's staging was trim and precise (except when he allowed Enobarbus' "The barge she sat in" aria to excite near-nude soldiery to a steam-bath orgy). In Michael Yeargan's décor—a magic kaleidoscope of angled mirrors wherein single painted panels were multiplied into deep scenes—and under Duane Schuler's lights, sultry, sun-drenched Egypt could

melt into masonried Rome. Richard Buckley conducted warmly and securely. The case for a continuance of "Antony" could hardly have been better put. But thumbs down: the music holds little interest for a modern listener, and a tragedy is trivialized.

THE next day, in San Francisco, I heard Prokofiev's "War and Peace"—an opera still vibrantly alive, one whose stature is growing with each new production. In Kobbé, Lord Harewood calls it "more or less indistinguishable from a masterpiece," and adds that his opinion is "strengthened with each revival." Last year, Seattle staged "War and Peace"; this year, before San Francisco, there was a Kirov co-production with the BBC, Covent Garden, the Bastille, and Philips Classics. Although the Met has been laggard, its theatre has housed productions from the Bolshoi and the English National on tour. The making of the opera was long (1941-52) and troubled, subject to official interference: it went through version after version, and Prokofiev never heard a performance of all that he had composed. Yet in the San Francisco program book Richard Taruskin writes of "a perfection of form"—adding, to be sure, that it "is perhaps more readily perceived intuitively, as it is by audiences the world over, than by those exigent enforcers

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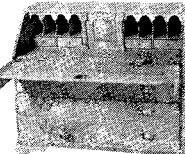
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of convention known as critics." Intuition, Hans Keller taught me, is a critic's first, albeit fallible, resource; further exposure to and analytical examination of a work can then provide confirmation or contradiction. It is easy for a critic to point out faults in "War and Peace": musical repetitiveness, passages of bombast, loose dramaturgy in the second part. It matters more that Prokofiev wrote music that stirs listeners' feelings about war (as "Antony" never does), enlists them in popular resistance to invaders, enmeshes them in the network of jostling personal and public concerns, perhaps brings sharp thoughts of Germany fifty years ago and Yugoslavia today into the opera house. The composer claimed that he was apolitical, but he was too vivid a creator not to give life to his huge subject. At the same time—intentions alone do not make a work of art—he wrote communicative music, albeit more emblematic than individual, for the persons who articulate the drama. Two diatonic tunes run through the score, one associated with Natasha and the other with patriotic resistance to the invader. Although one was originally conceived for "Eugene Onegin" and the other for "Ivan the Terrible," as emblems they are powerful, and at each recurrence they prove moving. And on an aesthetic level Prokofiev balanced recitative, arioso, aria, and chorus, solos and crowd scenes, with the instinctive skills of a born—and the calculated, satisfying skills of an experienced—dramatic composer.

When Lotfi Mansouri was appointed general director of the San Francisco Opera, three years ago, he put "War and Peace" at the head of his desiderata, and the next year he engaged Valery Gergiev (the Kirov's music director, but not then the international star he now is) to conduct and Jérôme Savary (whose "D'Artagnan" he had seen in Paris) to direct. Ann Panagulias, San Francisco's young Lulu that year, began studying Natasha, and Barry McCauley began studying Pierre. Long planning came to fruition in a very fine production, the most exciting of seven stagings that have come my way. One revelation was the importance of Pierre. In Prokofiev's first plan for the opera, Pierre was, as in Tolstoy, the protagonist, caught up in "War" as he had been in "Peace." But Germany in-

vaded Russia within months of those first thoughts; the people's heroic defiance became more important than Pierre's observing of it, and Kutuzov became the protagonist of "War." In an account of the opera after Seattle, I suggested that Pierre, though still important in "War," had inspired no more than dutiful music. I was wrong; Mr. McCauley with his easily powerful, passionate, intelligent singing showed it. In the earlier performances, the role had been grievously abridged,



undercast, or both; in San Francisco, the score was almost uncut, and none of Pierre's music was missing. Mr. McCauley took the final, "star" call, and deserved it.

Miss Panagulias was a lovely Natasha: a stage adept, young, sensitive, vocally free, altogether captivating. The principals were surrounded by a galaxy of able singers, several of them from the Kirov and even more of them graduates of San Francisco's various cadet programs. "War and Peace" has a huge cast: let me single out Yuri Marusin, the Anatol (as he was in the Kirov production), who had a charm of voice and presence to make Natasha's infatuation more understandable than usual. There were two relative weaknesses in important roles: Dimitri Kharitonov, from the Bolshoi, was a stick of an Andrei, handsome in appearance but unromantic of vocal utterance; and, as Kutuzov, Paul Plishka roared out music that Donald Gramm and Norman Bailey made warm and moving. The opera survived. The rest was right. There was no overriding "conception," no unit set, but a sequence of thirteen striking scenes (designed by Michel Lebois) achieved without fuss, more or less as the composer prescribed them—and with startling pyrotechnics in the battle episodes. The forces were large—a chorus of nearly a hundred, a hundred and thirty-five supers, six hundred and fifty costumes, six hundred pounds of (flameproof) snowfall at each performance—but their deployment was not splashy. Mr. Gergiev, who has long been associated with "War and Peace," conducts it with liveliness, lyricism, and grace. In some patriotic numbers he seemed a shade brisk, and hardly allowed Ian Robertson's choristers time or breath to develop their fullest, most imposing tones.

—ANDREW PORTER

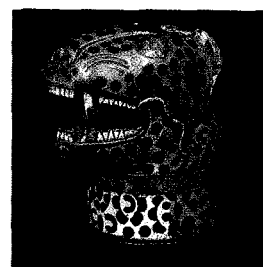
NEW YORK AND THE ARTS: A CULTURAL AFFAIR



Clockwise from above:
The Boys Choir of Harlem;
detail of "Girl in Red with Cat
and Dog" by Ammi Phillips,
from the Museum of
American Folk Art; a denizen
of the Bronx Zoo;
Valerie Jaudon's "Reunion" at
Police Plaza; a painted
Peruvian puma's-head cup
from the National Museum of the
American Indian.

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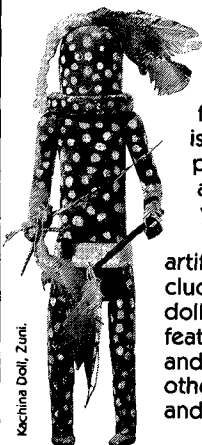
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alike, even realize. ■ In fact, there are more than
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some of them in all their grand and
modest, famous and obscure, but always
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THEATRE

Yes, there's "Cats" and "Phantom" and "Miss Saigon" and "Les Miz" and "Will Rogers." That's Broadway, mounting quintessentially New York extravagan-

Mama, and the careers of such artists as F. Murray Abraham, Nick Nolte, and Sam Shepard started there. Meanwhile, the upper East Side boasts such troupes as

the Riverside Shakespeare Company, which mixes new shows with the classics. And at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre, currently mounting John Guare's successful "Six Degrees of Separation," the powerful South African musical "Sarafina" found its first New York home.

Add to these Playwrights Horizons, which develops important works by contemporary playwrights. Its success stories include "Driving Miss Daisy," "Sunday in the Park with George," and "The Heidi Chronicles."



Joan Allen in Playwrights Horizons' production of "The Heidi Chronicles"

anzas to wow us. But don't forget that New York theatre is also about Off Broadway and Off-Off Broadway, both of which have less to do with location than innovation. In fact, many Broadway shows are developed here.

Take Circle in the Square, for example. In 1951, in an abandoned nightclub in Greenwich Village's Sheridan Square, a small group of artists scraped together seven thousand dollars to produce revivals of plays that had recently failed on Broadway. The productions that followed that modest beginning have included such classics as "The Iceman Cometh" starring Jason Robards, "Our Town," and "Heartbreak House."

Another downtown success story is that of La Mama, started by Ellen Stewart in 1961 in a small basement on the lower East Side to nurture and produce the works of experimental playwrights, directors, performers, and designers. "Godspell," "Torch Song Trilogy," and "Balm in Gilead" all were created at La

Not to be overlooked is the New York Shakespeare Festival/Public Theatre. Founded and ably run by Joe Papp until he recently handed over the reins to JoAnne Akalaitis, this premier institution not only presents free performances of Shakespearean plays in Central Park but introduces audiences to new works at its handsome group of theatres on Lafayette Street. It was here that "A Chorus Line" got its start.

But there's so much happening all over town in New York theatre. Whenever a company like Mabou Mines performs, there's sure to be excitement and originality of vision. For longevity, "The Fantasticks" put on its thirteen thousandth performance this past August. And over at the Lamb's Theatre,



"The Pirates of Penzance," mounted by N.Y. Gilbert & Sullivan Players



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located in the heart of the theatre district, theatre thrives cheek by jowl with a crisis center for the poor and needy.

Wide audiences are also found for the



Steve Krickhaus performing at the avant-garde venue P.S. 122

Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, the National Theatre Workshop of the Handicapped, New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players, the Billie Holiday Theatre, Yueh Lung Shadow Theatre (jewel-like figures are animated behind a backlit screen), the Women's Project & Productions, Repertorio Español, the Staten Island Shakespearean Theatre Company, and the South Bronx Community Action Theatre.

Finally, keep in mind that the Theatre Development Fund—famous for its half-price ticket booths in Times Square, at the World Trade Center, and in Brooklyn—maintains a twenty-four-hour hotline carrying information on all performing arts events in the city. Call NYC/On Stage at (212) 768-1818.

DANCE

From the New York City and Joffrey Ballets and American Ballet Theatre to Martha Graham and Dance Theatre of Harlem to the Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church and Aims of Modzawe, New York dances. No other city can claim more dancers or more varied and prestigious dance schools.

Once-obscure companies such as Alvin Ailey, Paul Taylor, and Eliot Feld have become internationally known. Centers such as the Joyce Theatre, Dance Theatre

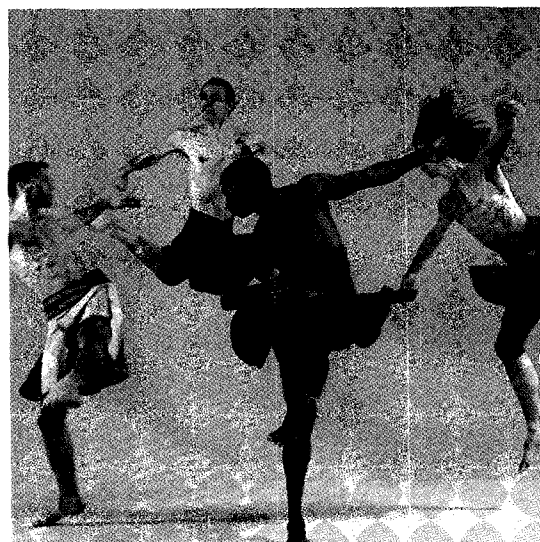
Workshop, City Center, and the Asian American Arts Centre assist and show dance created by both established and young choreographers and companies.

There's the heat of Ballet Hispanico, the intelligence of Merce Cunningham, and the coltish energy of numerous newcomers. The Diane Jacobowitz Dance Theatre teams up with Roy Nathanson and the Jazz Passengers in Brooklyn to benefit the homeless, while Dancing in the Streets takes such dancers as Lucinda Childs and Philippe Petit to venues like Grand Central Station and other unusual indoor and outdoor locations.

Innovative work—dance, music, video, performance, film, and literature—always is cooking at the Kitchen on the West Side, P.S. 122 on the lower East Side, and Creative Time, which pops up anywhere and everywhere.

MUSEUMS

When it comes to museums, New York is richer than Midas. The Metropoli-



Toronto Dance Theatre, shown here in Christopher House's "Court of Lions," will be at the Joyce Theatre in November

tan Museum of Art houses an entire Egyptian temple and still has plenty of space left to exhibit its collections of

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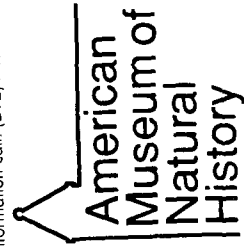
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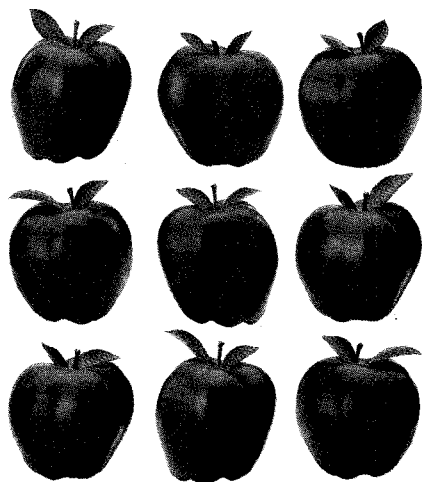


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more than two million works of art spanning five thousand years of world culture. And it is just one of the city's treasures.

There are the other Big Three: the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the



The American Museum of Natural History's Hall of African Mammals
houses some rather imposing creatures

Guggenheim Museum, which has been undergoing restoration. Then there's the giant American Museum of Natural History, which, with thirty-six million artifacts in its collection, is the world's largest natural history museum. This December, the museum, famous for its dinosaur collection, will unveil *Barosaurus*; it will rise an impressive five stories in the Roosevelt Rotunda. Following close on their heels are the New Museum of Contemporary Art; the International Center of Photography; the Museum of American Folk Art, keeper of quilts and weather vanes and carousel horses; the American Craft Museum, where decorative and functional designs from Frank Lloyd Wright to not-yet-known craftspeople reign; the Frick Collection, collected by and housed in the elegant mansion of industrialist Henry Clay Frick; the Museum of the American Indian; and the New-York Historical Society, which temporarily houses the Jewish Museum.

The stately Brooklyn Museum, designed by McKim, Mead, and White,

houses art and artifacts from around the world. The Bronx Museum of the Arts serves as an important cultural and educational center for the 1.2 million residents of that borough. Over in Queens, the Queens Museum of Art, located on

the site of both New York

World's Fairs, serves the same purpose for its neighbors. And the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences is dedicated to the interrelationship between art, science, and history as it relates to the heritage of Staten Island and its people.

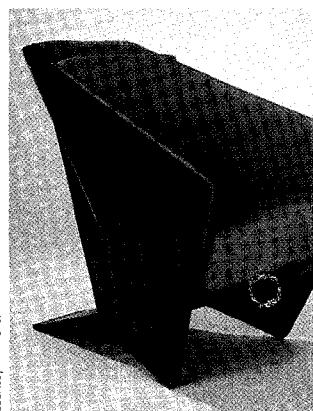
Specialized collections can also be found in abundant variety. The Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum in Queens is dedicated solely to the eminent sculptor's work.

A handsome stone house

on a residential street on Staten Island is the Jacques Marchais Center of Tibetan Art. El Museo del Barrio, located on Fifth Avenue's Museum Mile, honors the art and culture of Puerto Rico, while the Black Fashion Museum in Harlem works to set the record straight on the long-standing

role of blacks in the fashion industry, including the fact that it was a black woman named Ann Lowe who designed the gown worn by

Jacqueline Bouvier when she married John F. Kennedy. Yeshiva University houses a museum that mounts exhibits that link Jewish life and customs with Biblical law. And the art of Africa and the



Frank Lloyd Wright's "Armchair"

Courtesy of American Craft Museum

African diaspora are found at the Center for African Art and the Studio Museum in Harlem. Film and video buffs will want to visit the Museum of the Moving Image in Astoria, Queens.

New York even boasts a floating museum. For thirty-one years, the USS Intrepid served this country. Now the vessel rests in New York Harbor and serves as a sea, air, and space museum. In Corona, Queens, at the New York Hall of Science, visitors can pull a four-hundred-pound pendulum with nothing but a string. And at North Wind Undersea Institute on City Island visitors can learn more about protecting all forms of marine life: the oceans, and the environment.

ART

One of the unexpected pleasures of New York is chancing upon art in public places. (Many of these opportunities have been created through funding from the city's Percent for Art Program.) In addition to Rockefeller Center's WPA reliefs and Central Park's charming Alice in Wonderland sculpture, there are surprises such as Richard Haas's seven mural panels of various

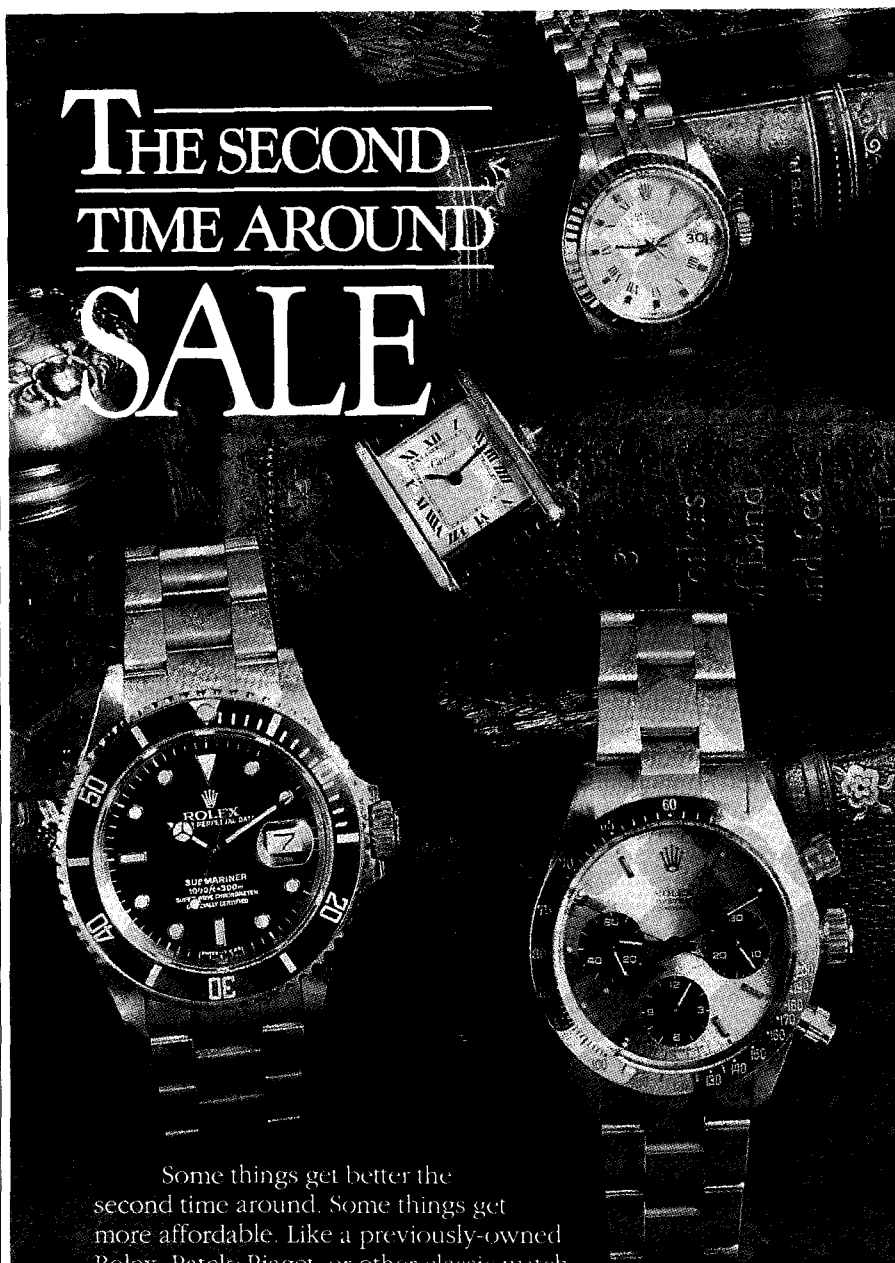
New York scenes on the Baxter Street side of the White Street Detention Center and Kit



Alice and the White Rabbit reside in Central Park

throne/electric chair sculpture atop a walkway connected to the detention center. Located in the plaza between the Municipal Building and police headquarters in lower Manhattan is Tony Rosenthal's red connecting circle sculpture. Surrounding P.S. 234 in Tribeca is Donna Dennis's steel fence depicting historical ships that plied New York's

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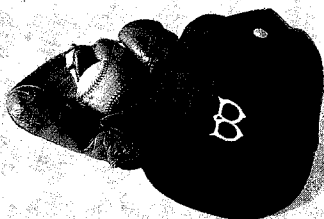
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nearby harbor. Even the subway system has embraced art. Eighteen stations have permanent installations, and dozens more are set up for changing exhibitions, in-



A New York City Opera production of "Brigadoon"

cluding art by city schoolchildren.

The Dia Center for the Arts exhibits commissioned work by a single artist or collaborative team for at least one year, quite a bit longer than most exhibition spaces devote to a specific show. At the Drawing Center in Soho, artists can participate in group exhibitions as well as be part of a slide registry. Artists Space, also in Soho, and White Columns, located in the West Village, both serve as not-for-profit galleries for emerging and mid-career artists. In Long Island City, P.S. 1, a former public school, mounts intriguing, innovative exhibitions of contemporary, avant-garde art.



How do you get to Carnegie Hall? From all over the world, for it is in that venerable place that you may hear the likes of the Philadelphia Orchestra or the Vienna Philharmonic, not to mention New York's own Philharmonic, Youth Symphony, and American Symphony Orchestra, to name only a few. Of course you

also may catch an evening of gospel or one of Comanche flute playing.

Over in Central Park on a summer's day there are free concerts at the Summerstage, and on many a summer's night thousands of New Yorkers stretch out on the Great Lawn for a relaxing picnic supper and the strains of the New York Philharmonic or the Metropolitan Opera performing Puccini. Recently, Paul Simon performed for free before seven hundred and fifty thousand fans. Concerts are also held at the South Street Seaport, at the World Trade Center, in Brooklyn's Prospect Park, at museums and churches, and in nooks and crannies throughout the five boroughs.

All year long Lincoln Center is alive with the sound of music. On a not atypical week you'll find the New York City Opera performing in the New York State Theatre, while the Mostly Mozart Festival is going strong at Avery Fisher Hall, and an international array of jazz, Latin, and new music is pulsing outside at the Fountain Plaza.

Up the block, Merkin Concert Hall provides a full schedule of concerts, and over on the other side of town, the 92nd Street Y has a long tradition of presenting quality music. Downtown there's the Great Hall at Cooper Union where the American Jazz Orchestra keeps company. Also in Manhattan are Opera



Next Wave '91 opens soon at BAM

Ebony, celebrating its eighteenth season, and the East Harlem Music School, started in 1972 by Johnny Colon to teach and perform Latin music and dance. In Queens, the Queens Symphony Orchestra has been giving its audiences plea-

sure since 1953. Over in Brooklyn, the Brooklyn Academy of Music finds space for everything from traditional orchestral repertoires to its well-known Next Wave Festival. Also in Brooklyn is St. Ann's Church, whose concerts caused one journalist to term it "a sanctuary of the arts."

This fall the Harlem Festival Orchestra will offer a subscription series, the first of its kind provided by any orchestra for the people of Harlem. Meanwhile, the Staten Island Chamber Music Players are proudly celebrating their seventeenth

season, while the Bronx Opera Company bills itself as "today's showcase for the opera stars of tomorrow." Even geographically small City Island has its own chamber ensemble.

Finally, in the something-for-everyone category that so typifies New York, there are such mainstays as the Ukrainian Chorus "Dumka" of America, the internationally renowned Boys Choir of Harlem, the New York City Gay Men's Chorus, and Musica de Camara, a chamber music concert series that features Puerto Rican instrumentalists, singers, and composers.

CHILDREN

Activities specifically for children abound in New York. There are theatres and theatre companies galore just for kids, including such greats as the Paper Bag Players, whose costumes and scenery are made of cardboard boxes, paper

bags, and common household objects, and who are the only children's theatre company ever to receive an Obie Award, Off Broadway's highest honor. New York even has its own one-ring circus, aptly named the Big Apple Circus.

City kids can take lessons at the Third

Street Music School Settlement (which is on East Eleventh Street) or the Children's Art Carnival or Harlem School of the Arts. Or they can utilize their talent as members of the New York Youth

Symphony. New York's youngsters even have their own news service—*Children's Express* reporters are thirteen and under.

The Brooklyn Children's Museum, a cornucopia of hands-on delights designed around the four elements (earth, air, water, and fire) is the oldest by far; it was established in 1899. The Staten Island Children's Museum at Snug Harbor, founded by parents in 1974, has risen to its challenge by providing consistently innovative, interactive exhibitions and programs.

The Children's Museum of Man-

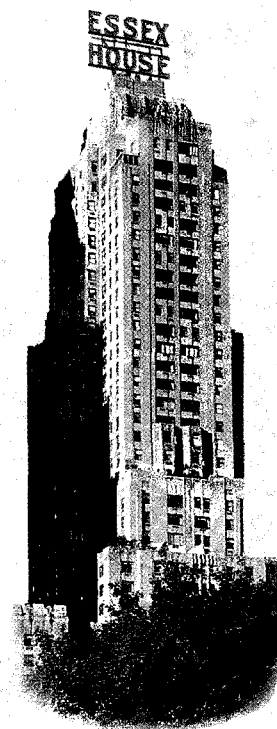
hattan, which recently reopened, offers everything from an exploration of fossils to children's art from Armenia. In Soho, the Children's Museum of the Arts features an international children's art gallery and an art studio.



Judith Martin, Daniel Wilke, Kelley, and Ted Brackett are three of the Paper Bag Players



"Grandma" (Barry Lubin) will be part of the fun at this year's Big Apple Circus



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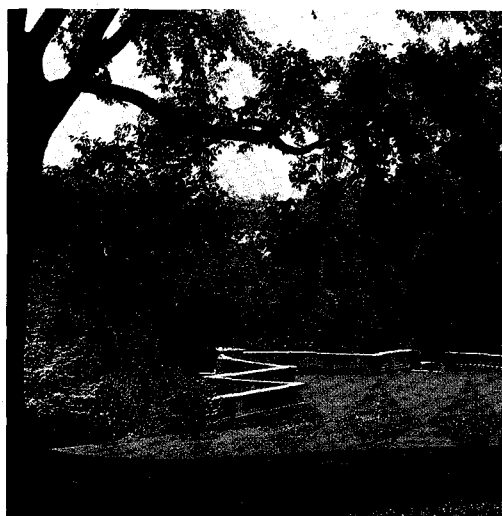
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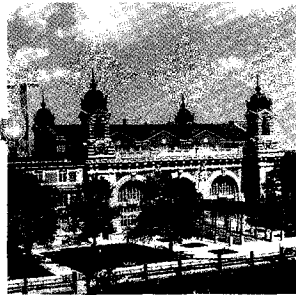
how this city became what it is today,
suddenly there they are. The Statue of
Liberty is one, of course. And there's Ellis
Island, where many of our relatives
passed through not so long ago as they
anxiously waited to take the short boat
ride to a new world. The Chinatown His-
tory Museum provides insight into that
neighborhood's past, while nearby the
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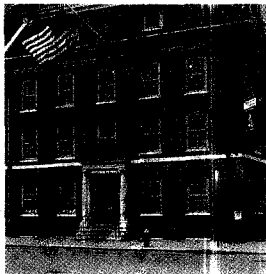
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Abigail Adams Smith Museum, the Morris-Jumel Mansion, and, of course, Gracie Mansion, which is the home of the city's mayors.

Cheri Fein is a fiction writer, poet, and journalist who has lived in New York City for twenty years.

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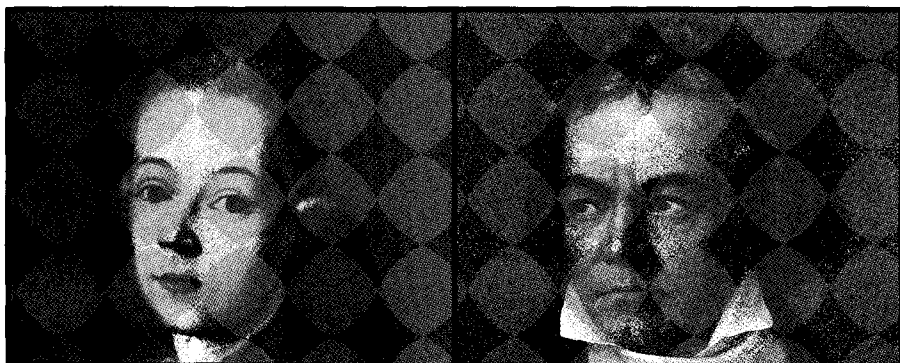
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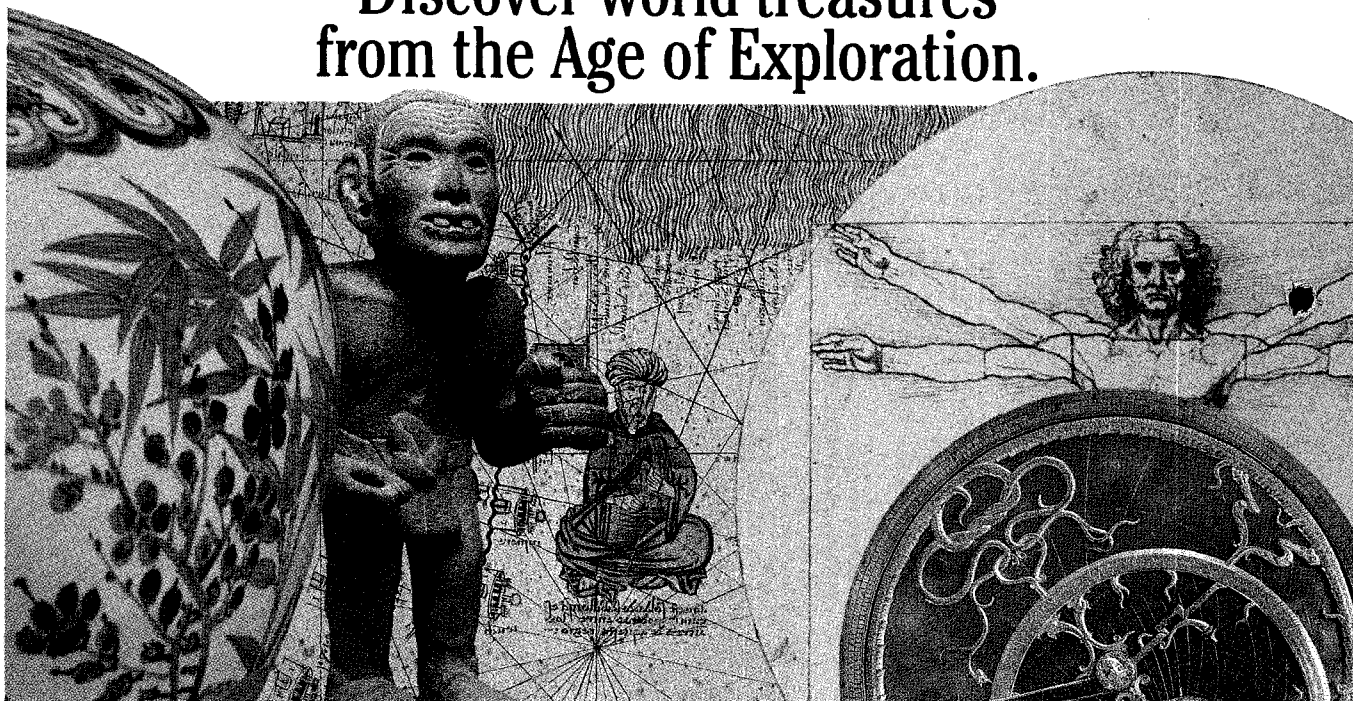
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Boundless Love

"FRANKIE & JOHNNY," the movie version of Terrence McNally's 1987 play "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune," is a sweet-tempered romantic comedy whose main characters are a New York coffee-shop waitress (Frankie) and a short-order cook (Johnny). The names, of course, recall those of the couple in the famous song, but McNally's characters don't resemble the tragic lovers in any other way. For the cook, however, this trivial coincidence is loaded with significance: it's an indication, he keeps telling the skeptical object of his desire, that he and she were meant to be lovers, and why fight destiny? In Johnny's highly selective interpretation of this sign from the heavens, fate does not ordain that he's going to do her wrong and she's going to shoot him dead: the song's first line says "Frankie and Johnny were lovers," and as far as he's concerned the rest doesn't count. This is only one of many dubious but tenaciously argued positions that Johnny takes in his campaign to win Frankie's undying love. He bombards her with charm, jokes, romantic rhetoric, quotations from Shakespeare, autobiographical pathos, beautiful music, and heartfelt (though not terribly rigorous) philosophizing. He's the most eclectic and exhausting suitor imaginable, and he's too much for Frankie, who's determined not to expose herself to the pain and uncertainty of a serious relationship. The play, in which Frankie and Johnny were the only characters and all the action took place in one night and on one set, was essentially a long sparring match, a comic clash between sharply opposed attitudes toward romantic love—Johnny's let's-do-it optimism versus Frankie's stubborn, defensive pessimism. In a sense, the play was an exercise in stripping down romantic comedy to its

most basic component—two people sizing each other up and trying to figure out whether they want to be together.

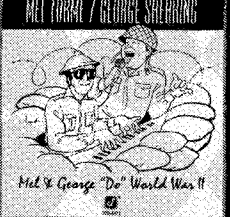
The form of the play is much too stark for the movies. McNally, adapting his work for the screen, has expanded and drastically rearranged his original story. He and the film's director, Garry Marshall, have attempted to place Frankie and Johnny in a variety of settings and situations, to stretch the narrative out over a longer period, to surround the lovers with lots of other people—and to incorporate all this extra material without dissipating the emotional tensions of the main characters' relationship. Romantic comedy isn't really a complex genre. All the writer has to do is keep our attention focussed on a single question: Will they or won't they? The only tricky part is sustaining the illusion that the outcome isn't inevitable—inventing obstacles and diversions to scatter over the course of true love. The guiding principle of the genre is perilously

extended anticipation; the best romantic comedies make us laugh at the pleasure of delayed gratification. McNally's screenplay keeps that principle in view. In giving a fuller narrative shape to Frankie and Johnny's relationship—making explicit the events that were only implicit in the play's all-night postcoital negotiating session—McNally actually enhances the story's romantic suspense. The movie shows us the lovers' initial meeting, Johnny's persistent efforts to get Frankie to go out with him, their first date (and first sex), a tense cooling-off period, and, finally, a long night of conversation in which the lovers, popping in and out of Frankie's sofa bed, fumble their way toward a sort of understanding. The dramatic structure of the movie is more conventional than that of the play, but it almost has to be; in a film, the stylized, concentrated form of the theatre piece would seem a tedious conceit, a distraction. The strength of the play was its simplicity and its directness; the movie preserves those qualities by telling the story in the ordinary, straightforward Hollywood manner. "Frankie & Johnny" is now a vehicle for Al Pacino and Michelle



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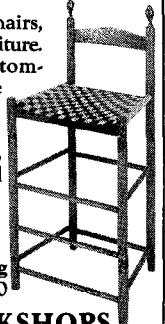
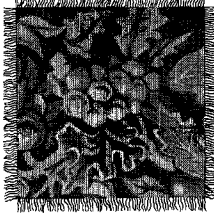
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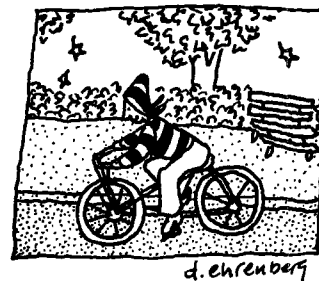
Pfeiffer, and that's as it should be, too; in the movies, there's nothing simpler and nothing more direct than the sight of actors we love pretending to fall in love with each other. Pacino and Pfeiffer are more glamorous than the characters they're playing, but, in a weird way, their star power is perfectly appropriate here: it's the meat-and-potatoes stuff of big-budget movie entertainment.

Besides, the presence of Pacino and Pfeiffer guarantees that our interest in the main characters' relationship won't be overwhelmed by all the supporting characters and peripheral activity that McNally and Marshall have added. The film takes us outside the room where Frankie and Johnny argue and make love, and into a densely populated world. The coffee shop has a full cast of characters: an amiable Greek owner (Hector Elizondo) with a huge supply of relatives, some of whom he recruits for brief, unsatisfying stints behind the cash register; a bizarre crew of veteran waitresses, of whom the most prominent are a cynical flirt named Cora (Kate Nelligan) and a chain-smoking old maid named Nedda (Jane Morris); an assortment of cooks, kitchen helpers, and busboys, each of them with his own special quirk; and a constant flow of customers, as crazily diverse as you would expect the clientele of a Manhattan coffee shop to be. The movie also provides Frankie with a sympathetic neighbor: a wry, wise-cracking gay man, Tim (Nathan Lane), who appears to have unrestricted access to her tiny apartment. It's tempting to think of him as the Rhoda figure here—and, for that matter, to think of the coffee shop as the equivalent of the

"Mary Tyler Moore Show" newsroom. The style that McNally and Marshall have adopted for the picture is a kind of sitcom classicism, whose indispensable elements are a wacky workplace filled with benign eccentrics and an apartment building with at least one resident capable of bursting into the main character's apartment and reeling off a string of tart one-liners. Before Marshall became a movie director ("The Flamingo Kid," "Pretty Woman"), he spent years writing, producing, and directing television comedies, and he knows how to make

this sort of thing work. He's almost too proficient. Even as you're enjoying the deft timing of the jokes and the expert handling of the bit players (Nelligan and Lane are both hilarious), you may get the uncomfortable feeling that what you're watching could, with virtually no alteration, be spun off into a half-hour weekly series; at times the picture gives you the even more disturbing sense that it was designed for that.

But the stars' performances elevate the material; they supply "Frankie & Johnny" with movie-scale authority and resonance. Pacino's Johnny is a terrifically funny and persuasive portrait of a pesky, in-your-face romantic. At one point in his continuing argument with Frankie, Johnny shakes his head in disbelief at her mulishness and says, "This all should be so easy. Why does it have to be so damn hard?" He just can't believe how much energy it's taking to convince her that she should surrender herself to him, body and soul, forever and ever. (His attitude could be summed up in a line from Frank O'Hara's poem "Meditations in an Emergency": "I am the least difficult of men. All I want is boundless love.") To him, the romantic scenario in his head—marriage, kids, endless bliss—is clear, complete, and blindingly obvious, and he doesn't see any reason not to lay the whole thing on Frankie immediately; it doesn't occur to him that



a more patient, less pressuring approach might be more effective. Johnny is in his late forties; he's divorced and he rarely sees his children; he has just been released from prison, where he spent eighteen months for forging a check. He's eager to make a fresh start in life, and he isn't inclined to waste time. Meeting Frankie gets him so excited that he can't help blurting out his feelings for her, whether she's ready for them or not: he has a problem with premature articulation. Johnny is an antsy depressive; his amazing, overbearing intensity is the manic enthusiasm of someone who knows what it's like to feel utterly defeated. This is a wonderful role for Pacino. He brings out the comedy and the ambiguity of a middle-aged man's sense of emotional rebirth:

he's exuberant, touching, and a little scary.

Pfeiffer is extraordinary. In this picture, she doesn't appear to be wearing any makeup, and her hair just hangs there, and her wardrobe is unglamorous (mostly jeans and a frumpy waitress's uniform); she still looks smashing. (McNally's description of Frankie in the play script—"striking, but not conventional, good looks"—is apt if you read "not conventional" to mean "supernatural.") Her Frankie is beautiful in the way of a woman who doesn't know that she's beautiful, or doesn't want to know. Pfeiffer makes us understand that being attractive to men hasn't, so far, done Frankie a lot of good—that she'd rather play down her looks than risk attracting more trouble. The actress seems to bring together in this character the different qualities of several of the women she has portrayed on-screen in the past few years: the tough cookies of "Married to the Mob" and "The Fabulous Baker Boys"; the reluctant Mme. de Tourvel of "Dangerous Liaisons," trying desperately to repel the advances of an implacable suitor; the honest, reserved Soviet heroine of "The Russia House." And this is a role that requires her to use everything that she has learned from her previous work. Frankie is, in her closed-off way, a far more volatile character than Johnny, because, unlike him, she's never quite sure how she feels or who she wants to be: she veers between the urge to surrender to her lover's vision of her and the impulse to resist that temptation at all costs. Her feelings change course very quickly, and Pfeiffer, without doing anything showy, makes every one of these emotional shifts lucid and thrillingly natural. Frankie isn't a happy woman, but Pfeiffer never lets the character become drab or mopey. The story wouldn't work at all if Frankie weren't, in some sense, as passionate and willful as Johnny: we have to feel that there's as much energy and vigor in her defensiveness as there is in his aggressiveness. Although it's perfectly apparent to us that Frankie has allowed herself to settle for a life of low expectations and modest rewards, there's something perversely bracing in the way she fends off Johnny's attempt to invade her narrow emotional turf. Her ferocity is a sign of life, and Pfeiffer does full justice to it. This is a superbly detailed rendering of a

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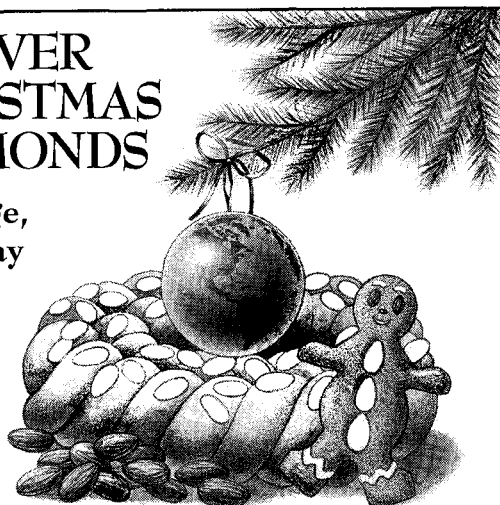
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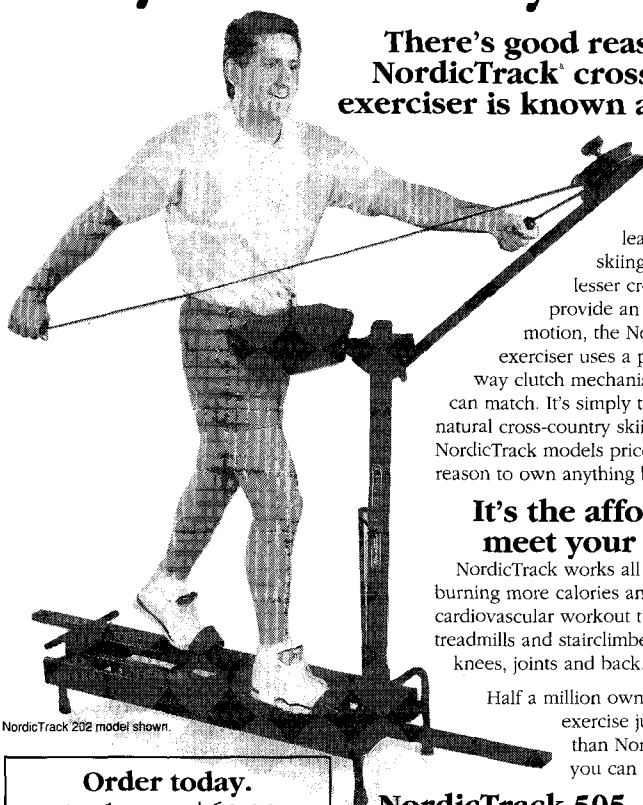


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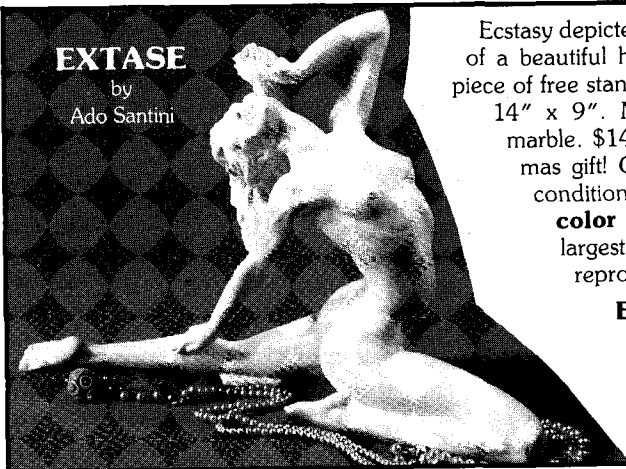
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What makes "Frankie & Johnny" such an enjoyable picture is that the relationship of its battling lovers is a striking (but not conventional) representation of the fundamental tension that drives romantic comedy. Johnny, with his inexplicable certainty that he and Frankie are destined to love each other for the rest of their lives, speaks to the part of us that *knows*, as we follow this sort of story, that everything's going to turn out fine. Frankie speaks to the part of us that wants to postpone the inevitable. She won't just give in to Johnny's fully developed romantic script, accept the whole package on faith; she has to study it, to figure out how its details add up, to decide—in her own sweet time—whether this story makes sense for her. (She has the temperament of an extremely demanding critic.) The classic Hollywood romantic comedies of the thirties usually delayed the gratification of the happy ending by external means: they used the plot mechanics of farce to generate the mishaps and misunderstandings that would keep the lovers apart for ninety minutes or so. In "Frankie & Johnny" McNally produces the exquisitely attenuated pleasure of romantic comedy by a different method: the obstacles in the path of love are all internal. That's why, despite the new characters and settings that the writer has invented for the movie, "Frankie & Johnny" is still essentially a two-character piece. The machinery of farce—the opening and closing doors, the unlikely hiding places, the hastily assembled disguises—is felt rather than seen, because it's inside Frankie and Johnny. As we watch them, we can sense the thoughts and emotions that are scurrying across the private movie screens in their heads. And when the farce is played out and the lights come up, for Frankie and Johnny and for us, we understand why romance and comedy make an ideal, inevitable couple.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

[From the *Mayflower Quarterly*]

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BOOKS

A Woman's Continent

WHO would have dared believe that American book buyers would be offered within three months' time not one but *two* novels by male authors about, and narrated by, white superwomen in Africa? Both heroines are formidably erudite, and both forthrightly pursue a man who takes their fancy. Both have rather slangy, in-your-face prose styles, and both discuss, with a frankness new to romantic heroines, their bowel movements. Both witness a utopian society tipping off balance. Both novels are rather aggressively brilliant and information-laden, and both struck this reader as exhilarating journeys of exploration, intelligently planned and generously provisioned. The more recently published, *"Mating"* (Knopf; \$23), is by an American, Norman Rush, and the other, *"Brazzaville Beach"* (Morrow; \$21), is by an Englishman, William Boyd. Both authors have had, needless to say, some experience of Africa: Boyd was born in Ghana, and lived in Africa off and on until he was twenty-two; Rush for five years worked with the Peace Corps in Botswana. Both display, besides African experience, imagination—the questing faculty that can build adventures from the paper material of history, anthropology, even mathematics, and that here launches each writer on a prolonged sojourn in a female sensibility. The women are plausible enough, though one tends to picture them in safari jackets and khaki trousers, and wearing very sensible shoes.

The heroine of *"Mating"* made her debut in this magazine; a short story printed in 1983, *"Bruns,"* shows her acting as a somewhat flip witness to the Boer persecution, in a Botswana village, of a saintly Dutch volunteer. At the outset of *"Mating,"* she alludes to the incident: "I had been a bystander during something interpersonally very nasty in Keteng. . . . A Dutch cooperant had been hounded to death by the local power structure." In the lengthy novel as in the short story, she is unnamed, though we are readily told that she is thirty-two, big-breasted, menstruating irregularly, and frustrated in both her academic career—her thesis in nutritional anthropology concerns hunter-

gatherers, who have ceased to exist even in the remotest areas—and her sexual life. Why Norman Rush didn't deign to name his ever-present central figure is as obscure to me as his refusal to use any sort of quotation marks, letting us guess at the spoken sentences bobbing in the streams of consciousness and first-person narration; e.g., "Do you know me? I asked her. Because you seem to be following me. It wasn't hostile. She admitted immediately she was following me," and "Ah, but Nel I have a few things to do. He lets you call him Nel. But pretty soon I'll be gone." These stylistic renunciations serve, I suppose, to let the reader know that he is perusing not just any old saga of African hardship and politicized courtship but a novel with aggressive modernist de-

signs on his conventional reading habits.

The action is simple but stately, a curve of neediness, attraction, pursuit, capture, fulfillment, disillusion, and departure which is traced through close to five hundred big pages bristling with such recondite terms as "tonus," "makhoa," "tallywhackers," "lustral," "samoosa," "suigenerism," "cornucopious," "lanugo," "superfices," "je m'en foutisme," "cothurni," "karosses," "lolwapas," "idioverse," "noetic," "ketosis," "vitromania," "inter pocula," "rubiconic," "uchronia," "watchership," "toriis," "langur," "ovaldavels" (from "rondavels"), "utilitarianism," "sternocleidomastoids," "pygmalious," "stim-mung," "credulism," "megrim," "dagga," "bogobe," "cryptomnesia," "urticaria," "elenchus," "entelechies," "geniusly," "crescive," "evanition," and



"My God, now what?"

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"bromeliad." Some of the African terms are in a brief glossary, but some aren't, and these, plus the Latin and French tags and the puckish neologisms, keep the going stiff, and remind us that Mr. Rush and his loquacious narrator are doing their bit to freshen up the English language. "She was slightly unfresh," we are told of an otherwise irresistible African girl in one of Mr. Rush's stories, "Alone in Africa." In "Mating," this inflection is extended to, of an allegation, "It was unso."

"Mating" style can be alarmingly brisk:

There are barriers. Americans suffer the most. They come to Botswana wanting to be lovely to Africans. A wall confounds them. Behind it is something they sense is interesting. I could help them.

And unabashedly tongue-twisted:

I think I also did a passage of invented eurhythmics whose real purpose was to wag my lower self in the face of the Kalahari, which I was letting myself feel fully as the organism that wants you to suffer that it truly is.

In the context of a brief encounter between the estranged, drunken, wistful wife of the hero, Nelson Denoon, and his by now thoroughly aroused thirty-two-year-old admirer, these stark sentences are subtle and moving:

I had a sudden confused feeling toward her. I wanted to say I knew that what she was now was not what she had once been. I think I loved her for helping me. I wanted to say something like Neither am I always going to be like I am. There was no way to say it.

The novel is talky, but with an abruptness that keeps us awake and, now and then, makes us laugh. Except for the heroine's vivid days alone in the Kalahari, on her solitary way to Denoon's utopian, preponderantly female community of Tsau, and for the murky machinations whereby the disruptive hand of Boer South Africa darkens Tsau's sunny feminist order (driving Denoon out into the desert himself, for a survival experience that leaves him, to our heroine's taste, intolerably mystical), there is little action in the book, just discussion and description. Denoon and his anonymous lady love to talk: up on his soapbox, he speaks in entire essays and spouts improbable facts, such as that ninety per cent of all the adolescents who have ever lived are alive today, and that the Jewish Hell is physically next door to Paradise, with a low wall between them, for the saved's viewing

pleasure. Embowered, à la Antony and Cleopatra, in a world of space, the two lovers seem a typical urban couple, confined to a stifling studio apartment of self-conscious relationship. Their exchanges are spiked with remarks like "You're giving me cognitive dissonance." As primly as a marriage manual, they labor to shed mutual enlightenment upon such intimate areas of togetherness as cunnilingus and flatulence. At one point in their abominably evolving relations, the heroine decides to tackle her lover like a research project, complete with exhaustive measurements: "The physical description I assembled is a masterpiece of some kind. I doubt that there is a more minute physical description of one human being by another anywhere." We read about Denoon's skin, his genitals, his childhood traumas, his cornucopious political and sociological views (beamed from a stratosphere somewhere beyond socialism), his jokes, his silences, his smell ("It was positive and faintly like a veal soup my mother made five or so times in my life when for some unknown reason she was elated about something. It was a trace smell subtending the soap, diesel, and smoke amalgam"). If, for all the unstinted Denoon particulars, I had some trouble assembling them into a presence I could feel, it may be that I am unaccustomed to perceiving men so exclusively as sex objects, as targets of the mating instinct. Perhaps my own iota of testosterone compelled me, in view of the larger-than-life, spectacularly nubile woman interposing herself between us, to dislike Denoon; at any rate, I did dislike him, except at the end, where he incurs her dislike by becoming passive, enigmatic, and religious.

Nor was Tsau quite real to me. "How serious is this place, au fond?" our female quester asks herself. When she first glimpses it, she reflects, "In its symmetry and neatness and Mediterranean color scheme it looked like a town in the Babar books, but in its atmosphere there was something operatic or extravagant. I had no referent for it." It seems a kind of toy for Mr. Rush's imagination, with less African flavor to it than the dusty milieus of his short stories. The entire town of Tsau, on a green elevation above the desert, twinkles: "There was the ubiquitous flashing and glinting . . . due . . . to the various mirrors and solar instruments

and other glass oddments that seemed to be specific to the place." Or, in a sentence of not untypical semi-opacity: "If you look at Tsau at night from out in the plain or from the top of the koppie you can imagine the dots and dashes the lit bricks become constituting a message in code." Denoon is possessed by vitromania; glass, that fruit of heat and sand, fascinates him, and the fascination goes back to a magical castle that he made of his alcoholic father's empties and that his father drunkenly smashed. Tsau, though equipped with a geography, a technology, a politics, an economic rationale, and animated personnel, does not quite belong to Africa, any more than the self-contained luxury Hiltons of the West Indies belong to their islands. It reminded me of Captain Nemo's self-sufficient submarine Nautilus—which contains all the letters of "Tsau"—with solar power the central magic instead of a glamorized electricity, and Denoon's glassworks replacing as a meditation center Captain Nemo's pipe organ. Tsau is one more of the mystery-cities that the imperial Western imagination has willed to exist in Africa—a King Solomon's Mines imposed upon the compliant native darkness. Mr. Rush is more sensitive to the natives' cultural integrity than Rider Haggard was. In one of "Mating's" few bursts of African English, a young woman protests Denoon's anti-church, anti-missionary sermons: "Why are you speaking so long with saying we must not have beliefs whilst you are thrusting beliefs upon these people from long before when we first came here? . . . When whitemen come amongst the people it is always for lying." Denoon does not disagree with her; a talk he presents is subtitled "The Destruction of Africa Accelerated by Her Benefactors, Present Company Not Excepted." Liberal futility is built into Denoonist liberalism; politically, the book, which takes place in the early eighties, has an ambiguous, salty taste, that of sixties idealism reduced under Reagan to helpless sneering. Back in California, the heroine quips, "Being in America is like being stabbed to death with a butter knife by a weakling," and sardonically portrays her success as a lecturer on the Third World:

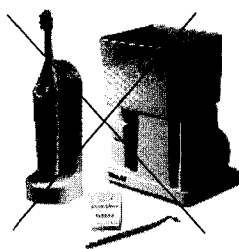
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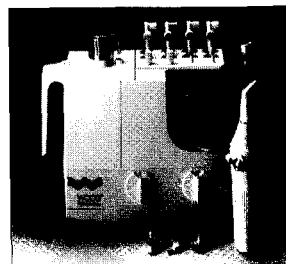


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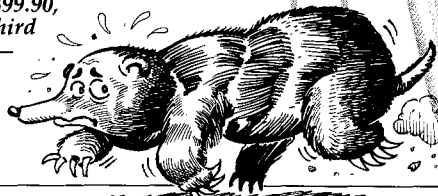
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I tell them means the superimposition of market economies on traditional and unprepared third world cultures by force and fraud circa 1880 to the present, and that this has been the seedbed of the televised spectacle of famine, misery, and disease confronting us in the comfort of our homes.

They love me for it.

She left this reader with something not every novel can muster—a strong sense of human presence. If Denoon is Captain Nemo, she is a wry and curvy Captain Ahab, immense in her singleness of pursuit of the white whale of “equilibrium or perfect mating,” and compelling in the exhaustiveness and honesty of the log she keeps during the chase. Her intellectual commentary is so rife with liberal self-debunking and post-Christian, post-Marcusian dubiousness that whether she and Denoon will wind up as legally or spiritually one doesn't excite us very much—far less than, say, Jane Eyre's eventual acquisition, in a more romantic century, of the humbled Rochester. Not only Denoon but solar power, that sacrest of New Age sacred cows, fails to escape her withering doubts: “Or had Denoon always been an impostor without my noticing it, starting with so eloquently leading the world to expect Tsau was going to be some liberating municipal bromeliad running on sun and sweet breezes when in fact although the place was bristling and glittering with solar hardware how much did it do? . . . People had solar cookers but barely used them. And what was Tsau to him, really? Who was Tsau for?” Yet, with all her romantic overvaluations deconstructed, she still lives, thinks, talks; her thoughts have gristle and irony, her sensations and intuitions are startlingly real. What she does for Denoon, the author does for her: describes a human being with a fanatic thoroughness. If “Mating” feels thin on its geopolitical edges, it is energetically dense along its chosen axis, the sensibility and observations of its heroine. Our frustrated female anthropologist achieves a primal size worthy of her chosen continent; she could not have grown this way back in the United States, any more than Denoon could have created his vitreous utopia here. Her account of crossing the Kalahari is breathtaking, as raw nature and as human psychology in crisis circumstances. Her internalization of Africa comes to a later

climax as a thunderstorm approaches Tsau:

It crawled toward us, magnificent and immense. It looked organic, I thought, more like an electrified placenta than anything else. The breadth of the lightning display was amazing. . . . Never have I seen any natural event like it. I shuddered and had pop philosophical insights, viz. human beings are microcosms of this vast oncoming system in that the thing that allows us to salivate and think and embrace is also electrical, in essence. We were related, this behemoth air beast and myself. I was its pale affiliate.

That “pale affiliate” is very pretty. She has felt herself amplified into grandeur. The first sentence of “Mating” states, “In Africa, you want more, I think.”

WHAT Hope Clearwater, the academically and sexually capable heroine of William Boyd's “Brazzaville Beach,” wants is escape from England, where her marriage to a mathematician has ended in disaster. Of Norman Rush's American expatriates, Denoon seems to be fleeing his native land's disgusting capitalism, and the Great Unnamed is getting away from her grossly overweight mother, whom she unkindly calls “the colossus of Duluth.” Both have dislodged themselves from a “pathetic matrix.” Hope, however, as her name suggests, is a positive person; she has no complaints about her parents, and her descriptions of England—especially the deer park and hedgerows she is dating for an archeological survey—have a loving savor of ancient greenery and damp cottages. Nevertheless, she ends up in Africa, observing chimpanzees for the Grosso Arvore Research Project, which is headed by the highly regarded primatologist Eugene Mallabar. The unnamed country feels like Angola: there are a number of competing rebel armies, a long coastline, and traces of Portuguese colonization. The reader discovers Hope living alone on a beach recently named after a 1964 conference held in Brazzaville; the novel is her long reflection upon past events, one in a colloquial first person but with perhaps an excess of literary apparatus. Chapters more or less alternately set in England and in Africa march in synchrony to a double climax; in addition, each chapter begins with a few hundred words of italics on a variety of subjects, cluing the reader in on the meaning of ornate chapter titles like “What I Like to Do,” “Usman Shoukry's Lemma,” and “Cabbages

Are Not Spheres." The novel's epigraph (from Plato) also serves as its last sentence, and Hope's "I" sometimes becomes the third-person "Hope Clearwater." All this wouldn't do for any old protagonist, but as a correlative for a shook-up intellectual's state of mind it gets by. "Brazzaville Beach" reads more easily than "Mating," but it bulges no less with information—on mathematics, primatology, and botany both English and African, with expert digressions into shock therapy, modern weaponry and aircraft, theories of turbulence, and niceties of volleyball.

Mr. Boyd, educated, after his Guanaian birth, at the universities of Nice, Glasgow, and Oxford, would seem to know everything. His novel "An Ice-Cream War" confidently moves about in the East Africa of 1914-18, and "The New Confessions" transatlantically roams through all the twentieth century. He has an adroit and amiable narrative lightness, and some critics have classed him as a comic novelist, in the line of Evelyn Waugh and Kingsley Amis. But in "Brazzaville Beach," at least, he shows little of the cheerful Tory heartlessness of those gentlemen. (Though he does show some linguistic snobbery, saying within thirty pages of two different characters that "she [he] spoke [very] good English but with a pronounced [quite a heavy] accent.") The primate capacity for violence, including ours, is his sombre theme, which he plays in a number of variations—cannibalism and warfare among chimpanzees, murderous and suicidal competition among intellectual speculators, the abstract mayhem coolly inflicted by mercenary pilots, and the malign farce of chaotic civil war. The heroine's adventures in this last vein, as the hostage of a small band of rebels called UNAMO which in peacetime formed a volleyball team called Atomique Boum, do happily echo the surreal Waugh of "Scoop" and "Black Mischief," and provide some of the narrative's most poetic and indelible images. The slender, scared boy-soldiers stage a ghostly volleyball game in the bush, "in the soft evening light, their thin lanky bodies casting thinner and lankier shadows." Later, Hope and Dr. Amilcar, the wispy troop's leader, come across an unused antitank gun and its ammunition:

He levered off the top of one of the flat wooden boxes. Inside, on a polystyrene rack,

like wine bottles, were three thin shells with lilac, onion-shaped tops, like domes on a Russian church. He removed one and held it out: it was rather a beautiful object, well designed, like the gun. The lilac shone with a luminescent glow in the yellowy light. Amilcar opened the breech of the gun and offered the onion nose to the opening. It slid in easily. It was far too small.

Dr. Amilcar muses, "Somebody from UNAMO bought this for us in Europe. I wonder what his commission was?" Thus the heroic aspirations of wars of liberation dwindle to the realities of a few frightened boys and a costly, useless weapon.

Like Bernard Malamud in his chimpanzee novel of nine years ago, "God's Grace," Mr. Boyd was struck by that part of Jane Goodall's field work which reported aggression and infanticide among the peaceable-seeming chimpanzees. Hope Clearwater's boss, Dr. Mallabar, has built a profitable reputation upon studies with such titles as "The Peaceful Primate" and "Primate's Progress." His resistance, which becomes blind rage, to her and her African assistants' observations of unpeaceableness has its own grim comedy, and there is some graveyard humor back in England as Hope's husband, the mathematician John Clearwater, attempts to inspire his brain to formulate an immortal equation by betrandedly digging holes in the peaty English earth. But the humor of his eccentricity sours and becomes pitiful as she, who initially pursued him much as Denoon was pursued, realizes that he has become dysfunctional and must be left. Though nimble in the telling, "Brazzaville Beach" has the terror of life in it, and like "Mating" leaves its heroine alone, matched only with Africa. Mr. Boyd, a white African native, effortlessly names the trees, animates the chimpanzees, and describes the scenery. Compared with the Kalahari wilderness in "Mating," his Africa is workaday. It borders on the dreary:

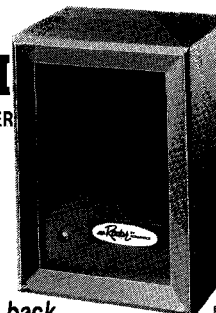
I put my hands on my hips and looked around me. We could be almost anywhere in Africa, I recognized. The scene was at once typical and banal. A pot-holed road running straight through low scrubby forest, a scatter of decrepit huts, a strange dry smell in the air of dust and vegetation, a big red sun about to dip below the treeline, the plaintive chirrup of crickets.

Nor is there much doing on Brazzaville Beach: "A boy watches three goats graze in the palm groves. A crab sidles into its hole. Someone laughs

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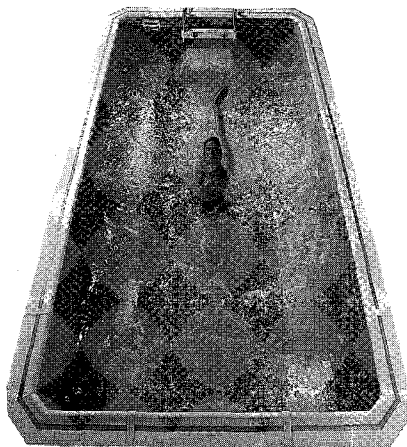
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raucously in the village." Africa is certainly the most miserable of the continents these days. One might even say, looking at the famine, corruption, national debt, and now, on top of malaria and multitudinous parasites, the plague of AIDS, that it is hopeless. Yet for some Westerners, among them Hope Clearwater—"that tall young woman who lives on Brazzaville Beach"—it remains a place of healing, of spiritual opportunity.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SET FOR LIFE, by Judith Freeman (Norton; \$19.95). This is a political novel in the best sense: it's about the moral considerations at the root of political ideas, and about character as an embodiment of moral nature. A sixteen-year-old Idaho girl, socially shamed by her family's membership in a neo-Nazi group as well as repelled by—and scared of—its viciousness, lights out in search of love and freedom, or at least escape. She is fortunate enough to fall into the hands of elderly Phil Doucet, who, though he is the recent recipient of a heart transplant, is truly heart-whole—unerring in his instinct for the right and good, if mystified by a world where "the innocent were mingling so freely with the guilty, and the power to differentiate between the two was so often uncertain." The shape of the story is unwieldy, and Ms. Freeman indulges in some shameless conveniences of plotting, but, working with materials that could easily lead a writer to reductive cheapness, she does not let dramatic convenience flatten her characters. Her own unerring sense of truth verges on an apocalyptic vision; to read her is to believe in the possibility of goodness.

BOOMFELL, by Douglas Hobbie (Holt; \$19.95). Charles Boomfell, a failed academic turned real-estate broker, is out celebrating his first sale with his wife, Valerie, when she offhandedly confesses to some long-ago adultery with Boomfell's ex-best buddy in the English Department, Eliot Singer. Boomfell, who is a kind of Waspy Herzog for the nineties, has had a few affairs of his own, and Val's admission simply adds another layer to the multi-

layered text of their marriage, which hovers uncertainly at the center of this book as though it were about to become the principal subject. It never does, though each of the book's several narrators takes it up. There is April, the breathless bisexual young woman who works with Val and, half in love with her, thinks the cozy pair would be better off parted. There's Eliot Singer himself, who reappears after a suicide attempt, and marries in passing at the tenacity of their marriage. But it is an omniscient narrator who, watching the Boomfells repaper the upstairs bathroom and have sex and pick up their kids after school, brings us as close as is perhaps possible to the mystery of their sane and basically happy life together. Mr. Hobbie is a first novelist, but this classic third-person voice fits him like a veteran's soft old glove.

NOTE: "Father Must," a collection of stories by Rick Rofie, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux (\$18.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

REFLECTIONS OF AN AFFIRMATIVE ACTION BABY, by Stephen L. Carter (Basic; \$23). The author, who teaches law at Yale, writes like a law professor, constructing tight arguments whose precision offers aesthetic as well as intellectual pleasure. But Mr. Carter, a black who benefitted from affirmative-action programs, can also write like a writer as he mingles recollection and reflection. The purpose of his book, he says, is to start a discussion about affirmative action, whose present and future value he doubts. Many of his examples come from academe, where he has had the most experience, and he finds, generally, that high achievers under affirmative-action programs are classed—and sometimes class themselves—as "the best black," even if in their specialty they are really the best man or woman of any race. He notes, too, that affirmative action has done much for middle-class blacks and little for poor blacks, who desperately need help. He goes on to discuss a number of allied subjects, among them the possibility that he may be dismissed as a neoconservative sellout for questioning the benefits of affirmative action. Mr. Carter is shrewd,

subtle, and funny; he is also earnest in maintaining that a black who seeks intellectual freedom—the right to explore and share ideas—is not disloyal to his race.

THE DIARY OF A NAPOLEONIC FOOT SOLDIER, by Jakob Walter, edited by Marc Raeff and translated from the German by Otto Springer (Doubleday; \$20). The author of this narrative was a young German stone-mason who was conscripted into Napoleon's Grand Army in 1806 and who served, intermittently, as an infantryman and officer's valet until 1812. He gives us firsthand accounts of his part in three major campaigns—against Prussia (1806), against Austria (1809), and against Russia (1812). His descriptions of combat, bivouacking, and long marches with undressed wounds and no food or water are limited to what he could see or hear from where he stood, and, like the other non-French draftees in Napoleon's armies, he couldn't have cared less about the outcome of a battle or the fortunes of his superiors—the idea was to get home alive. The most gripping pages deal with the rout of the French forces on the way back from Moscow, as Walter tells of the near-total collapse of humanity, of freezing, starving soldiers who stole food and clothing from sleeping comrades and would kill them for a horse. Written in a direct, unembellished, occasionally emotional manner, this is one of the few existing records of an ordinary soldier's life in Napoleon's armies. Illustrations.

NOTE: "Goodbyes and Other Messages: A Journal of Jazz, 1981-1990," by Whitney Balliett, has been published by Oxford (\$22.95). All but two of the essays in this collection originally appeared in this magazine. . . . "Proof of Life on Earth," a collection of drawings by Rex Chast, has been published by HarperCollins (\$8.95, paper). Most of the drawings first appeared here.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Staten Island Friends of Clearwater Newsletter].

Sun., May 26—6 p.m. Horseshoe Crab Mating By Moonlight—Meet at Page Ave. and Hylan Blvd. Witness the primal orgy of these armored creatures from the deep. Bring dinner, a flashlight and bug repellent. We'll picnic along the beach.

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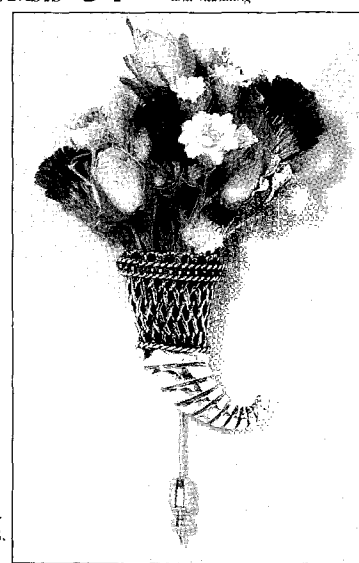
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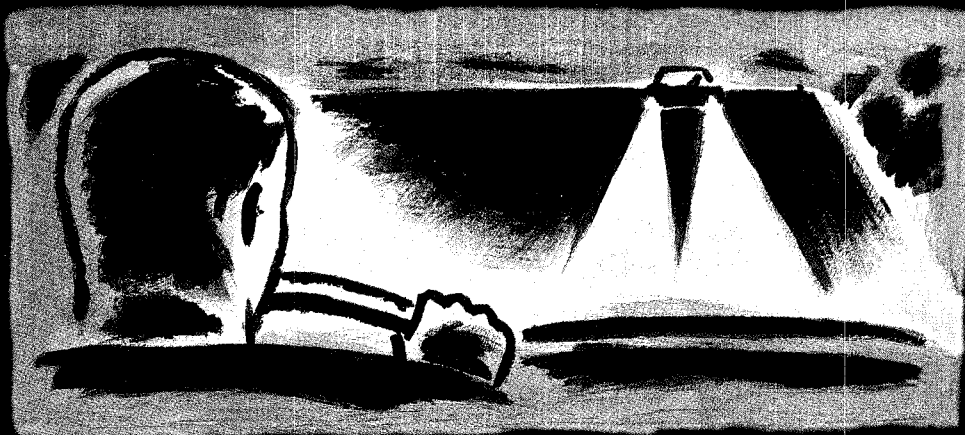
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